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Easyriders

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March 1979
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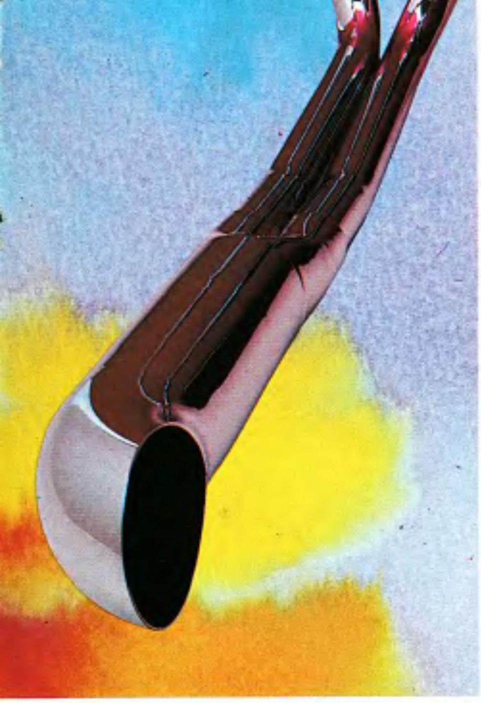

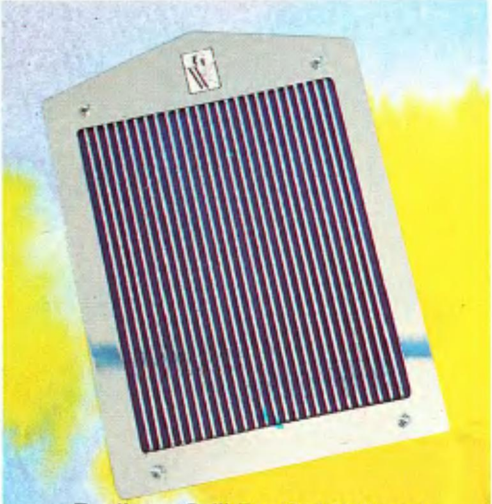

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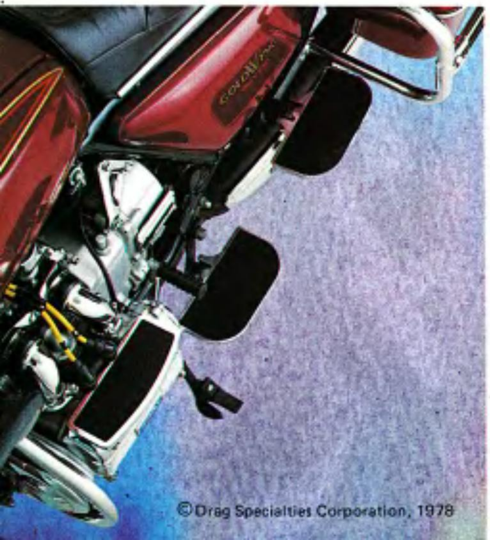

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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Number 69

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FTW

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COVER photo of Gretchen by Pete Chiodo

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale February 27th

Special 160-Page Newsstand Edition Now On Sale

Well, bros, Spider finally got off his ass and put together a 8½ x 11 book (on good paper so all the photos, drawings, artwork, whatever, can reproduce well) of motorcycle memorabilia. He's collected for the first time all the old-time advertisements ("1939 Harley $215.00 fully equipped"), the old photos, the old fashions—the boots, caps, clubs, the post cards, the hill climbs—you name it, he's got it all in one gigantic book called Earlyriders. Here's a book any motorcycle bum, scooter tramp, or straight citizen would give his left nut for. It's yours for only $2.25.

Another case of the missing pot: There was a raid in Pennsylvania. They confiscated five pounds of marijuana. But wait. It was over a half pound light by the time they got it to the station. They're investigatin'. (Must have mice in patrol cars nowadays.)

Tow-away zone: A cop spots this van parked in an "ambulance only" zone at the side of a hospital. Checkin' his rule book, he determines it's illegal. So he calls a tow truck and has the van hauled away to the usual ripoff impound area. But surprise, surprise. It was discovered later that the unmarked van contained four bodies to be taken to a local funeral parlor. (No comment.)

Now here's a real garbage collector. A woman was recently arrested when it was discovered she never threw out her garbage. She kept it in the house—twelve tons of it, stacked so high that they found a refrigerator and three stoves under the pile. Her 13-year-old son said she placed boards on top of the foul smellin' stuff so they could move around inside the house. (Don't ask me why. Maybe she thought the price might go up—who knows?)

Speakin' of collectors, how about the woman who recently had 360 dogs (that's right, 360!) removed from her house? The judge said she could have only nine, so they took the rest. She started her collection nine years ago and it was runnin' her $200 a week to keep 'em in groceries. (I'm tellin' ya, the fuckin' dogs are takin' over the world!)

Then there's this 77-year-old dude who paid $150 to have this broad strip for him. She did and he proceeded to croak from a heart attack. Too much for him to handle. Was her snatch as ugly as Mutha's—or what?

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

Now you're not goin' to believe this one. A cop in Illinois accidentally pulled a left in front of a bike. He claimed he didn't see the oncoming motorcycle, as is usually said after such accidents. But get this—the cop was ticketed for failure to yield the right of way! (Maybe there's still hope, folks.)

Missin' someone? A dude in Maine showed up at a police station, wondering who the fuck he was. The police ran a search on him and all they could determine was that "He ain't local." The only identifying mark on his body was a Harley-Davidson tattoo on his upper left arm. He was also wearing a denim vest with Harley wings on the back. (Must be some kinda powerful shit up there in Maine.)

Must be some good shit in Florida too! A dude was recently busted for trying to get this Doberman Pinscher to give him head—in broad daylight yet! He was a sergeant in the army—they didn't say if his best friend was a K-9 or not.

Now here's a real garbage collector. A woman was recently arrested when it was discovered she never threw out her garbage. She kept it in the house—twelve tons of it, stacked so high that they found a refrigerator and three stoves under the pile. Her 13-year-old son said she placed boards on top of the foul smellin' stuff so they could move around inside the house. (Don't ask me why. Maybe she thought the price might go up—who knows?)

Another sad story of a naggin' ol' lady—only this time it happened a half an hour after the wedding. It seems they tied the knot and then booked it down the highway with the tin cans trailin' and all that good shit. Pretty soon they got into an argument. He says, "Fuck it," and leaps outta the car as it goes down the highway. As he hit the street, three followin' cars mangled him—one of 'em draggin' him 90 feet down the road. (The question I have is why didn't he toss her outta the cage?) ■

WORDMONGER

Additional Tech Tip

☐ Hey, Weed, you asshole, you left out one of the most important fuckin' uses of a cylinder light (Tech Tip, Nov. '78). Not only can it be used for findin' a screw or inspectin' your cylinders, it can also be used to time your scoot when your points fuck up on that long lonely highway. I've had one on my sled for two years and it sure saved my ass once.

Reg Russell
T. Bay, Ontario

Readin' In Peace..

☐ Do ya know how it feels to be the only one in da hole gittin' your mag? These assholes been buggin' me all day, wonderin' if I'm done with it yet. I tell them it's only $9.50 a year for da bros in da joint. Shit, I had to stay up 'till four in da morning just to read it in peace. Fuck it, I'm gonna jack off now.

Ben Eddleman
Tracy, Calif.

On Her Way

☐ Just finished checkin' out the bit you had on Sturgis. Man, tell them biker dudes I'm coming their way and I'll be wearing my wings and have the biggest tits ever to hit their town. As soon as I can find out what state Mt. Rushmore's in . . .

Sue the Chickling
Redwood City, Calif.

Look Like Nothing

☐ Here's a quote from "Media Sexploitation" by Wilson Bryan Key. "Consider that virtually any female is physically capable of **at least** a dozen orgasms every twenty-four hours. She can repeat this performance three or four times weekly without any ill effects. To bury the myth deeper, each woman is easily capable, physiologically and emotionally, of servicing the sexual tensions of **at least** half a dozen men."

That is just the average female, guys. We above-average females can make that look like nothing.

Jody Petroff
Massillon, Ohio

■ So be it.

England Helmet Fight

☐ Here in England the Motorcycle Action Group (M.A.G.) is putting up a pretty good fight against mandatory helmet laws at a rally on Sept. 3. Five thousand bikers turned up at Trafalgar Square, London, making it the biggest anti-helmet law demonstration held in Europe.

Some bikers are even refusing to pay fines for riding without a helmet and are going to the slammer for about seven days.

Andy
Walthamstow, London,
England

Big Tit Defense

☐ I'm writing about us chicks that have 40 D tits and more but have the problem of tiny nipples. To make up for that loss I have nice firm tits with no stretch marks, and they do not sag at all. When I wear a tank top, at least you know what sex I am. My sister looks like a boy and is mistaken for one all the time. All she's got are nipples. I'd rather have tiny nipples the size of pencil erasers than all nipples and no tits. At least I can tit fuck my ol' man.

B. L.
Vancouver, Canada

Letter Writer

☐ I'm gonna chew some ass! Man, you stinkdog muthafuckers ain't worth a bow-back's ass. I've been buyin' this rag for seven fuckin' years and have written to "Wordmonger" three or four times, and all the letters have been decent ones, complimenting you on your features, bikes, stories, and sweeties.

So, as the story goes, now ya can all fuck off and stick the letters I've written over the seven years up yer ass.

Bro Roach
Miami, Fla.

■ Tell me, Roach—whatta ya want?

What's Up?

☐ This has to do with the Oct. '78 centerfold by Dave Mann. What the fuck's going on? We've got a running battle over what those two dudes are doing. Clear the air quick. It's hard to breathe with all this shit in the hut. Is the guy on the left pulling or is the guy on the right pushing?

Crispy Smith
FPO N. Y.

■ It's a push start—or a push. Read on.

☐ The Dave Mann centerfold in the Oct. '78 issue showed true class, man. The one brother helping his partner to the gas station. That says it all. Reminds me of the time I ran out of fuel on the expressway last summer.

Easy
Everett, Mass.

Alabama Toy Run

☐ Sitting here trying to get my fuckin' head together, I just want to say today the regional ABATE chapter put on a Toys For Tots run. It was really somethin' to see a bunch of dope-smoking, beer-drinking, raping, greasy bikers doing something for charity.

Rebel 1% Pack Rat
Anniston, Ala.

Missouri Law

☐ Here's a little piece of information you might pass on to other Missouri bikers so they don't find out the hard way like I did. Riding without a helmet in Missouri is treated just like a moving violation, speeding, running stop signs, etc. And it's worth two points toward losing your license. (It takes eight points to get ya suspended.)

The Yellow Baron
Kozmic City, Mo.

New Use

☐ I have a serious complaint. I traded my '55 chopper for a '49 fatbob. We made the run to the 1978 National Drags at Bowling Green, and the bike leaked oil like a sieve.

When we took the pans off, we found that the gaskets were made out of your magazine pages. What we want to know is why bother to buy your rag if it is going to be of such inferior quality? We expect to get what we pay for.

Add a couple of pages of gasket material for the true bikers who buy your rag expecting to get some value for their money.

Ray Norris
Louisville, Ky.

■ Don't use the slick paper—use the part of the mag that's printed on rough paper. Whatdafuck?

Some Thoughts

☐ Now that riding season has come to a close for another year, I think of our time past and our time ahead. Some things I've seen this year (Bowling Green and parts of Sturgis) are not contributing to any street biker's or any motorcyclist's peace of mind. Most of us go to great (unbelievable) lengths to make our bikes our most prized possessions. Yet when we party, we lose all sense of beauty, including our bikes, ol' ladies, and our lives.

New lower price!

—but still *The Original*—made from steel dies—not from a cheap, low-quality rubber-mold process!

The expensive cost of the dies has even amortized (paid off) and so now we can sell the best die-stamped buckles as cheap as the rip-off, rubber-mold cheapos that you see sold and advertised elsewhere.

We have the nitty-gritty detail that any comparison will bring out — ask anyone who owns one of ours — there *is* a difference — the others are cheap-ass copies of our original. (Satisfaction guaranteed.)

A huge, man's size buckle that is made from expensive dies for intricate detail. Photo shown is actual size—

Each buckle is individually made and is triple bronze or silver plated for a lifetime of rugged wear. Each is individually hand polished.

Each buckle comes with 1¾"-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find. A dark brown belt is sent with bronze buckle orders and a black belt is sent with all silver buckle orders—unless you request otherwise.

Send $11.95 along with accurate waist size and state whether you want a bronze or a silver buckle.

If you want only a buckle, just send $6.95 and state whether you want a silver or bronze buckle. *California residents add 6%*

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

It's rank, it's gross—and it's great!

Order Robinson's **Trash** now.

If you have read **Easyriders** for any length of time, you are aware of Robinson's works of art. They are meant to be cartoons, but anyone with an eye can see all of the work he puts into his illustrations (we feel they're too good to be called cartoons).

If you're familiar with his work, you also know how outrageous his drawings are — and you've only seen the ones we've had guts enough to feature — you should see the rejects!

Well now you can — in a large (144 page, 8½ x 11) book! You not only get to see the rank, outrageous rejects that even **Easyriders** couldn't print, but you will also be able to see all of the best of those we have published — only this time they're printed larger than when they appeared in the magazine (so you can see the nitty-gritty detail — where he does all kinds of little things that usually pass over people's heads).

We want to warn you — some of the drawings are really rank. Gross might be a better description.

But if you want a far-out book to keep around to blow people's minds, or to get hung-up on when loaded, or to split a gut over the fantastic humor — you'd better get this book.

It's printed on top quality paper for perfect reproduction — it's a great book — but remember, it's not for the squeamish — and also remember that you have been warned!

Book
Easyriders Magazine
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Send me ________ copies of Robinson's book called **Trash.** Enclosed you will find $5.95 for each copy plus 50¢ for postage.

You must be 18 years of age to order this book.

Name ____________________ Age ________
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California residents add 6%

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They're available in either post or dangly, so when you order specify Gold or Silver, post or dangly and how many. The post type even makes a bitchin' lapel pin or tie tack, or add a chain to a dangly and you've got one trick pendant.

Cost is only $9.00 each or $17.00 per pair. Yup...you read it right. That's so cheap for real Gold or Silver I tried to get 'em to raise the price. I got told to shut-up an' just do my thing, that Bare Essentials wasn't rippin' off scoot folk. CA res. add 6% tax.

They'll even give you your bucks back immediately if you ain't satisfied. So order now and fill that hole in your ear with somethin' bitchin'.

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Someone or some faction will soon force us to do or not do our thing because we obviously cannot get our shit together by ourselves. In our society where it's do your own thing and live free, why get down on someone who is doing theirs? Do motorcycles and anti-social behavior (especially) in a group or club go hand in hand? For my sake and other bikers who honestly love the sport, I sure hope not. There seems to be quite a few zombies on motorcycles, and we'll all suffer because of them. If any of the street clubbers' daddies were ever in World War II and lived to see their sons sporting "proudly" the Nazi swastika and regalia, they would obviously realize these guys are two bricks short of a fireplace. Best of luck to all of us, brother bikers—we need it now more than ever before.

The Mighty Dugoid
Kelowna, B.C., Canada

Iron-ons Again

☐ I was just reading the lastest issue of **Easyriders** and got to thinking that it sure would be nice if you people would put a free iron-on patch in your mag once in a while like ya useta do.

Shorty
Indiana, Pa.

■ Ya musta read our minds.

Contraband

☐ I got a real bitch for ya. I'm incarcerated in Ventura School for Girls. I've got a subscription to **Easyriders** but they won't let me have it. The people here let me pay for a subscription, get one magazine, and then they tell me I can't have **Easyriders**—it's contraband. They tell me they have a special policy against **Easyriders.** Isn't there some kind of law against censorship? I'm eighteen and I feel I'm perfectly capable of judging what's good for me to read and what's not. I happen to think **Easyriders** is the best magazine on the market, but they don't think it's nice, so I suffer for it. It's not as if I'm gonna bust out of jail if I read it or anything. Shit! Thanks for hearing me out. That's more than you can get these people to do.

Terry Epperson
Camarillo, Calif.

☐ Say bros, this is a letter to let you know about the shit us bros in L.A. County Jail have to put up with to read the magazine of our choice—**Easyriders.**

When our people bring us an **Easyriders,** sometimes the hacks don't let us have them. And if they do get to us, they are ripped to hell or fucked up in some way by the Man after we get them.

Some of us have even had our visits stopped anywhere from three days to two weeks. Sometimes they go as far as freezing the money on our books.

They say the reason for not letting **Easyriders** in is the ads advocate the selling of guns and knives. (Fuck that!) But they let others in like **Sports Afield, Field & Stream,** and numerous smut books, with **Hustler** topping the list. They have the same ads and more.

We just thought we would let the staff know and warn everyone of the turmoil we go through. What happened to freedom of the press? By the way, keep up the good work.

B. L. McFarland and bros
Los Angeles, Calif.

■ Keep the peace. Our lawheads are after 'em.

Another Screw-Up

☐ How did you do it? I got lost on the story "Ho, Ho, Ho!" (Jan. '79). And I was straight. You ain't never screwed nothing up that bad before. Send us some of what you been smoking.

Noriene Mann
Hoboken, N. J.

■ Wanna bet?

The E.P.A.

☐ I can't believe it! I'm sitting here watching the "Today" show and they start talking about E.P.A. Naturally, I listen for more. The man is saying that there are nuclear waste burial spots that can be potentially hazardous, even to the point of killing off all wildlife in the area of the burial. He said the E.P.A. has known about these but has turned its head, so to speak.

They do their goddamnedest to destroy our favorite form of recreation (bikin'), and yet they turn their heads concerning something that could potentially wipe out an entire country—or worse!

David Repp
Oceanside, Calif.

It's Up To Us

☐ Well, when you're wrong, I'll tell you, and when you're right, I'll tell you, and I've got to say that the November and December issues of your rag were great! They sure did brighten up this prison life for me. Sometimes I almost forget how great the streets really are. But your mag always reaches out and grabs me and brings me back.

If it weren't for **Easyriders,** I don't think a lot of brothers who are doin' time would be able to deal with all the bullshit that goes on behind these walls and fences. If Americans think they're getting screwed on the street (and they are), try coming to prison and see how many of your Constitutional rights you have then.

Sure, sure, everyone talks about Big Brother and how we've got to do something before it's all gone, but then we go right on doing the very things the government programmed us to do. And then we'll throw up our hands when they come to take our bikes and our patches.

This is it, babe. Use it or lose it, as the old saying goes. When the time comes to vote, go out and register and then, dammit, vote! Know the issues and who's backing what and which one bullshits less. We're all that's left of a dying breed of Americans who understand what freedom is all about. And believe it or not, it's up to us to make the decisions that affect the entire population of this country.

Big Ed
Memphis, Tenn.

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More, More

☐ I just wish you dudes would do your thing more than once a month. Your mag is better than any other, so hurry up with the next issue. It's a bitch waiting on it.

Fitz
Buffalo, N. Y.

■ Raisin pie costs too much.

Good Words

☐ Hello, out there! Thought I'd give you guys a pat on the back. I've been reading **Easyriders** for a couple of years now and there's always a scrap about who gets to read it first, me or my ol' man. You've got a good thing here—something for everyone. And keep talking freedom. Maybe someday people will get their heads out of their asses and demand what is rightfully theirs. Now all I gotta do is remember where I put the stamps.

Buzz
Payne, Ohio

Fucked Up

☐ I am totally fucked up on some decent sinsemilla. Whatever. If this letter doesn't make sense, read it loaded and then you'll understand.

I feel sorry for the people who can't see any further than the hair, beards, and those "terrible" ways of dressing. Well, to hell with neighbors and what others think. We just kick back and have a good old time.

So keep on riding and being free. I know where you're at and it's fun.

Sister
Smalltown, Nebr.

Something To Read

☐ Thanks for putting out your magazine. It truly gives us something to read in a world of teenybopper crap.

"Death Winds" (Dec. '78) is the most gratifying thing I've read in years. I'd swap my Hog for a fistful of those beans.

I suspect that many of us "useta-bes" and "wanna-bes" are beginning to come out of the closet. Hell, I might even start riding the bike to work and damn the citizens in this redneck town. Keep on with the mag. I might even get the nerve to subscribe and have it delivered openly, instead of buying it in the next town, while wearing dark glasses and a raincoat.

Jake
Rocky Ford, Colo.

Ol' Lady Contest

☐ We think the fools in charge of judging the Ol' Lady Photo Contest don't know their asses from a hole in the ground. There are some good-looking righteous mamas getting passed up by some real fuckin' hogs. We hope that in the future you jackoffs will take your heads out of your asses long enough to pick a nice-looking bitch instead of some hog who looks like Miraculous Mutha's daughter.

Herb, Bear, and B. J.
Okinawa

■ Watch it! Our readers select the winners, ya dipshits.

Digs Trash

☐ Just thought I'd let ya know there ain't no rag like yours anywhere. Also, I just got my "Trash" by Robinson and it's well worth the coin I paid for it.

K. Hawkins
Sask., Canada

Big Women

☐ Just a couple of paragraphs to let you guys in on a few facts.

Some of us chicks are getting sick and tired of all you bikers looking for an ol' lady, always saying you want a little chick, good body, long blond hair, and usually accompanied by air instead of brains in her head.

In case you didn't know, we bigger chicks have a lot of heart too. There's also more of us to love. We can be just as faithful and righteous to our men and their scoots as the little blond bombshell can.

If any of you decent-minded bikers are looking for a loving woman to settle down with who will do right by you and not give you a hard time, try a big woman with a big heart. You don't know what you're missing.

Chip
Reading, Pa.

Listen Up

☐ Jesus Christ loves all you bikers and bike chicks. Even as you are.

Cowboy Deacon
Lincoln, Neb.

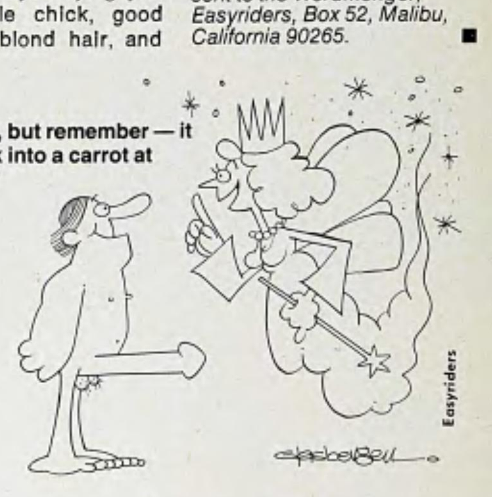
Things Are Improvin'

☐ Just thought I'd tell you folks about something good for a change.

I rode to Kansas with a bro, hung around for a while, then rode back alone. I kinda figured that seein' as how I ride a Hog and have long hair and a beard, people would act sorta hostile toward me. But, shit, it was just the opposite. Everywhere I stopped for gas, people treated me as kind as can be.

Harlan Jennings
Energy, Ill.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about their mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the—back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. ■



"Have fun, but remember — it turns back into a carrot at midnight."

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Choppers, choppers . . .

When the word "choppers" comes up, most people automatically think of chopped rigid-frame Harley-Davidsons. While most of the choppers are Harleys, there are some really groovy looking Triumphs, Beezers, and even Hondas, Yamahas, Suzukis and Kawasakis running around, and we won't be ignoring them. Road tests on the big English twins and threes, the new Honda Four (which is a double-quick machine), and all of these will find space here. If it's big enough to take a *man* to ride it, we're for it.

—Don Pfeil
Big Bike
August 1969

Safer than cop bikes . . .

A friend of ours got an "Unsafe front end" ticket recently. When he appeared in court he showed the court that he could out-maneuver the police bike that had cited him. The one-piece extensions are 12″ longer than stock.

—*Choppers* magazine
March 1969

Lee Marvin speaks . . .

How many of you out there remember "The Wild One"? Marlon Brando didn't really come off as an outlaw cycle rider, but there was one person in the flick who seemed "real." Lee Marvin. Just as a matter of interest, he *was* real, having ridden that sort of scene a few years back, and having also ridden in competition. Like, at the old Catalina races with Keenan Wynn. Just as a matter of interest we thought you might like to read what Lee Marvin had to say recently about cycle riding:

"At the time I started cycling, I did take it as a kind of challenge to prove myself. There was a lot of talk like 'Does that guy have any balls?' and people would say, 'Jesus, did you see him hit that hill?' Today I don't think that really has anything to do with balls, but at that period of my life I thought it did. I've always been attracted to things that have an element of risk. And cycling is a beautiful feeling; you and the bike become a single unit. You ride with other people, but they're all doing it alone. The sound of the pipes obliterates the sound of the world around you; all there is is the throbbing and slamming of those pistons around your legs. Bike riding is all you—your right hand and your left foot. There's an immediacy to the machine that you don't find in cars. When you snap your wrist, it responds immediately; every movement of your hand works in relation to the way your body is riding. You always have to be an inch over your head if you're riding the bike right. To measure that inch is very difficult. If you get a foot over your head, you're going to be in trouble."

—*Big Bike*
August 1969

Give bikes a break . . .

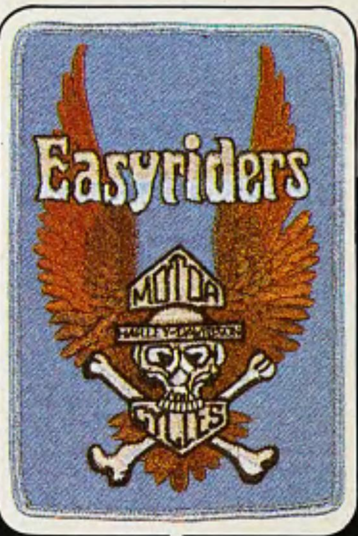
Let's face it, riding a bike is a dangerous scene on the open street or freeway. In the cities it's guys jammin' to work or the blueprint service riders that ride their machines thru traffic 8 hours a day. In the country, riders are blessed with miles of open road. "Riding the line" or "splitting traffic" are illegal in most states . . . and for good reasons. On a crowded bumper-to-bumper-traffic freeway, it can lead to getting cut off and death. Some cars will intentionally cut you off . . . and *bang!* People (citizens) in cars can't see nothing but themselves . . . and their mind is on booze or bucks. So with this in mind, you must ride your bike like all the jerks in cars are blind. If you want to stay alive and keep your record clean, do *not* take for granted any car's move. Stay as far away from them as you can. And if you are doing the driving in a car, *Remember!* If you see a guy on a bike, give him a break . . . he deserves it.

—Ed "Big Daddy" Roth
Choppers magazine
June 1969

Harley trade-ins . . .

Harley Davidson is setting an international precedent. The Milwaukee bike manufacturer has a new policy of selling "Motors Only" that goes like this . . . No new motors without trade-ins. If you want a new set of Harley cases you must now give the dealer your old set. Harley will then stamp your old numbers onto the new cases at the factory. In California the recipients of these new cases do not have to change their registrations . . . and do not need an inspection by a law enforcement agency. Simply use the old reggy. Most other states are likely to do the same. My question to the factory is how do the racers or custom guys get new engines? Every racer should have a spare set of cases. Anyone that builds a custom frame should have access to a spare engine. Will this limit speed and custom progress? Will our country's speed records fall into foreign hands? This will be one of the points covered with Leo Payne . . . who did over 200 mph at Bonneville in '69 (unstreamlined, Sportster power).

—Ed "Big Daddy" Roth
Choppers magazine
October 1969



Easyriders Patch

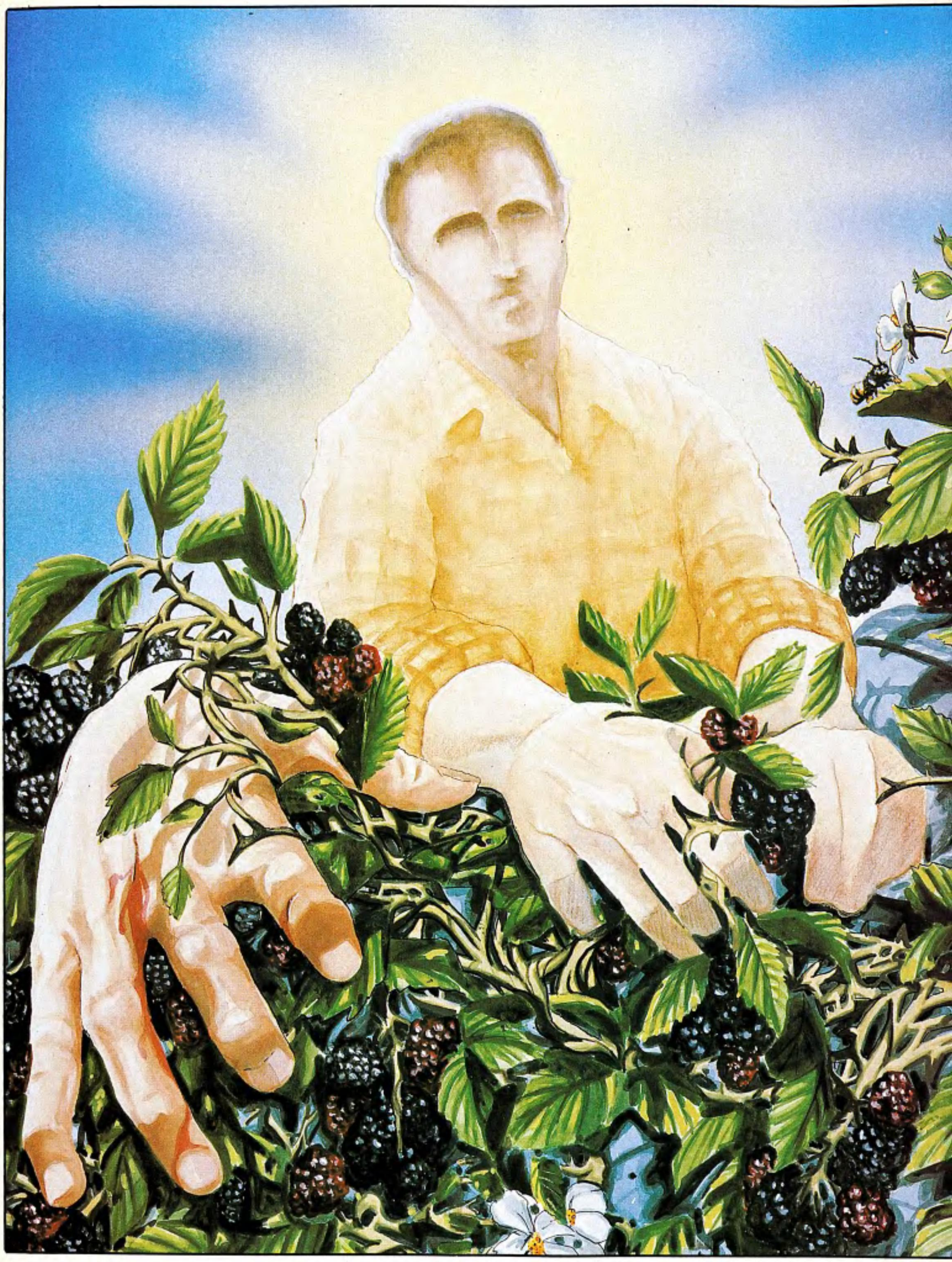
Here it is. Like everything else, it took seven years to get it together. But this patch is definitely worth it. It's 6 inches by 4 inches and we broke some skulls to get the colors just right.

At 5 bucks a patch they're a steal.

Get one now, they're slippin' away quick: *Easyriders Patch, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.*

Large Enough To Make Into A Pants Pocket!

California residents add 6% sales tax.



Out Of Gas

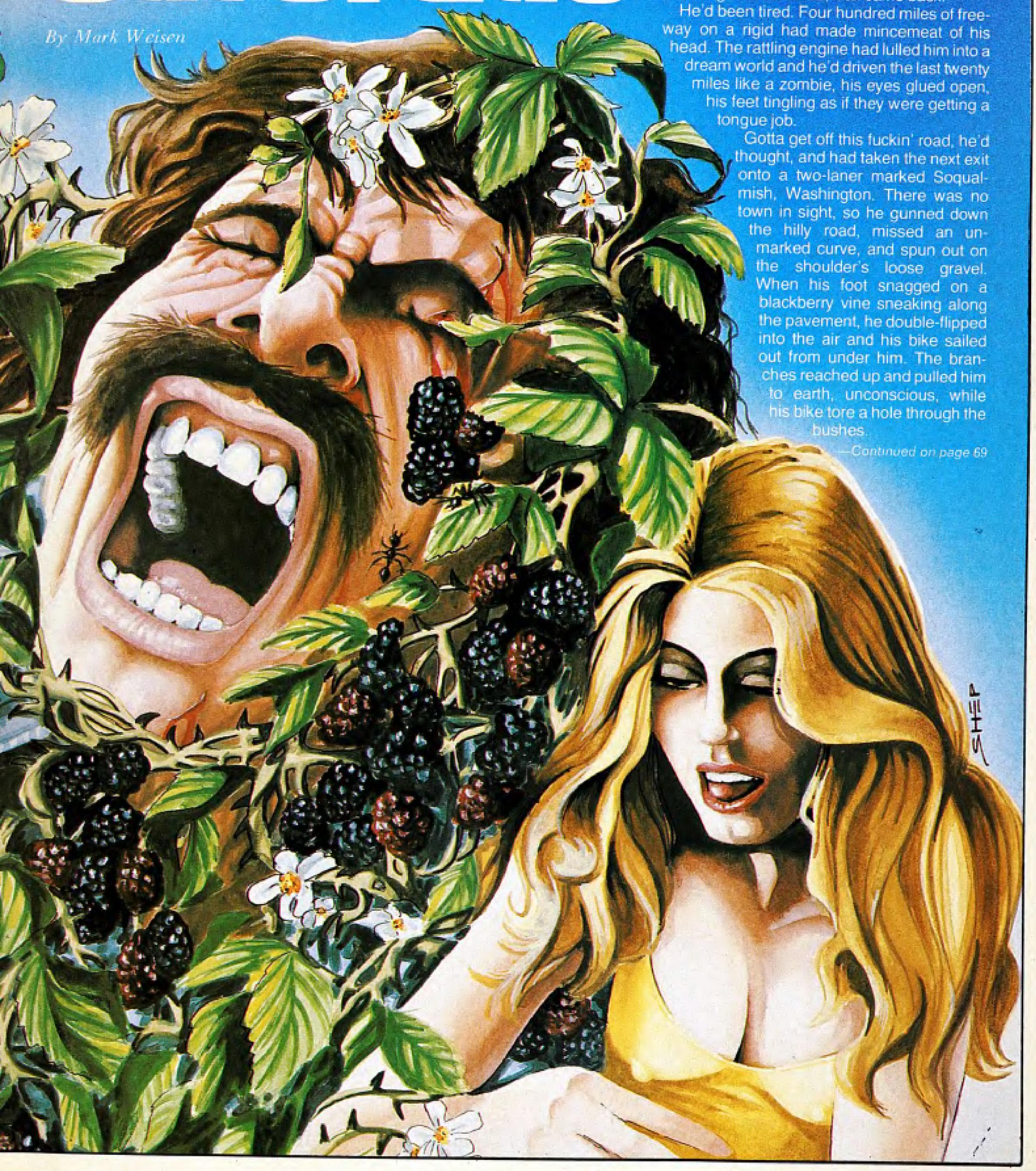
By Mark Weisen

Hamhead blinked a drop of blood from his eyelid and tried to move an arm in the giant blackberry patch that had him trapped like a thorny squid enveloping a salmon. He tried to remember what had happened last night, and when he noticed his bike standing in the bushes, it all came back.

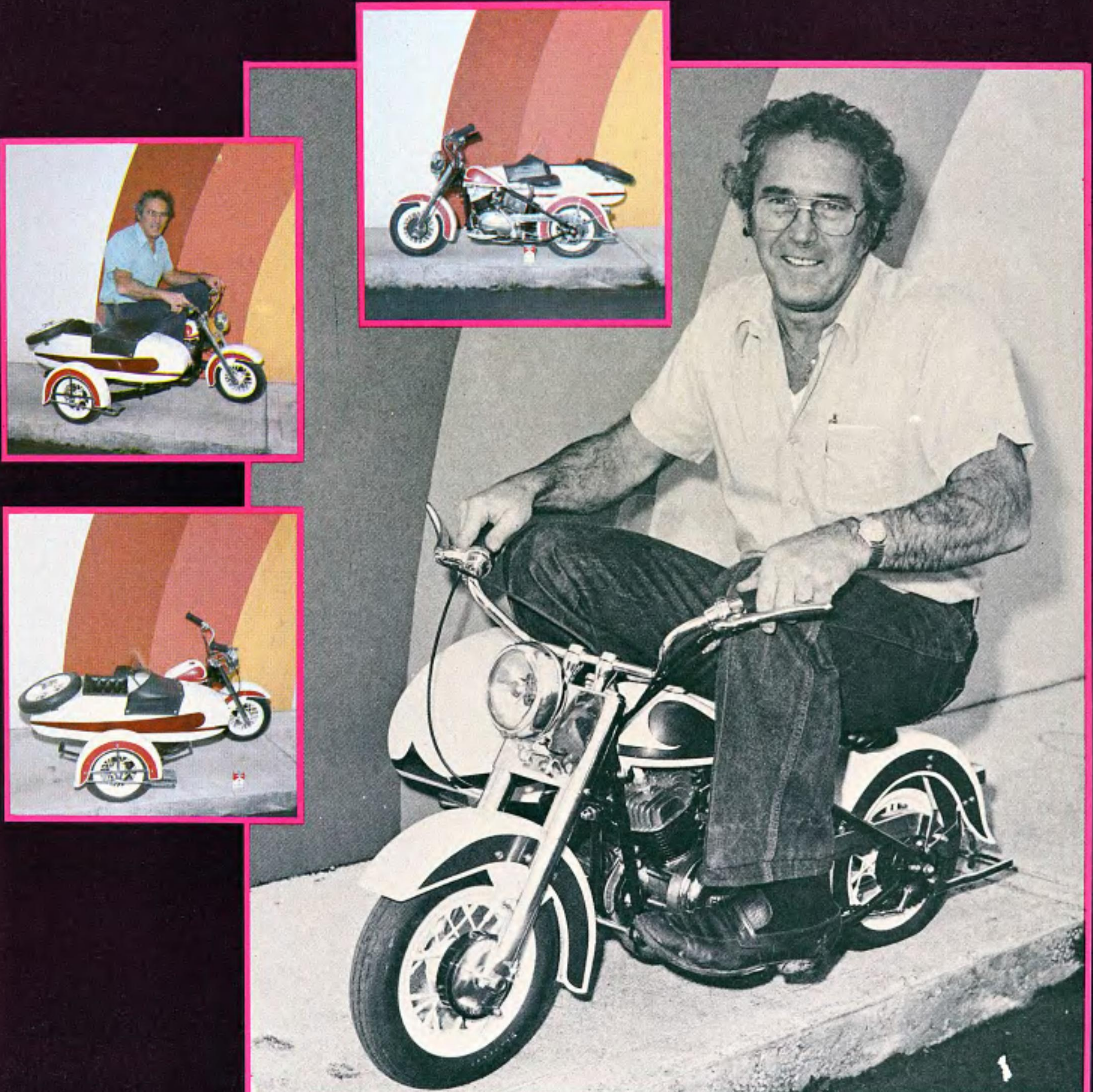
He'd been tired. Four hundred miles of freeway on a rigid had made mincemeat of his head. The rattling engine had lulled him into a dream world and he'd driven the last twenty miles like a zombie, his eyes glued open, his feet tingling as if they were getting a tongue job.

Gotta get off this fuckin' road, he'd thought, and had taken the next exit onto a two-laner marked Soqualmish, Washington. There was no town in sight, so he gunned down the hilly road, missed an unmarked curve, and spun out on the shoulder's loose gravel. When his foot snagged on a blackberry vine sneaking along the pavement, he double-flipped into the air and his bike sailed out from under him. The branches reached up and pulled him to earth, unconscious, while his bike tore a hole through the bushes.

—Continued on page 69

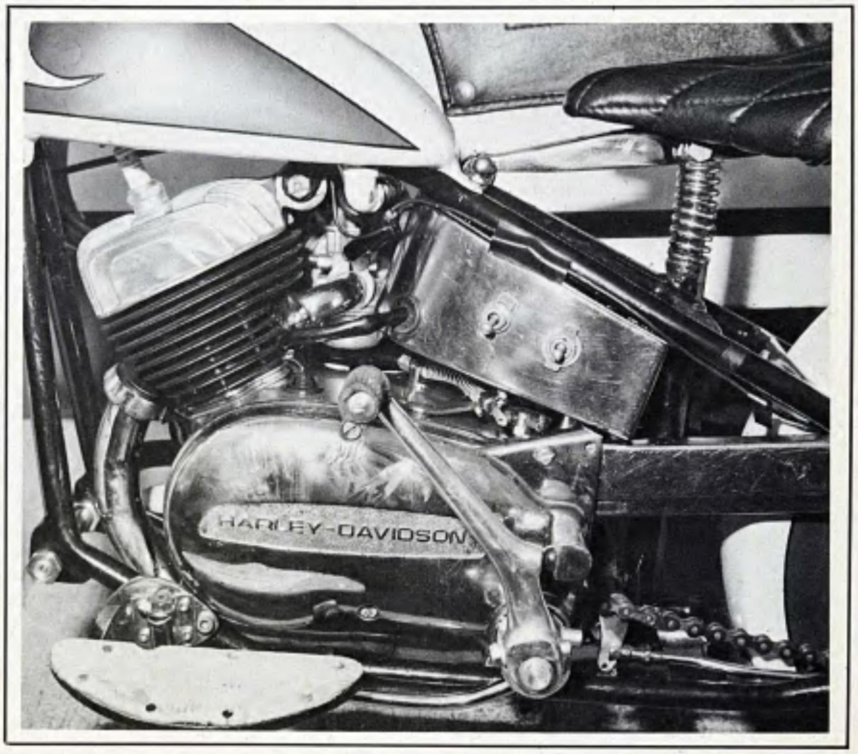


1/2 Scale

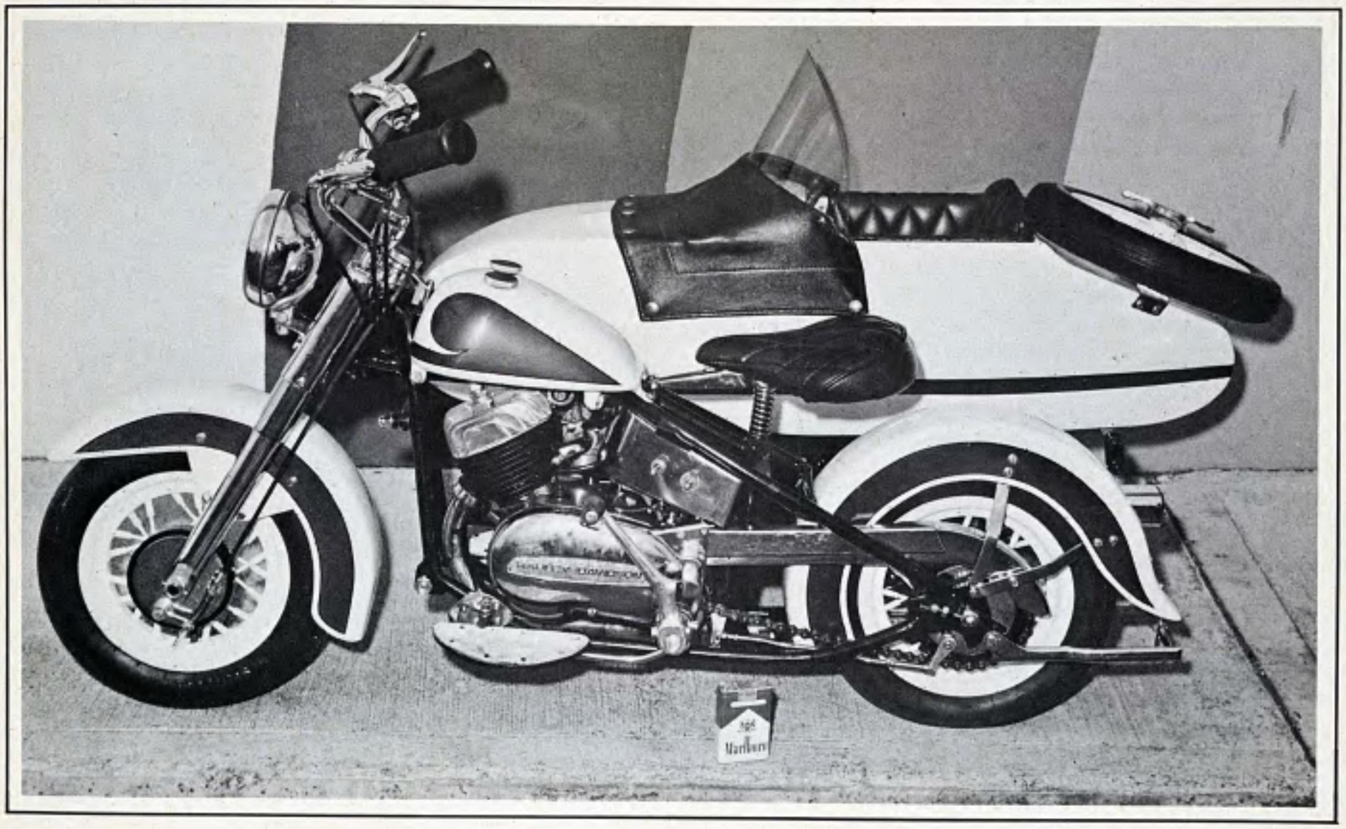


Only One Built

In the early 1960s, the Seattle Cossacks drill team (featured on page 69) introduced a unique addition to their stunt show. Their show had included an English paratrooper World War II bike — sort of a portable motorcycle, which they carted along to the parades and shows where they performed. This tiny scoot, bein' a veteran and all, began to show the strain and could no longer handle the weight of 200-pound men. Ya see, the damn thing was collapsible and kept folding under the strain. Furthermore, the Villiers engine was beginning to crap out. So, John Moser told Phil King, one of his brother stuntmen, that if he'd draw up the blueprints and get all the specifications down on paper, he would start a project he'd been wanting to undertake for some time — the construction of a scale Harley completely from scratch.



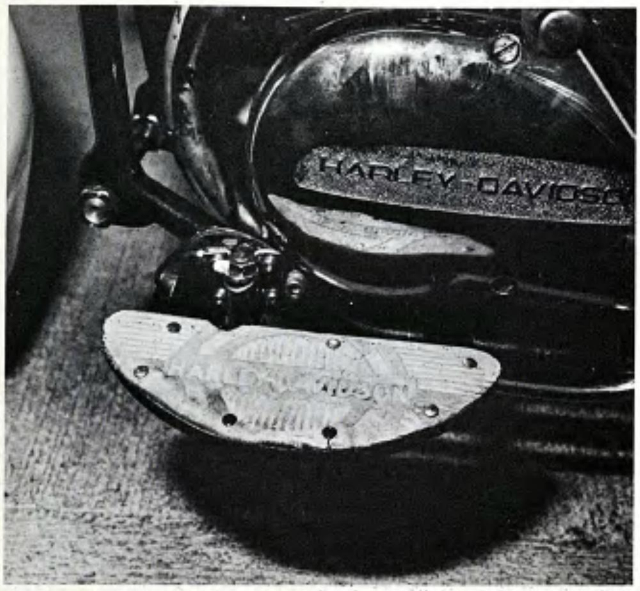
Photos by Pete Chiodo

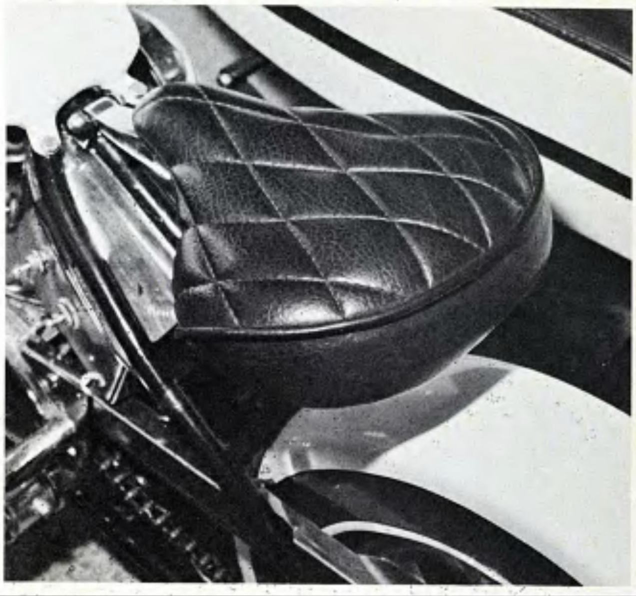


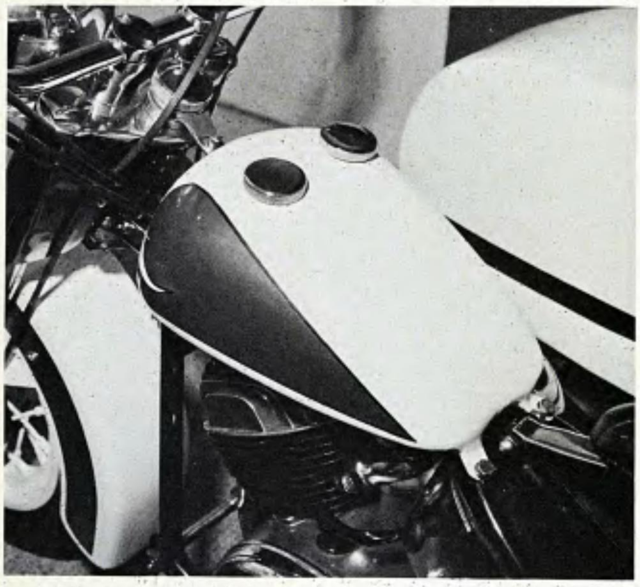
Phil, using his 1930 Hydra-Glide as a model, drew accurate blueprints for a ½ scale Harley-Davidson. It took John 11 months in 1968 to construct the two-wheeler around the 1963 50 cc H-D mill. The wheels are 8 inches in diameter (16 full scale) with 20 spokes (40 full scale). John constructed molds for the fiberglass fenders. The only items not exactly to scale are the engine and seat. The seat couldn't be scale — ya see, the people who've ridden this little bike range in weight from a petite 260 pounds to a hefty 360.

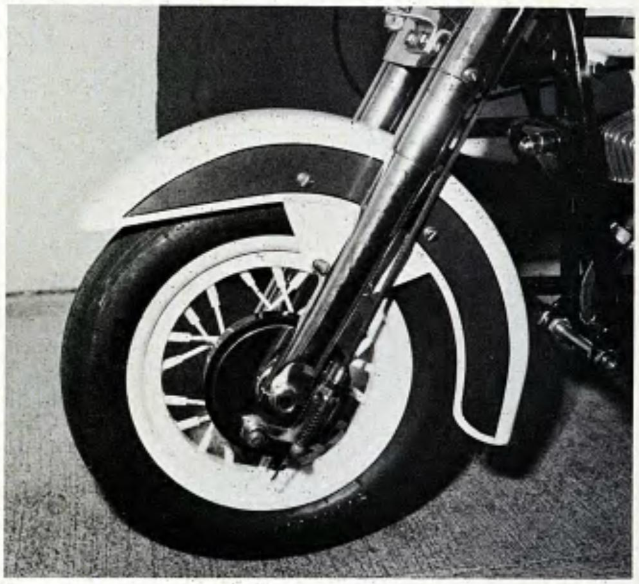
The scooter shows itself off in about thirty parades a year, and the riders wear out a set of tires a year — so it's in no way a show bike or a model. In 1966, John built the sidecar from sheet metal, ½ the scale of an H-D sidecar. He built it so that one of the drill team member's kids could ride in each parade.

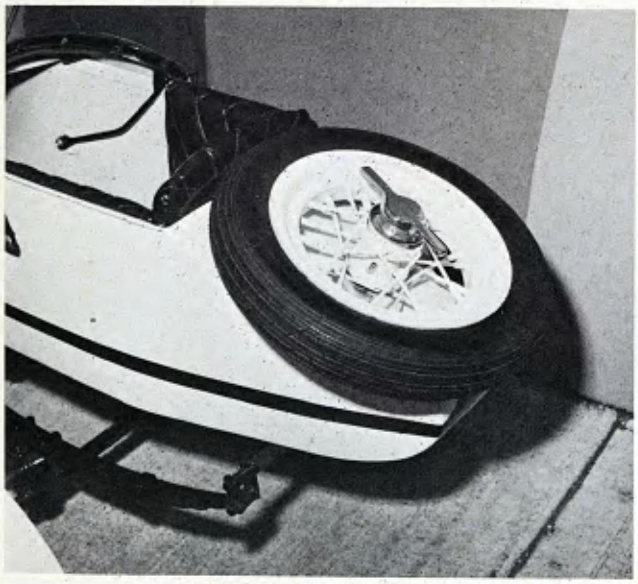
The bike has fallen off trailers twice and been run over by a car once, but is still on the road today. Harleys just seem to keep on going, no matter what the size or how old they are.

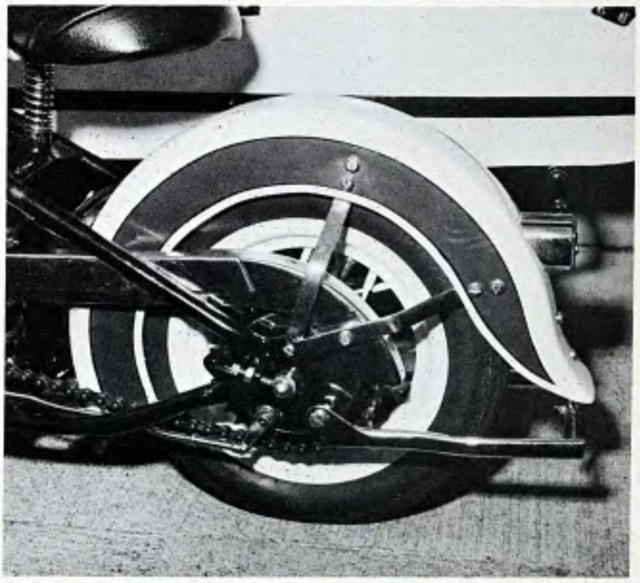

HARLEY-DAVIDSO











Workin' on the Railroad

by J. J. Solari

Easyriders
P.O. Box 52
Malibu, Calif. 90265

Dear Easyriders:

I couldn't get that picture of the 69 train you wanted me to take. That bunch you sent me out to, they wouldn't do it. Know what the guy said? Too sleazy. Can ya imagine that? "Too sleazy," he says.

I tell 'im, "Hey. This ain't for some section of the magazine behind the picture of the burnin' outhouse. This is for the cover, man. And for issue number 69, too."

"Too sleazy," he says.

I says, "You sure you know what a 69 train is?"

He gives me this unfunny smirk an' he says, "Yeah, I know. About two dozen people start pullin' their clothes off faster than a herd of circus monkeys runnin' through a thorn thicket. They get down on the floor, or the dirt, or any quagmire that's handy, an' arrange themselves in a fuckin' line like a trail of worms. The guy in front of the line spreads his legs and airs out his nuts, his fleas, and any fungus or green sludge that might be oozin' from his balls. Whatever female is nearest plops her mouth on top of all this crud and starts suckin' on it. Some guy that's just swallowed two of his own teeth because the rot in his gums needs the room, he lays down behind her and sinks his face into whatever smelly swamp she's got growin' between her legs an' sucks his own pyorrhea an' her fuckin' uterus infections down his gullet like a horse at the river. An' this gets repeated on an' on down the line, an' in a short time the whole naked chain is twistin' an' floppin' like a crawlin' salamander. That's what a 69 train is. An' you want us to do one of them things for a magazine. For the cover. Where it'll be on every public street corner that's got a newsstand an' a rummy in front of it, sellin' the things with his pants bunched down around his ankles an' TB dribblin' out his mouth. This creep will be holdin' the cover that's got us thrashin' around like an alligator pullin' a buried goose out of a mudbank, an' he'll be wavin' this thing in front of our passin' relatives an' friends, an' our very own parents who lifted us up out of the cribs and kissed the very lips that then, in public view, would be suckin' and lickin' every kind of foul and stinkin' mess that the human crotch can manufacture. An' you're wonderin' why I call it sleazy?"

That wasn't the only problem. Seems he felt that a project so majestic should be done at a shoppin' mall, an' not just down around the front porch like I had suggested. I told 'im that 69 trains in shoppin' malls never work out because no sooner do the participants get their clothes off than somethin' catches their attention an' the next minute everyone's off shoppin'. Facts meant nothing to this jerk, though —he wanted to "upgrade" the picture. I told 'im the only way you can upgrade a 69 train is to add more people, not change locations. So he says, Easyriders must have lowered its standards quite a lot to have a cover picture of a 69 train for their 69th issue takin' place in a driveway. I told 'im I didn't think that was very fair—a lotta folks don't live anywhere near a shoppin' mall, and seein' a train bein' done there might just frustrate 'em. He said that everyone should have somethin' to reach for. Well, the conversation got pretty hot, tense, and philosophical for a few minutes, an' then I said I'd consider havin' 'em do it in a five-and-ten. He kicked me off his property.

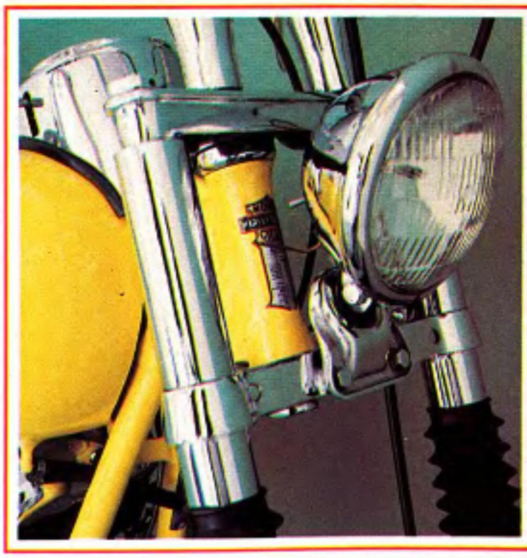
I went to a different group in the same area, an' this guy wasn't as uppity as the first one. He was just plain fucked up. He said they'd do it, but the train had to be in a circle. I asked him how the hell it could be called a 69 train if it was in a fuckin' circle. It'd be a fuckin' 69 hoop, an' who the hell knew what one of those was? He said when they're not in circles, that leaves one mouth and one set of gonads not gettin' used, an' he didn't think that was right. I said when they're not in circles that also leaves the readers time to go about their business rather than havin' to trudge over to get paper and pencil to write a fuckin' letter to the magazine askin' what the hell is goin' on callin' somethin' a train that's swingin' around an' kissin' itself on the ass. Know what he says? He says you could say that the train was bein' attacked by Indians.

There was only one other deviate group in the area, and the guy I talked to there was normal, at least. He had some objections too, but at least they made some sense. He said the whole thing sounded like a damn good idea an' that he'd call everybody out right away, but that he didn't think he should be in it since he only had

—Continued on page 69

HARLEY-
DAVIDSON

HARLEY-
DAVIDSON



About 69

All This preoccupation With Sex

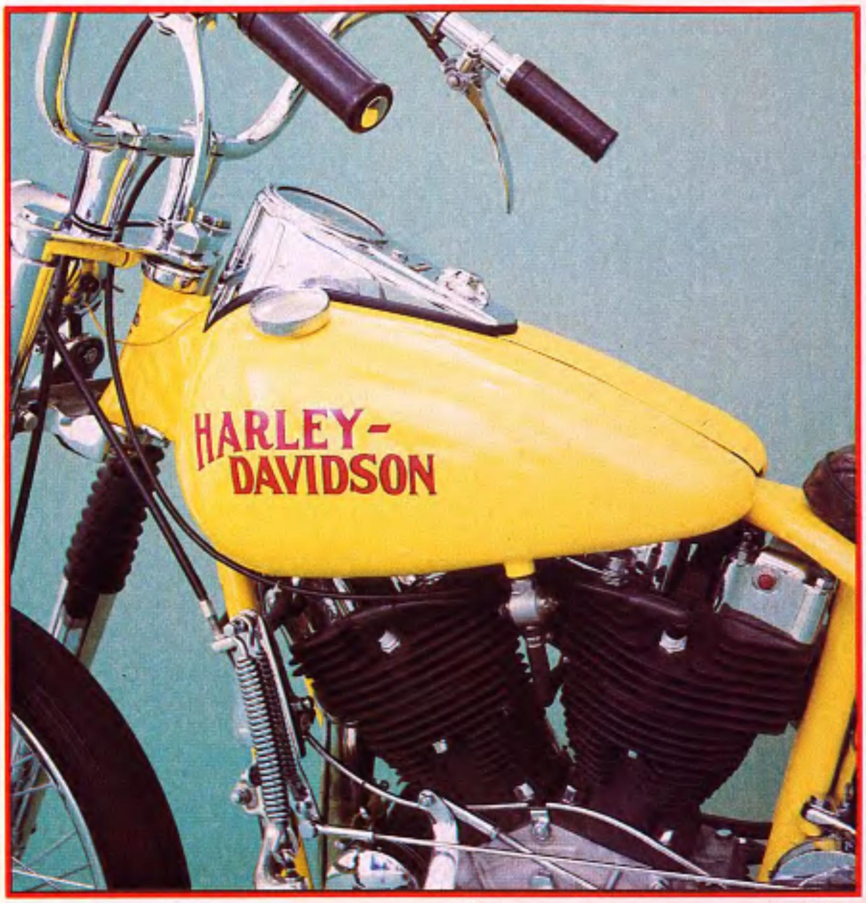
There's this big sonovabitch who hangs around here, resides in a lofty office, and hands out checks once every couple of weeks. He also has one other additional project he takes on now and then (too often)—makin' declarations (and chewin' on folks).

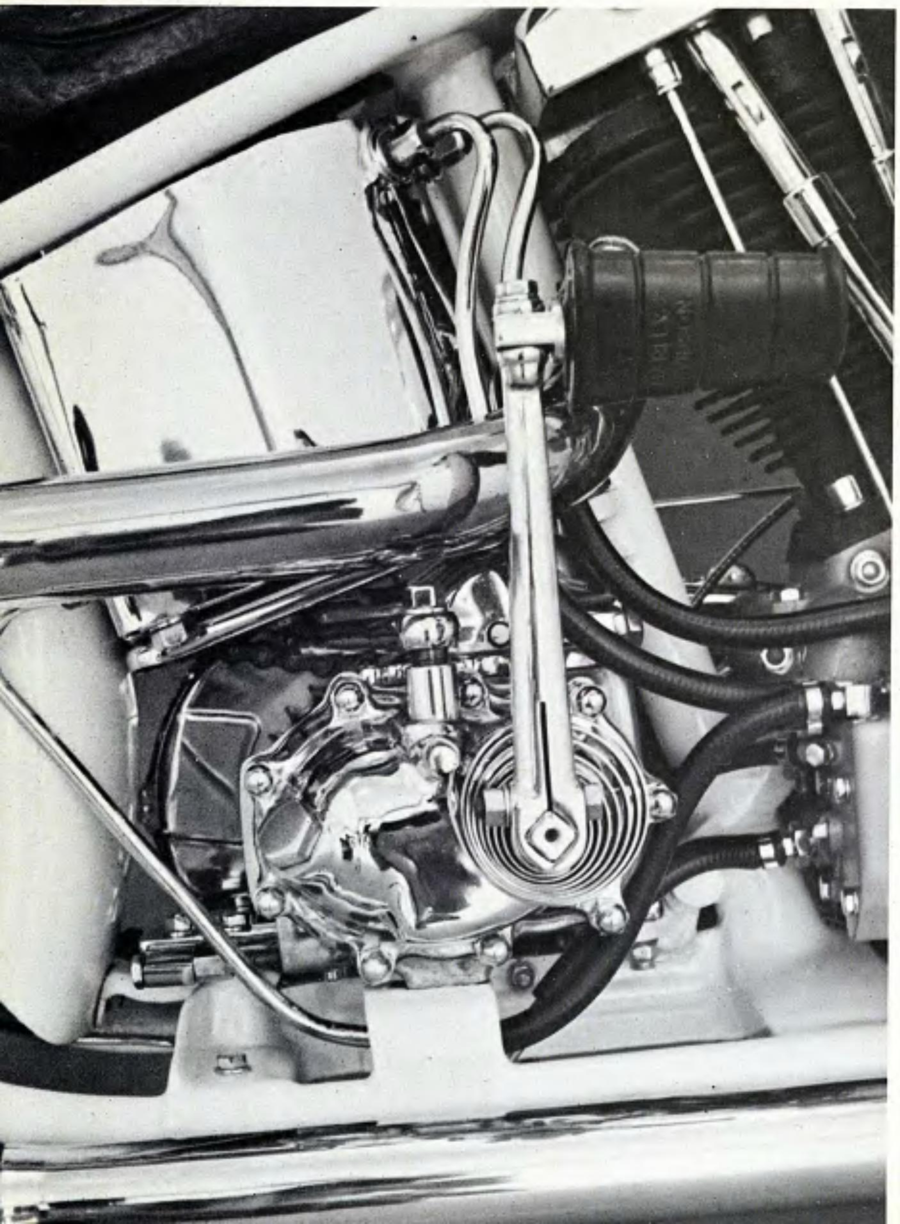
His most recent concussion brought about this ranting 69 theme. Consequently, right in the middle of Thanksgiving dinner, a massive fist slammed against the hood of the pickup we were scarfing on, throwing stuffed wharf rats and boiled seaweed all over my clean Levi's (first time in four fuckin' years). And the grizzly mutha shouts, "Let's do it 69 style!" All the ol' ladies pretended not to hear and strolled casually into the head.

He went on screaming how our 69th issue was to be put together solely with articles relating to doin' it the 69 way. A few of the writers threw their chow in the mud and began to scribble on their paper plates. But I thought to myself—fuck it. So I picked up my grub from the dirt and continued eating.

Whatdafuck, this is a goddam motorcycle mag, not a smut book. Just 'cause a lotta folks lie on each other backwards, it doesn't do their scooters a damn bit of good. Besides, I ain't ever seen a motorcycle do nothin' sexy—that's for broads.

So when it came time to write this feature I decided, after almost four seconds of intense concentration, that I wasn't

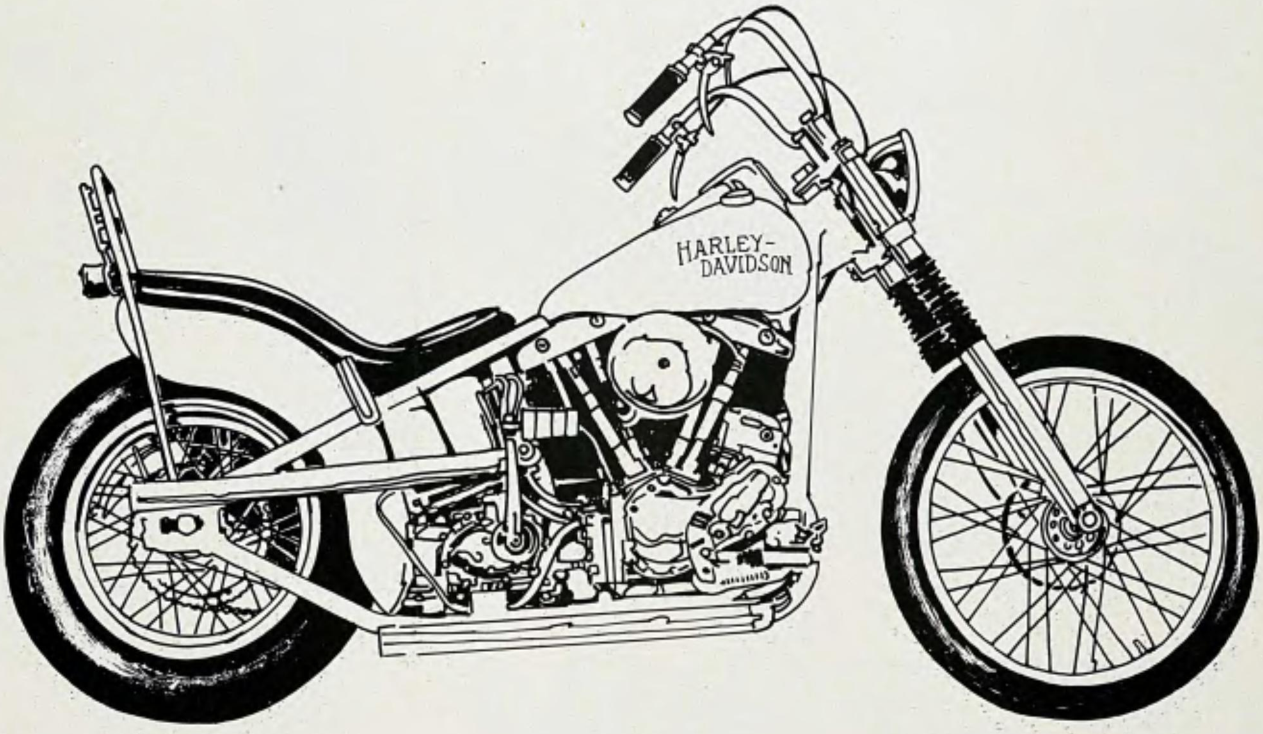


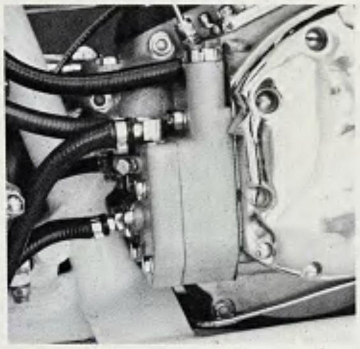


about to call Mr. & Mrs. Bernie (the owners of this sweet '69) and ask 'em how the fuck they did it, or if they happened to be into any 69s besides the shovel. What if I'd asked 'em and they'd said, "Oh, sure, we love it." Then what the hell was I supposed to say—"How does the bike like it"?

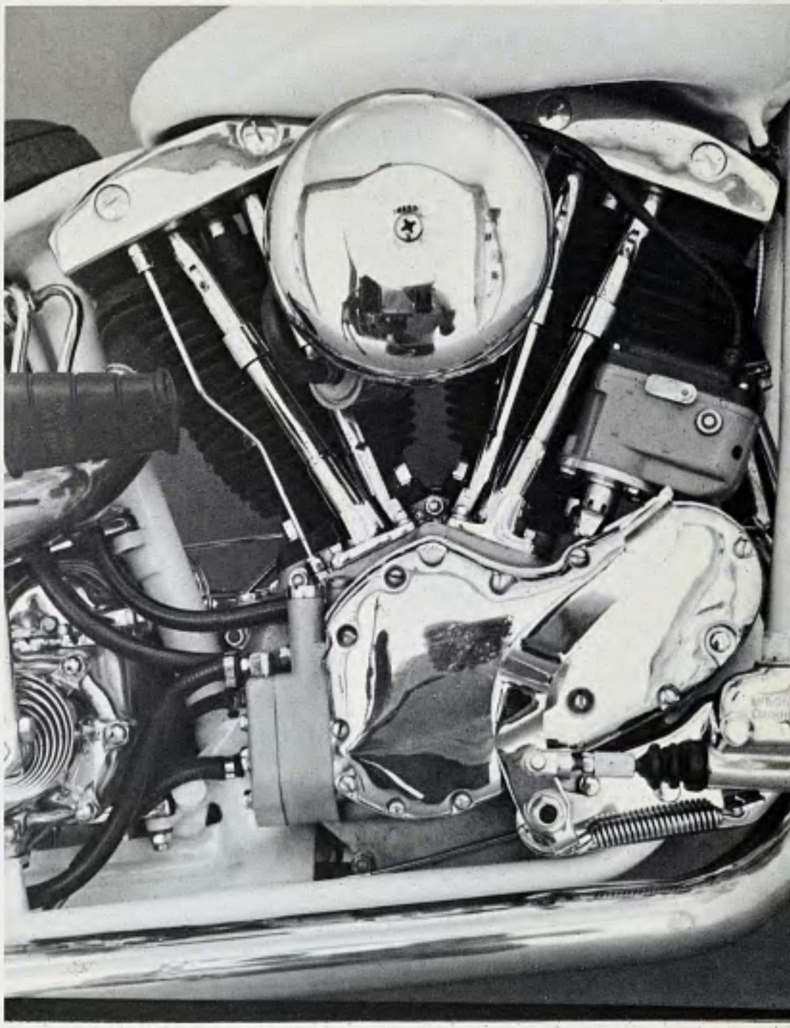
Anyway, I got so fucking confused I decided to go and find out if I still liked it myself. After a couple of broads drained my lizard, my beard began to stick together and I could hardly keep my eyes open—so I started home. And by pure coincidence, I stumbled upon a '69 shovel for sale at a price I couldn't leave behind. It didn't take long to scrape together the cash to score the putt—and before I knew it I was in the wind. So the conclusion to this torrid tale is that sex is fine—but that '69 shovel sure as hell will last longer.

—Coot





Photos by Pete Chiodo

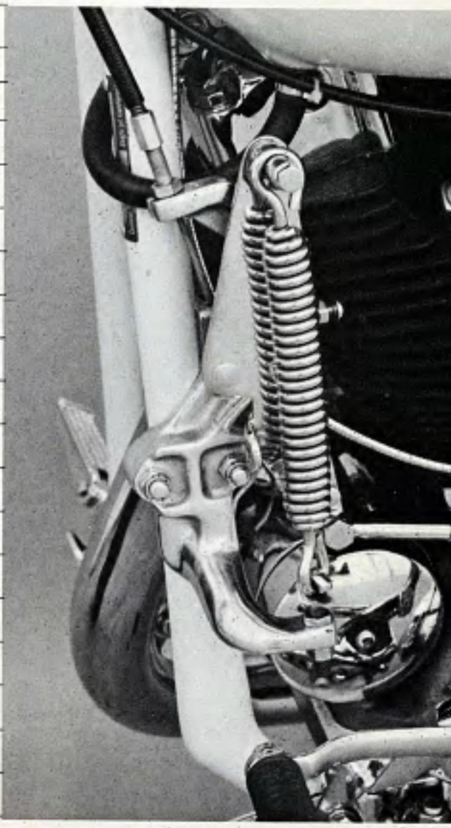


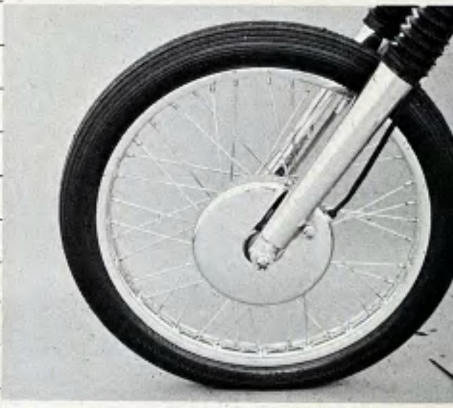
Owners: Bernie Bausch	**City:** Canoga Park, Calif.
General	**Frame**
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1957
Year and make: 1969 H-D	Builder: H-D
Model: Shovelhead	Type: straight bar
Value: never give it up	Rake: 30°
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: none
Time: 3 years	Other alterations: fork stops
Chroming by: Van Nuys Plating	**Accessories**
Engine	Bars: Flanders/H-D throttle
Year: 1969	Risers: 1964 H-D
Model: FLH	Fender(s): Knucklehead front
Rebuilder: new engine	Headlight: Bates
Ignition: Sportster mag.	Taillight: Bates
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Speedo: H-D
Lower end: stock	Front pegs: Anderson
Balancing: H-D	Rear pegs: Anderson
Pistons: FLH	Electrics: 12 v.
Cases: untouched	Gas tank: 3½ gal.
Heads: stock	Oil tank: wraparound
Cam: FLH	Oil system: stock
Lifters: hydraulic	Primary cover: 1964 H-D
Carb(s): Tillotson	Seat: C & G
Air cleaner: 1964-H-D	Sissy bar: owner
Pipes: 2 inch by owner	Height: 1 foot
Muffler(s): none	Material: 5/8 in. round
Transmission:	**Forks:**
Modifications: none	Type: glide
Year: 1964	Extension: 2½ inches
Shifting: ratchet top	Builder: H-D & owner
Engine sprocket: 24	Special features: early tube covers
Trans sprocket: 24	**Wheels:**

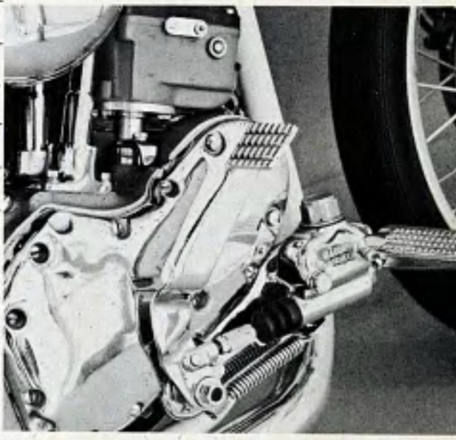
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front:**	**Rear:**
Painting	Size: 21	Size: 16
Molding: owner	Hub: stock	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner	Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: Schwinn yellow	Tire: 3.00 Avon	Tire: Avon
Type: lacquer	Brake: glide	Brake: mech.

Special paint: Lowrider decals, less AMF.

Other special modifications:







Sixty-Nining At The Movies

By Tex Campbell

The year 1969 marked the end of a turbulent decade, a decade that caught a somnolent country by surprise, packing a hundred years of social and political change into ten, a decade that left its indelible stamp on all those who lived through it. In short, it was a watershed decade.

There are many aspects of this period that could serve to illustrate and illuminate the biker lifestyle and experience. Anyone wishing to better understand bikers in the '70s would have to take into account the tumultuous reality of the '60s—Vietnam, the Beatles, drugs, Woodstock, Altamont, the political assassinations, the Rolling Stones, the Democratic national convention. These things affected the entire country, yet also had their own peculiar influence in shaping the consciousness of bikers in particular. More important for us today, as the decade of the '70s draws to a close, is the fact that 1969 can still help us understand ourselves, is still relevant to the biker of the '80s. To demonstrate this, let's take another look at two movies released in 1969—*Easy Rider* and *The Wild Bunch*. These two movies, despite the fact that they were produced and directed by such dissimilar artists, despite the fact that the stories take place so far apart in time, say more about biking and the free lifestyle than anything filmed or written in the subsequent nine years.

> *"To live outside the law you must be honest."*
> *—Bob Dylan*

In *Easy Rider*, the motorcycle for the first time in American feature-length films becomes something other than a symbol of mindless anarchy and criminal abandon. Likewise, the people who ride them are for the first time depicted as idealistic, even naive, individualists — not as crazed, anything-for-a-thrill goons. Instead, the motorcycle becomes the symbol of freedom, a liberation from the Establishment that threatens to crush any and all who find conventional society inhibiting, confining, and destructive of individuality.

Compare *Easy Rider* with the scooter movies that preceded it and the contrast is immediately apparent. Blazing forth from drive-in movie screens all across the country, flicks with titles like *Crazed Cycle Devils* and *Maddog Bikers from Hell* created a cultural and social stereotype of the motorcycle rider — a foul-smelling, violence-prone, demented ape with an I.Q. too low to measure. These celluloid bikers lived to terrorize helpless middle-aged couples, thriving on pointless cruelty to innocent citizens. In short, they embodied every bizarre,

cliched notion of what conventional Americans believed (in their 3 a.m. nightmares) was happening to the fabric of a once-proud nation.

This trend began, of course, way back in the '50s with *The Wild One* and the media sensationalism following Hollister. Marlon Brando's laconic indifference and Lee Marvin's rowdy swagger struck a note of menace in the popular mind that Hollywood exploited for about fifteen years before the corrective influence of *Easy Rider*. Seen today, *The Wild One* seems hopelessly dated, nearly a parody, and it's almost embarrassing to remember how we all took that movie with deadly seriousness when it was released. *The Wild One* today is a period piece, and the bikers depicted in it seem less like anarchy-bent hoodlums than boyish pranksters. Still, they were the prototypes for what followed, the pattern for the public's distorted notion of biker life.

Looked at superficially, *Easy Rider* can be dismissed by unsympathetic straights as a sort of counterculture adventure story, an episodic account of two drug-dealing misfits whose desire for quick money and cheap thrills leads to their death. But this oversimplified, moralistic assessment of the movie fails to do it justice for, in a real sense, *Easy Rider* is a historic movie, simultaneously touching America's past and present, forever breaking the mold of conventional cycle flicks.

Easy Rider is steeped in American myth and legend, amplifying and enriching its characters and action with a symbolic dimension lacking in all other bike movies. Because it explores certain traditional American beliefs, *Easy Rider* is as relevant to bikers today as it was in 1969. Take, for example, the two principal characters. One (played by the movie's producer, Peter Fonda) goes by the name Captain America—appropriately so, for he seems the embodiment of the brash freedom that long ago made this country the envy of the world. Incidentally, the name Captain America was no random inspiration on the part of the screenwriters. During World War II, a whole new genre of comic book appeared—heavily nationalistic, aggressively jingoistic, with topical stereotyped heroes (clean-cut Americans) and villains (greasy, obese Krauts and sneaky, bucktoothed Japs). One of the best of these comics was "Captain America." Captain America, muscles bulging beneath the taut fabric of his red, white, and blue costume, was a fantasy figure of American moral indignation and vengeance. Along with his teenage sidekick, Bucky, Captain America righteously kicked ass on any and all who would thwart the cause of freedom. While *Easy Rider's* audience, for the

—Continued on page 69

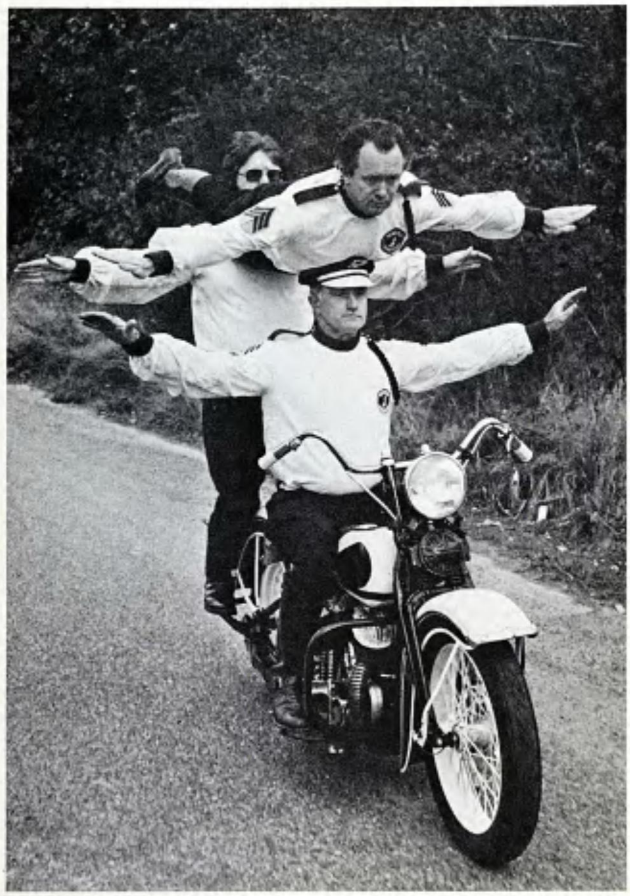
The Seattle Cossacks

Riding Vintage Harleys Since 1938

Photos by Pete Chiodo

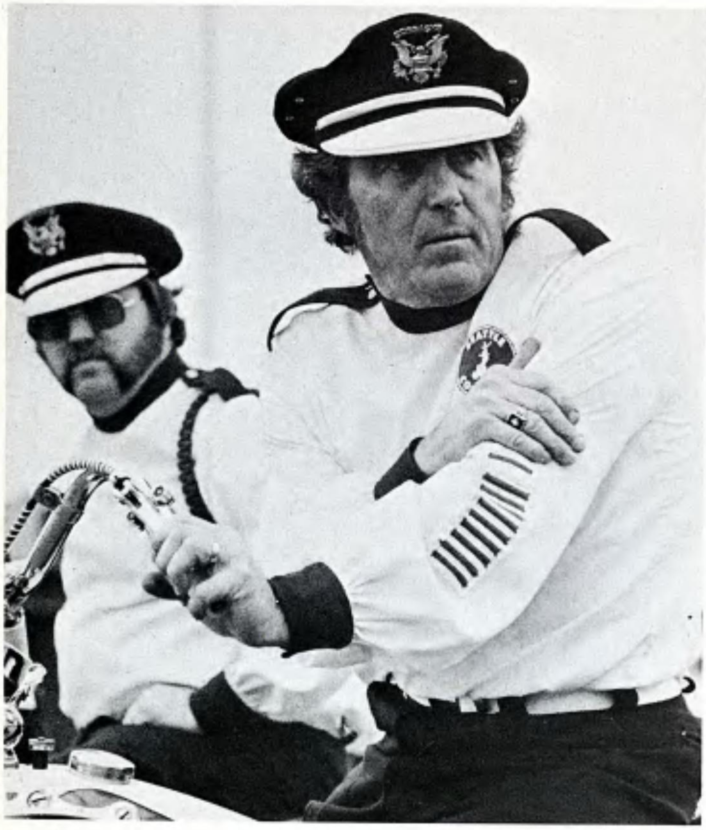
The Seattle Cossacks have been riding in parades, county fairs, and even World Fairs, doin' stunts since 1938. They've even performed at a funeral or two. There are currently fourteen riders on the team. The lowest count was seven, the highest twenty-two. And they all ride H-D's — now get this — eleven VLs from 1931 to 1936, one '48 pan, one '36 knuckle, and another knuckle from the forties (no 69s). Each member of the Cossacks keeps and maintains his own bikes.

The Seattle Cossacks have performed almost everywhere in the western U.S. They're plastered in *Ripley's Believe It or Not* for being the first riders to jump over sixteen prone men. They also did their stunts at the Seattle World's Fair. But the closest they came to jumping out of the country was when they competed with the Mexican Police Drill Team in 1952.



It would be a bitch to practice one of these pyramid stunts by yourself, trying to get good enough to make the team. But the Cossacks told us that it just takes a ham who wants to be on the team badly enough to make it. Some of their group had little or no motorcycle experience when they began their one-year probationary period in order to qualify for membership. During that year, the probationers must attend every event and practice. At the end of the year, if they pass a 75% vote of the membership, they receive uniforms and become members. The average length of membership is six years.

John Moser, member for many years, told us that the Cossacks consist strictly of men — no women allowed. After a fat



BOYD
COSSACKS

clown fell over on John's scaled-down H-D while it was sitting still during a parade, a woman volunteered to take the clown's place. But no way — they would've taken a drunken clown first.

They've had an occasional mishap in their forty-year history. One bro ran out of gas during a pyramid stunt at the World's Fair. During some of their plank jumps a bike died, once a chain broke, and while wailing up the ramp once, a tranny decided to take a shit and spewed oil all over the prone stuntmen.

Our sincerest appreciation goes to the Cossacks for performing the stunts you see here exclusively for **Easyriders.** May they ride forever. And may they forever ride Harley-Davidsons. ■

BOYD

69

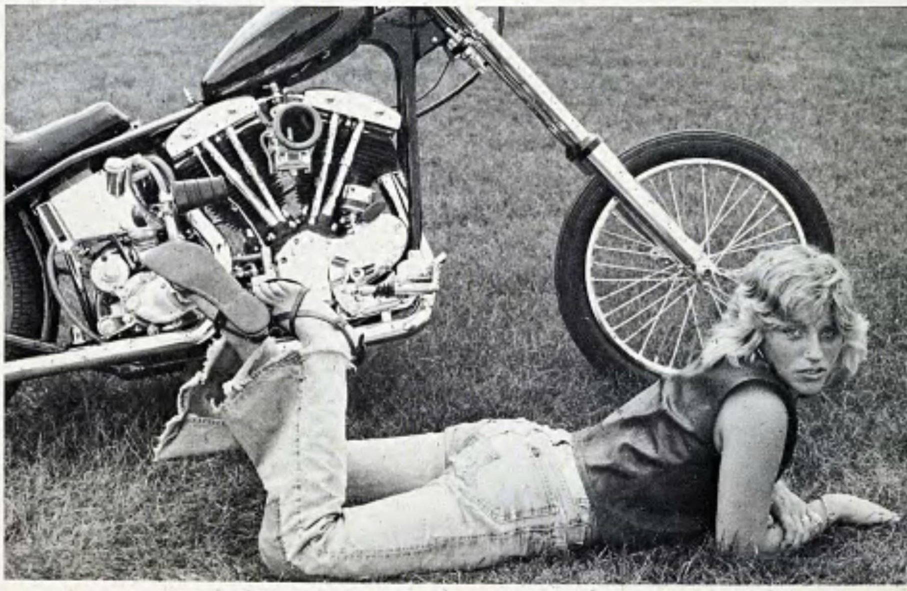
There's a first time for everything

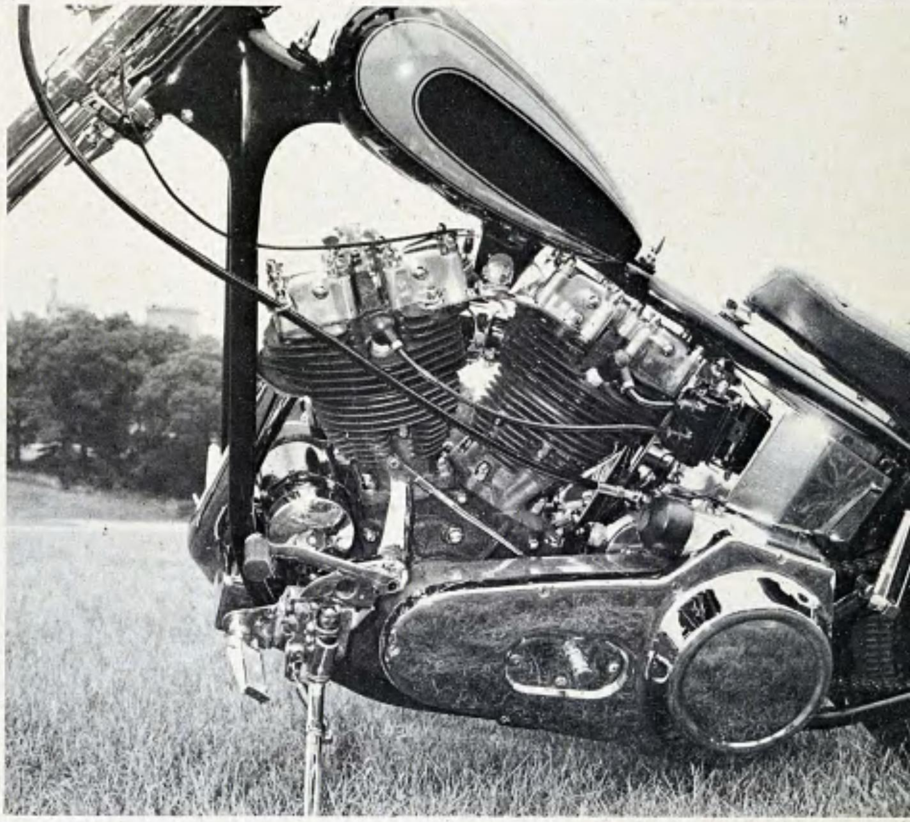
Everybody remembers his first sled—sorta like that little yummy you had the hots for in eighth grade. You remember—the one with the grape jam smear on a blouse that was already poppin' buttons from the pressure. That first pair (of wheels, you lechers) was probably a whisker ratty or smaller than you woulda liked, but it was a startin' point for a righteous campaign of dissipation, time-wastin', hell-raisin', and all other facets of the good life.

My first putt got kicked out of all the Hog and Indian shops 'cause it was "one of them oddball foreign jobs." Then I took it to a Limey shack. When I told 'em what I had, they said, "What kinda drink is that?" The parts for that turkey were so hard to scrounge up that unearthing a wasted set of ignition points at a swap meet called for some serious leg wettin' and a round of partyin' for the next week and a half. I ended up doin' most of the work myself—hell, if the bike was gonna get butchered anyway, I wanted to make sure it was done righteously. Think I still gotta shot of the junker here somewhere—well, I'll look for it later.

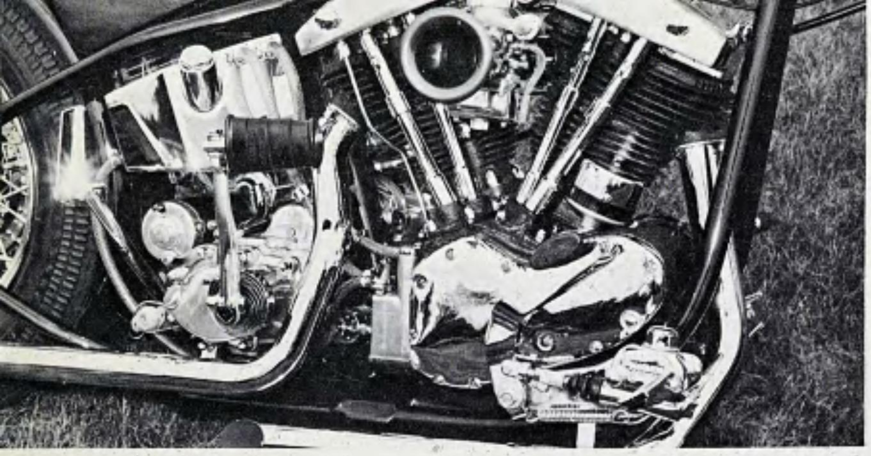
But what does all this spitoon dribblin' have to do with Rick Castellano's scoot? Well, this is his first ride and he doesn't have to resort to any nostalgic, rumsoaked, mumble-stumble for excuses. At a point when I was still raisin' dandruff over the issue of whether the heads came off before the jugs, this bro reworked his '69 H-D into a piece of machinery that's as fine as his ol' lady. While I was tryin' to figger if it was one up, three down, or six-and-a-half sideways, this dude already scored an official certificate from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts testifyin' to the loudness of his drag pipes. Man, these young bros don't make it easy to keep up the ol' hardass routine.

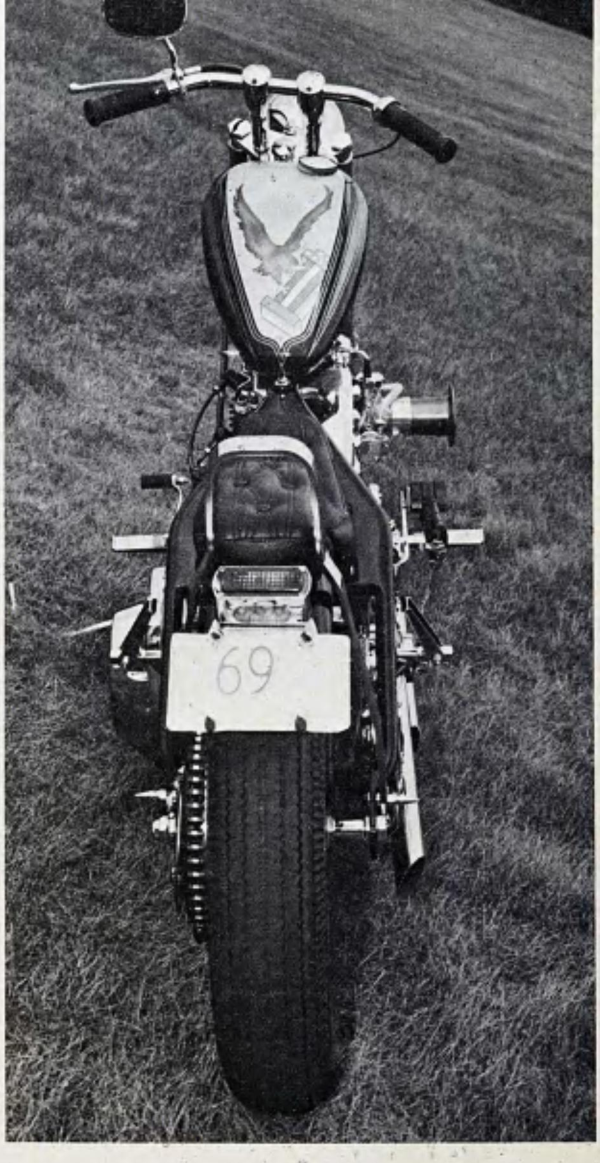
—Ol' Quaker





Photos by Jake

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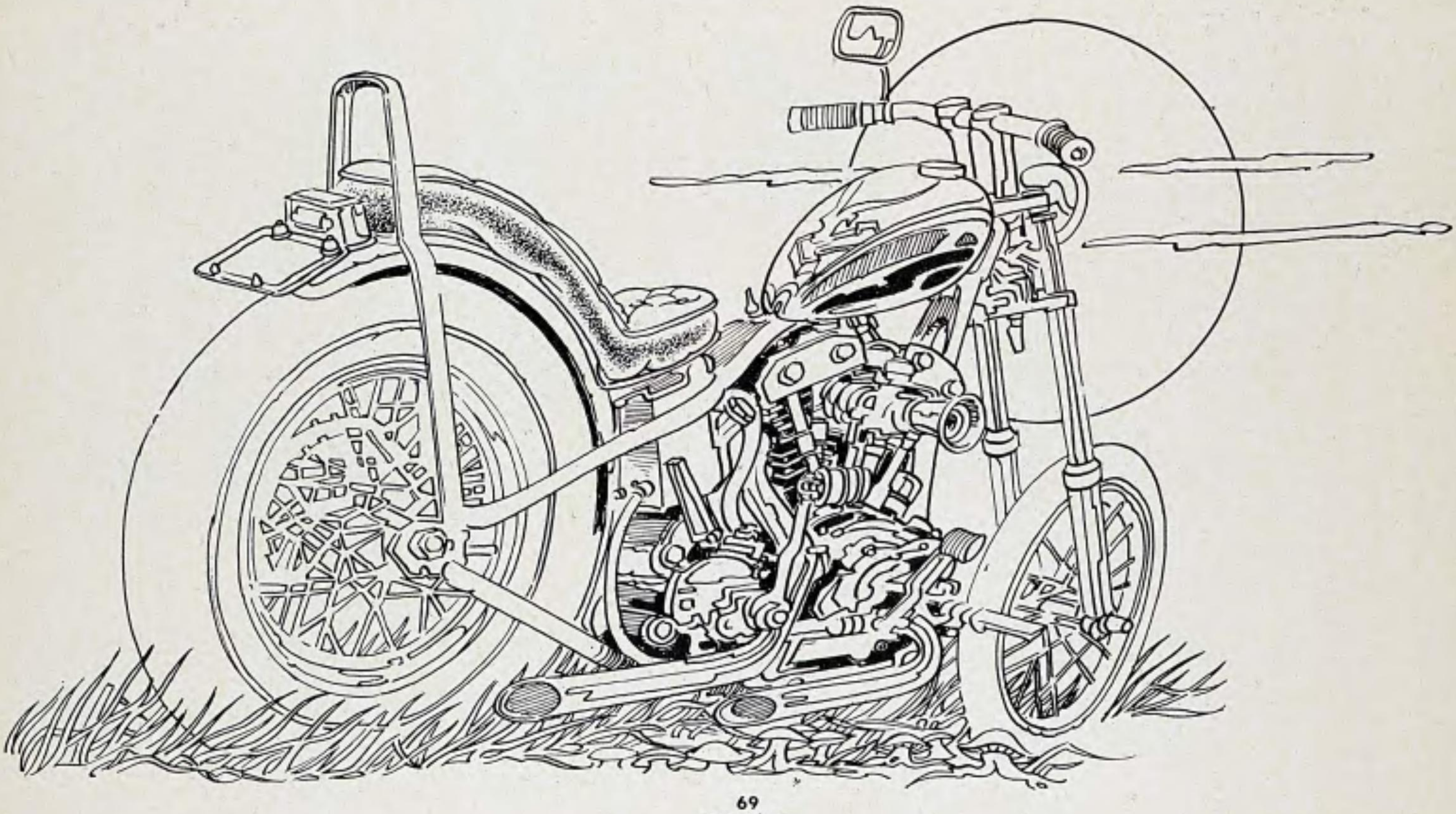
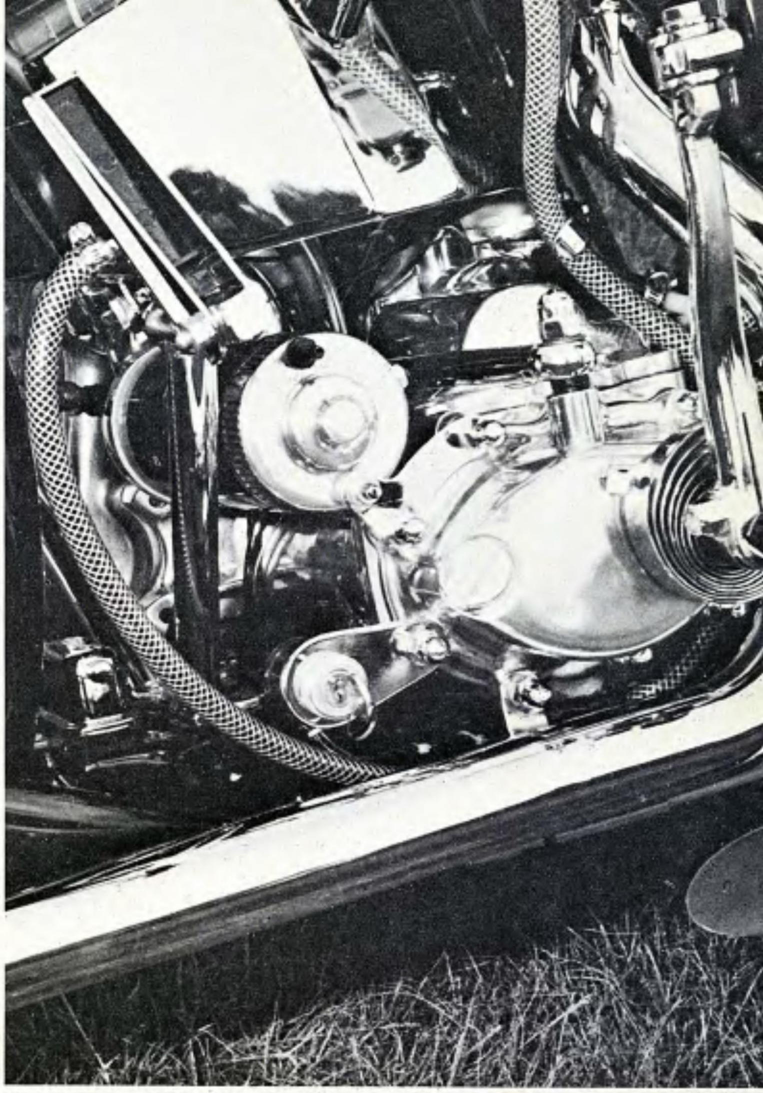
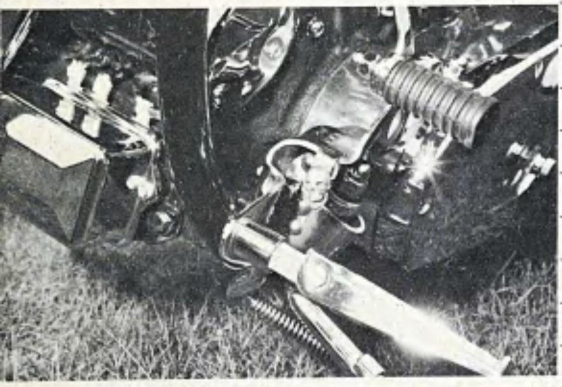






Owners: Rick Castellano

City: Waltham, Mass.

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1969 H-D
Model: FL
Value: $4,000
Assembly by: owner
Time: 7 months
Chroming: Waltham Industrial

Engine

Year: 1969
Model: Shovelhead
Rebuilder: Harry's Mach. Parts
Ignition: 12v, battery-coil
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Lower end: Harry Payne
Bal: E. E. Lindskogg, Bedford
Pistons: H-D, 8:1
Cases: black wrinkle
Heads: Harry Payne
Cam: FL
Lifters: hydraulics
Carb(s): 38mm Branch Mikuni
Air cleaner: velocity stack
Pipes: drag
Mufflers: none

Transmission

Modifications: polished cases
Year: 1969
Shifting: ratchet top
Engine sprocket: stock
Trans sprocket: stock
Wheel sprocket: 51

Painting

Molding: Ostro Bros.
Painter: Ostromecki
Color: black and candies
Type: acrylic lacquer

Frame

Year: 1969
Builder: H-D/Yetman
Type: double loop rigid
Rake: ¼ in.
Stretch: 3 in., rear
Other alterations: fork stops

Accessories

Bars: drag
Risers: glide
Fender(s): 6 in.
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Knight Light
Speedo: none
Front pegs: Frisco
Rear pegs: Anderson
Electrics: owner
Gas tank: Paughco Mustang
Oil tank: homemade
Oil systems: nylon lines, gauge
Primary cover: H-D, aluminum
Seat: Corbin-Gentry
Sissy bar: owner
Height: 6 in.
Material: 1 x 3/8 in. CRS

Forks

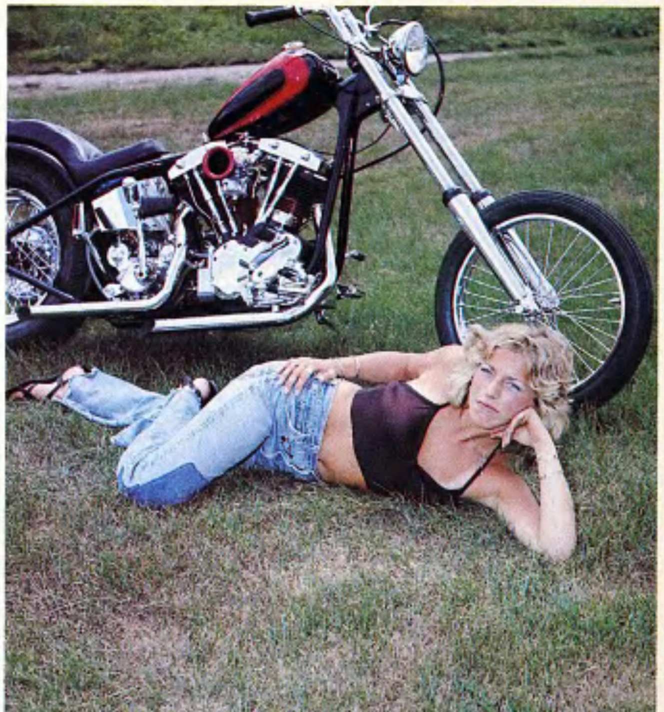
Type: H-D glide
Extension: 8 in.
Builder: Cyclestuff
Special features: narrow trees

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Hub: stainless	Hub: H-D
Rim width: 2¼ in.	Rim width: 4½ in.
Tire: 2.75 Avon	Tire: 5.00 Goodyear
Brake: spool	Brake: juice

Special paint: tank top by Ostro Bros.

Other special modifications: Micro switches on back of oil tank; skull on shift bracket; shaved lower legs; hi-flow gas tap; trans, carb, and shovels polished by Jim Papia, Waltham.



Is This A '69 Shovelhead?

National Easynews

"If it's for the betterment of biking, we'll print it."

Harley-Davidson Speaks Out

Throughout its 75 year history, Harley-Davidson has been a staunch advocate of promoting a positive image of motorcycles and the people who ride them. This has come about from the realization that motorcycles should logically fit in with society as a whole. This is not to say we think you should go out and join the Moose Lodge or the Women's Club (unless of course you want to). It's simply a recognition of the fact we're all citizens and as such, we need to recognize the other guy's rights and opinions as well as our own. Of course, that's a two-way street, too.

If you have been keeping abreast of your sport in recent months, it would be hard to have overlooked what's been happening on the motorcycle noise issue. Practically every cycle magazine during the last couple of months contains an editorial and other comments on the EPA's proposed noise regulations for future motorcycle models. Now it's our turn.

Harley-Davidson has been an advocate of quiet motorcycles — within reasonable limitations — since the early days. This continues to be our philosophy today.

I suppose if a person could isolate himself from civilization (and the feds), no government bureaucrat would much care what his motorcycle sounded like. Unfortunately, this is not easy to do. The fact is, motorcycles operate in the real world and your thrills are another person's complaints.

So it seems that the alternatives are this: listen to your loud pipes in a soundproof booth or exercise moderation. For if we as individual motorcyclists don't exercise moderation, the federal government is obviously going to do it for us. The problem is that when the government gets hold of the word "moderation," it changes it around and out comes "excessive and unnecessary restrictions."

We've had plenty of examples in recent years where, once the bureaucracy gets rolling, it's difficult to stop. The result is more regulation and restriction.

Over the past few years, motorcycle manufacturers, working with the various states and of their own accord, have made significant steps towards reducing overall motorcycle noise. The effects of this have meant that Harley-Davidson, since 1968, has reduced the noise levels of its motorcycles by some 65 percent. Currently, our production vehicles, under prescribed testing methods, meet an 83 decibel noise level requirement; however, in reaching the EPA's proposed ultimate level of 78 decibels in 1985, the result would be a further reduction by about 50 percent in the current sound level of Harley-Davidson production vehicles. This would add between $225 and $400, not counting inflation, to the price you would have to pay for your new motorcycle.

Harley-Davidson has been pushing to make the ultimate sound requirement a "not to exceed" 83 decibel level. This level is unlikely to be a source of annoyance to anyone, especially since, as a test in Washington, D.C. recently revealed, a motorcycle producing this level of sound was literally drowned out by other vehicular traffic: 83 decibels represents a reasonable compromise between the interest of the biker and the public at large.

In all, motorcycles account for only 1.2 percent of the total number of vehicle miles driven each year in this country. This being the case, it seems that the EPA is focusing its attention on a relatively minimal part of the problem, that they are needlessly spending dollars, your tax dollars, chasing after motorcycles when those dollars could be better spent elsewhere. The reasons for this may vary, but it's our hunch that it all boils down to a basic dislike of our sport by certain bureaucrats.

The result is that, in addition to tackling the feds head-on at hearings and through lobbying groups, we must all share the responsibility in protecting our own right to ride. One way of doing this is to ride as quietly as possible. There's no excuse for riding through populated areas at two in the morning—or two in the afternoon, for that matter—

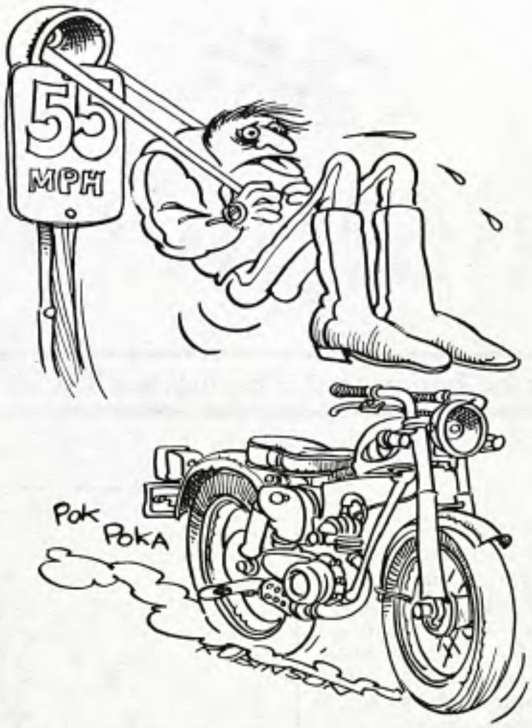
with shorty duals popping at their loudest.

Emissions regulations and the proposed noise regulations appear to be only the beginnings of what the government might do to take you off your motorcycle. But through lobbying against such action, and through the exercise of a bit of self-restraint, these actions can be beaten. It's time for everyone who gives a damn to stand up to these ever-deepening infringements upon our freedoms and be heard. Make the bureaucrats fight every step of the way.

We can make a difference, but only if we speak out to protect our right to ride. And this means you personally getting involved. You, the "grass roots" motorcyclist, carry the vote and along with it a great deal of credibility. While Harley-Davidson as a company is doing what it can, you, the Harley-Davidson rider, can make a big difference in the way this all turns out.

Write your state legislators, your U.S. Senators and Representatives and let them know what you think. Join the AMA, ABATE, and any other organization that's fighting bureaucratic regulation. Write those wonderful folks at the EPA (Douglas Costle, Administrator, U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, Washington, D.C. 20460) and tell them you don't exactly appreciate your tax dollars going towards efforts to deprive you of your motorcycle (but use nice language—no need to give them another "reason" for disliking bikers). And ride quietly!

Remember, even as we carry on the battle to protect your liberties, we still have to share this country with folks who might not like us. It's a two-way street. While we're asking the public-at-large to be tolerant and considerate of our right to ride, we must also respect the public's right not to have to listen to unnecessary noise.—Harley-Davidson ■



Iowa Rescue

Dr. Young II Kim and Iowa County Sheriff Arnold Fritsch were responding to a phone call on an apparent heart attack victim in Arena that evening when they came across the motorcycle along the road, and decided that they had better investigate what had happened. "We were going to Arena to perform an autopsy on a man who had been dead for a couple of days, when we came across the motorcycle," Kim said recently. "We found this guy lying on his stomach in the tall grass, with the chin strap of his helmet lodged against his throat. At first we thought he was dead, but then I felt his pulse and found that his skin was warm. We immediately started cardiopulmonary resuscitation, and about 20 minutes later he was able to breathe for himself again. We called the Iowa County ambulance, and they met us there." Kim said that had they not been traveling by just when they did, Francis J. Murphy, 29, might have been dead in a few more minutes. The accident happened at about 6:05 p.m. when Murphy lost control of his cycle and overturned in the ditch. "A dead person saved his life," Kim continued about the accident. "He is very lucky that we were passing by." Kim had praise for Fritsch and Avoca Chief of Police and Sheriff's Deputy Bob Crist, who helped with the CPR. Murphy was transferred to St. Joseph's Unit of Mercy Health Center in Dubuque, where he is recovering from cerebral contusions. ■

Sturgis Might Be Deadwood

Whether the 40th annual Black Hills Motorcycle Classic will be held next year depends on community support, according to Joe Doyle, president of the Jackpine Gypsies Motorcycle Club.

"It all comes down to community support. If they want it, we will continue. If there's no community support, we will cancel.

"The question is, 'Is it worth it?' Are the benefits worth what you have to put up with for a week?" Doyle is asking the Sturgis community.

During this year's classic, Deadwood businessmen began complaining about the presence of cyclists during the Days of '76, traditionally held the first weekend in August. Some Deadwood businessmen claimed the cyclists were keeping customers away.

The classic is traditionally held on the second weekend in August but the event has become so popular it has expanded to fill nearly the entire week preceding the final races on the weekend, according to Doyle.

Deadwood representatives approached the classic's sponsors and asked them to move the races to later in the week to further separate the two events.

Doyle says that wouldn't make any difference because if the Gypsies didn't sponsor races during the week, motorcycle clubs at other cities like Rapid City or Spearfish would.

Doyle says he doesn't know what the club could do to solve Deadwood's problems, but all options are being considered.

"We're taking a look at everything from continuing as usual, to holding it only every other year, to not holding it at all," he said.

"I think everyone in the club wants to continue it, but this is a community project with nearly all of the help donated and we're a non-profit organization. We don't make any money out of it and it has to have the support of the community," said Doyle.

The classic is sponsored in part by two groups—the Gypsies and Black Hills Motor Classic Inc.

The Motor Classic group was founded by ten Sturgis businessmen in the 1930s. They started the races as an annual weekend event, according to the organization's current chairman, Jim LeMar, Sturgis.

The organization is now run by a board of 15 local businessmen and they sponsor the professional half-mile races.

The Gypsies later joined in and sponsor the amateur racing and the professional short-track races.

LeMar's position on the controversy is similar to Doyle's. He says the board is considering all options, including cancellation. He too feels, however, that

most of those involved are "leaning toward" continuation because giving up a $1-million-per-year attraction is not a practical decision for a town the size of Sturgis.—by Paul Riley and Lyn Gladstone ■

Arizona Aid

They were not rebels, and they had a cause.

More than 120 motorcyclists from all over the state gathered yesterday at Reid Park for a Tucson Thunderbirds benefit for the Arizona School for the Deaf and Blind.

Riding clubs from Sierra Vista, Casa Grande, Phoenix and Tucson converged on lavishly decorated Harley-Davidsons, CB-equipped Hondas and a smattering of Yamahas, BMWs and Triumphs.

One woman came on a moped that appeared to have been spawned by the 1200-cc Honda parked next to it.

Thunderbird referee Richard Powell said he hopes the charity gathering can be expanded to two days next year. A similar fund-raising effort two years ago raised more than $1,000 for a hemophilia fund, he said, and returns from yesterday's event, aided by the raffling off of a motorcycle, are expected to go well over that figure.

Most of the cyclists belonged to riding clubs, but there also were a number of "lone riders," or unaffiliated cyclists.

Tucson area clubs represented included the Huns, the Crowns, Road Aces, Gold Wing Association, Tucson Travelers and tne Retreads.

Also in attendance were the Desert Wheels, a riding group from Davis-Monthan Air Force Base, the Phoenix-based Blue Knights, members of the State Highway Patrol, and the Sierra Vista chapter of the all-female Motor Maids. — by Keith Rosenblum ■

Don't Be Counted

The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration and the Federal Highway Administration have come to an agreement on the definition of a traffic fatality for statistical purposes. In the interest of uniformity, as of January 1, 1979, the two agencies will operate under the rule that a death is not counted as a traffic fatality unless it occurs within 30 days of the accident. Formerly, FHWA has counted deaths occurring within 12 months of an accident. ■

Rider Education — A Good Trip

Are there only two ways to improve motorcycle safety? A look at governmental actions during the past decade would lead one to think so. The government has concentrated almost exclusively on: (1) vehicle standards; (2) required use of helmets.

But thanks to an initiative taken outside government, there now are additional efforts to improve motorcycle safety, including quality rider education for novice motorcyclists.

Harley-Davidson and other leading motorcycle manufacturers launched the initiative when they joined together to create and support the Motorcycle Safety Foundation (MSF). Organized in 1973 as a non-profit organization, MSF has exercised a cooperative leadership with many people and organizations to create and implement education, licensing and other accident prevention programs. Government agencies also have joined in these efforts to some extent.

It's important for cyclists to understand these efforts and to support them. Some anti-motorcycling interests seek to discredit these initiatives and thereby threaten motorcycling as a form of recreation and transportation.

One result of MSF's programs has been the growing availability of quality motorcycle rider courses in schools and communities. Such courses use the latest MSF-developed teaching materials, well-qualified instructors and free-loan motorcycles provided through local dealers. Typically, 23 hours of instruction are offered, about half of the time spent in a classroom and the other half on-cycle. Those successfully completing such courses begin their street riding prepared to cope safely with traffic. It's a big improvement over the well-intentioned but grossly inadequate system of getting a few minutes of advice from a dealer or friend before starting to ride.

One of the Foundation's goals for rider education is to increase greatly the availability of these courses. Currently, only a small fraction of each year's new motorcycle riders have an opportunity to receive such instruction.

But there are those who would end rider education courses tomorrow. They charge that such instruction (both automobile driver education and motorcycle rider education) is "counterproductive." These critics typically believe that the only certain way to safety improvement lies with vehicle and roadway engineering modifications. They put little, if any, faith in the human element. They shun most accident prevention efforts, preferring instead protective devices (seat belts, air bags) or protective equipment (helmets) which can help only after the accident happens.

The "education is counterproductive" charge originated with a Washington-based organization known as the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety. The Insurance Institute is supported financially by automobile insurance companies and their trade associations. If this group sounds familiar it may be because one of their spokesmen used a San Diego newspaper a few years ago to call for a ban on motorcycle manufacture and use.

Their argument goes like this: (a) if you provide education and training in car or motorcycle operation, then more people may become car and motorcycle operators than would be the case if instruction were not offered; (b) with more people driving cars and riding motorcycles more will be injured or killed; (c) therefore, automobile driver and motorcycle rider education actually causes more deaths.

You may find this argument unacceptable. You may (correctly) point out that it is not proven to be true.

Nevertheless, the Insur-

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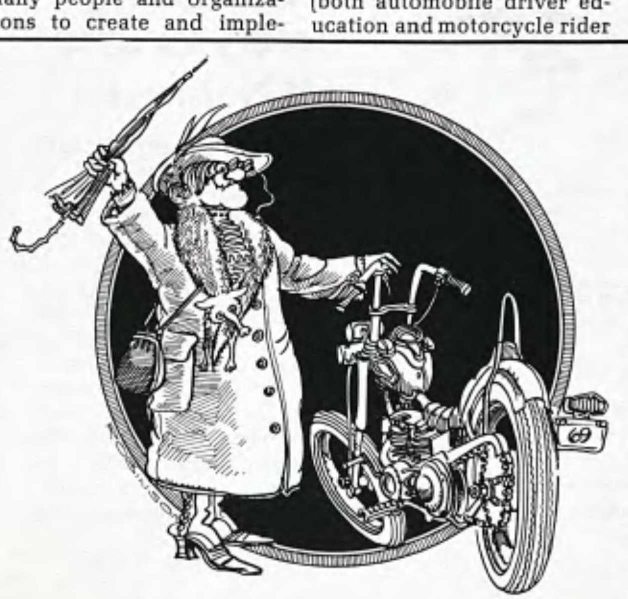


She Wins Motorcycle

Mrs. Bertha Richter, Reseda, Calif., is the recipient of a Honda motorcycle she won in a raffle.

"It's a handsome gift," she says, "but what will I do with it? I am 85 years old."

Mrs. Richter won her prize in a drawing for the Talent Bank, Pediatric Cardiology unit, St. Vincent's Hospital.

Mary Galeana, a member of the board of Pediatrics Cardiology, says, "Mother has consented to have her picture taken astride her Honda while she is deciding whether or not to keep it." ■

ance Institute has published a report and stimulated news stories across America that call into question the whole concept of auto and motorcycle education courses. Some driver education courses have reportedly been curtailed as a result. Motorcycle rider education courses are now also being questioned.

And, despite the fact that their "research report" has been challenged, even by researchers, some people have been persuaded to adopt this "education is counterproductive" viewpoint.

That's why active support from motorcyclists is needed. Those who oppose rider education certainly aren't a majority, despite their vocal impact. But few motorcyclists speak up in favor of rider education and other accident prevention programs. As a result, the vocal minority of anti-motorcycling, anti-education types carries the day.

If motorcycling as we know and enjoy it today is to be available to us tomorrow, we've got to achieve a better safety record. One way to do that is through quality rider education. It deserves your vocal and active support right in the local communities where you live and work.

Does your community offer motorcycle rider education courses? If not, are you doing anything to change that?—by Charles H. Hartman, President, Motorcycle Safety Foundation ■

AMA Says Noise Is Our Fault

GRD launched in mid-October a public relations campaign aimed at using peer pressure to reduce excessive motorcycle noise. The main instrument in the campaign is a red and black sticker which is being distributed to AMA members, clubs, road reps, and congress delegates.

GRD Director Ed Youngblood reports that motorcycling's greatest problems during 1978 on both state and national levels have been caused by the small minority of motorcyclists who modify or tamper with their exhaust systems.

EPA information reveals that the noise problem is caused by 12% of the motorcycle owners. However, both the costly EPA noise proposals and the proposed ban in New York City will affect the entire motorcycle community, including the nearly 90% who are responsible users of quiet motorcycles.

AMA members are encouraged to affix the sticker on noisy motorcycles as a message from one motorcyclist to another. The sticker is intentionally designed with an inferior adhesive so that no one will be accused of defacing someone else's motorcycle. It can be easily removed while it is getting its message across.

Any responsible motorcyclist can write for a free supply of 10 stickers by sending 25¢ for postage and handling to Noise, Government Relations Department, AMA, P.O. Box 141, Westerville, Ohio 43081.—from an AMA Government Report ■

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

National Abate
P.O. Box 162062
Sacramento, Ca. 95816

It is **National Abate's** goal to provide a common ground on which you can unite to provide for you, the concerned motorcyclist, a loud and strong voice against mandatory motorcycle laws.

It is also **National Abate's** goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your area who are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization.

National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast.

National Abate will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action group of your choice.

Give Name here ____________

I understand that **National Abate** will publish information regarding legislation that may affect me as a motorcycle enthusiast and that included with my membership will be the address of my nearest **National Abate** chapter or information regarding how to start a local chapter in my area.

☐ **National Abate** membership and favorite organization, $10.00
☐ **National Abate** membership only, $5.00
☐ Information on becoming an approved charter.
☐ Information on becoming an approved organization.

Name, nickname, or mark ____________
Address, P.O. Box or G.D. ____________
City ____________
State ____________ Zip ____________

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

ABATE Safety Course Of Nebraska

Back at the end of April and the beginning of May, several members of ABATE of Nebraska took the Motorcycle Safety Foundation Instructors course. Clay Hathaway, Jim Wells, Swede Heyen, Harlan Waak, Ken Sypal, John Schaffer, Aldis Augstums, Jim Scott, Don Wilson, Gino Robotham, and Derby Dan took the course. Thanks to the unselfish, untiring efforts of Harlan and crew, a motorcycle safety program sponsored by ABATE is now underway.

So far, over 30 students have been taught to ride safely. With four classes behind these men, they have learned by doing. It is damned difficult to give up twelve Saturdays of one's summer (riding, partying, etc.) to teach enthusiastic newcomers to the sport of motorcycling how to ride. Not only how to ride, but more important, how to ride safely.

Ages of the students ranged from 8 years to 55 years, with the majority of students being between 16 and 20 years old.

How'd they do? Great! Some had never been on a cycle before in their life, but by the time they had completed the course, they had several hours of riding experience and as many hours of classroom work behind them. Furthermore, they had a new sense of self confidence—not cockiness, but the feeling that they can ride a motorcycle with less chance of becoming an accident statistic.

So far, the safe riding program seems to have been a success. Let's hope this dedication will carry on to next year and spread the program farther across the state. ■

SPACE FILLER 69

"The weeds in the garden could stand some pulling, too."

A man was recounting to a friend his recent experience in a whorehouse. "A beautiful blonde came in wearing a negligee and carrying a mysterious box. Out of the box she took a sugar doughnut and put it around my cock. On top of that she put whipped cream and cherries, then she sat down on my face, and while I licked her snatch, she ate the dessert on my cock. It was sensational."

The friend to whom he'd told this went to the same whorehouse, but the blonde was "occupied." Too impatient to wait, he chose another girl, a voluptuous Jewish chick. In the room, she put a bagel around his cock, covered it with cream cheese and smoked salmon, then started to get up and sit on his face.

"How did it feel," his friend asked, excitedly, as he was recounting the adventure.

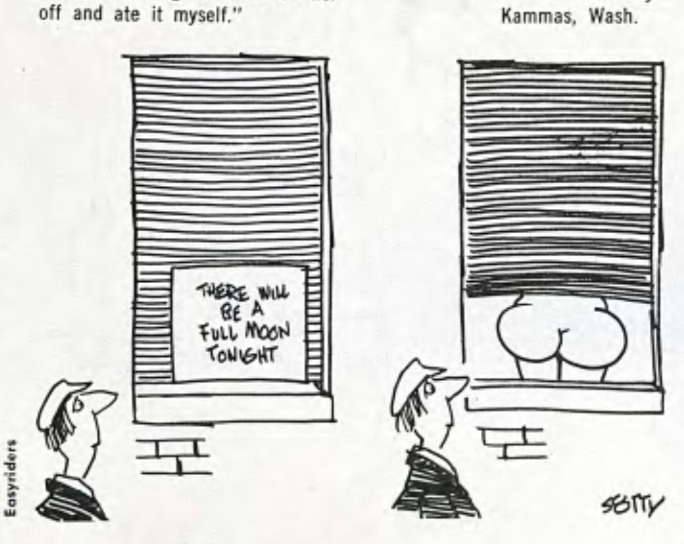
"I don't know," the friend said. "It looked so good I shoved her off and ate it myself."

"I ain't seen anything like that since the' mill mule backed into the rotary saw."

A teacher noticed that one of her pupils, a little girl, had made a puddle on the floor. "Why didn't you put your hand up?" she asked the embarrassed kid.

"I did," was the reply, "but it went right through my fingers."

—Brenda Mammary
Kammas, Wash.



As the two private detectives peered into the bedroom window, they saw their client's wife fucking a stranger.

"Just as we suspected," said one detective. "Let's go in after him."

"Great idea," said the other. "How long do ya think it'll be before he's finished?"

—Joey Terkelson
Long Beach, Calif.

"It's a collection for Ms. Wilson's abortion."

"Results from problems with a Harley dealer."

Sex is the ultimate peacemaker; it eventually softens all hard feelings.

—Carl Thomas
Wheeling, W. Va.

A disheveled young lady rushed into the police station and reported that a biker had attempted to rape her. "But he ejaculated before he could even get my panties off," she sobbed.

"Can you give us a description of him or his bike?" asked the officer on duty .

"No," the girl replied, sadly. "He left as quickly as he came."

—Theresa Onepap
Marion, Ohio

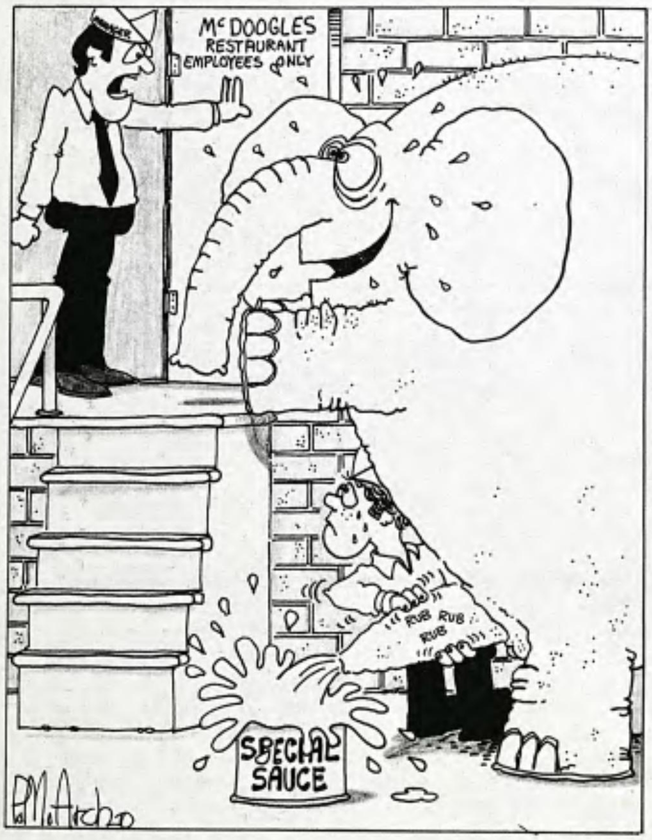
"**H**ow did you enjoy your stay in the nudist camp?" the biker asked his suntanned bro.

"Well," the other replied, "the first two days were the hardest."

—Tommy Rogers
Yuma, Ariz.

Did you know that snails drive cars? Their cars have a large letter S painted on the rear, and as they pass, people remark, "Hey, look at that S car go!"

—Fancy Nancy
Hicksville, Ind.



"Let's go with that Special Sauce, kid! I got customers waiting!"

A biker went to the doctor complaining about a problem with his bowels. "Are you regular?" asked the doctor.

"Hell yes," the biker replied. "I take a shit every morning at six o'clock, right on schedule."

"Well, that seems all right. What's your problem?" the doctor asked.

"Fuck, man, I don't get up till seven o'clock!"

—Fanny Koniak
Philadelphia, Pa.

"Doctor," said the pretty blonde, "I have this compulsion to go to bed with every man I meet. Is there a name for whatever I've got?"

"Yes, Miss Jones, there is," replied the medical man as he picked her up and carried her over to the couch. "It's called good news!"

—Sam Bilborn
Cincinnati, Ohio

"Before we go any further, you tell me who she is—and it better be good."

While driving through an Indian reservation, the biker was approached by a very lovely maiden, who offered herself to him for $50. "That's a lot of money," he said. "Manhattan Island cost only twenty-four."

"True," she agreed, "but Manhattan Island just lies there."

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.

"I told my boyfriend I didn't want to see him any more," said the pretty young model to her friend.

"What did he say?" the friend asked.

"Nothing," the model replied. "He just pulled the covers over his head."

—James Cunningham
Cookville, Tenn.

While out riding the range, a cowboy suddenly came across an Indian lying across the trail with his ear to the ground. He was astonished when the Indian said, "Two wagons pass by. First wagon carry two females and one small boy. Second wagon carry one man and three females."

"You can tell that just by listening to the ground," the cowboy said in amazement.

"Listen hell!" the Indian replied. "They run over me half hour ago."

—Dave Pinder
Brandon, Canada

"Dad," said the boy, "we had a spelling contest in school today, and I missed the very first word."

"That's too bad, son. What was the word?"

"Posse."

"No wonder you couldn't spell it, you lunkhead! You can't even pronounce it!"

—Leonard Fink
Evanston, Wyo.

After downing a few drinks, the biker complained to the bartender, "My ol' lady has this bad habit of staying up all night, and there seems to be no way I can break her of it."

"What's she doing all this time?" the barkeep asked.

"Waiting for me."

—Larry Miller
Buena Vista, Colo.

"Wow! Now *that's* a cockroach!"

The jealous wife was outraged when her husband came home late one evening smeared with lipstick and smelling of cheap perfume. "You've got a lot of nerve," she sobbed, "coming home like this and telling me you were working late at the office."

"That's ridiculous," he snapped. "If I had a lot of nerve, I'd tell you the truth."

—Hammerin' Hank,
Mojave, Calif.

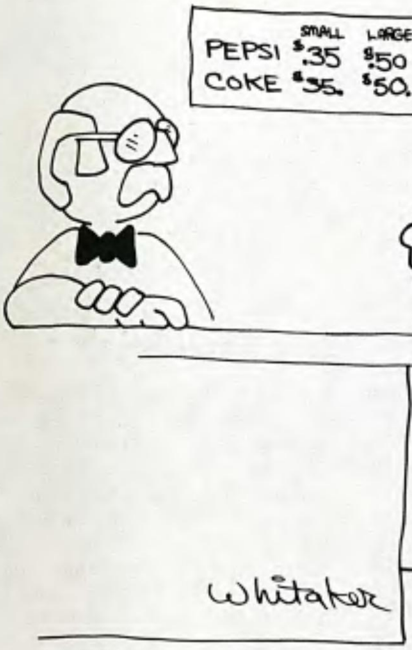
We think you'll agree that the question of regular prison visits by ladies of easy virtue clearly involves pros and cons.

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.

A man whose wife had just given birth to triplets burst into the room where the newborn tots were kept. "Get out of here!" shouted the nurse. "You're not sterile!"

"Lady," said the fellow, looking proudly at his offspring, "you're telling **me!**"

—Clyde Williams
Westcliff, Colo.



Big Bob came home with a quart of ice cream. "You want me to dish you up some, honey?" he asked his ol' lady.

"How hard is it?" she asked.

"Hard as my cock," he answered, grinning.

"Oh, goodie," she said. "Pour me some."

—Cinde Killebrew
St. Gabriel, La.

Dragging his dog along the street, the biker was stopped by a bro. "Where ya goin?" the bro asked.

"I'm takin' this fuckin' dog down to have him destroyed."

"Is he mad?"

"Well, he ain't too happy about it!"

—Brenda Ballzum
New Orleans, La.

The biker had been watching the single chick at the bar and finally approached her.

"I guess," he said, "we're both here for the same reason, honey."

"That's right," she replied, dryly. "Let's go pick up some chicks."

—Walt Nelson
Omaha, Neb.

After his wife died, the old gentleman decided to visit a whorehouse. When the madam answered the door, he quaveringly asked what the cost would be.

"Fifty dollars," said the madam.

"You're putting me on!" he screeched.

"That will be five dollars extra."

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.

An American school teacher, a chick in her forties, decided to have one great fling of a vacation by visiting Paris. While there, partying it up for the first time in her life, she met a dapper Frenchman, who decided to introduce her to the art of **soixante-neuf,** or sixty-nine. He took her out into the public park, late one evening, and on the grass beneath a large bush he instructed her in the art of love. As they lay head to foot, she giving her first blowjob, and he eating her snatch, she suddenly cried out, "Oh, Pierre, this is wonderful, but your glasses are cold, and they're hurting my thighs. Take them off."

Pierre did as asked, then went back to eating her out. In a moment, she looked down and dryly said, "Pierre, put your glasses back on. You're eating the grass."

"Okay, okay, so she misunderstood — ya gotta admit she pulled off a helluva smuggling job."

And then there was the horny Eskimo who visited an Anchorage whorehouse and requested a nose job.

—Billy Funk
Torrance, Calif.

"So, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, what exactly do we have here? We have the accused, an innocent little sprite, being portrayed by the prosecutor as a wanton woman, prone to make outrageously bold advances on any man within her reach — ha! ha! ha!"

A bro and his ol' lady were going at it one night when he said, "Look, if you don't put more action into it, I'm gonna go out an' get me some strange stuff."

She piped up, "Listen, if your cock was two inches longer you'd be into some strange stuff right here."

—Joe Pugliano
Schenectady, N.Y.

An old man died and went to Hell, where he ran into a friend his age who was accompanied by a luscious blonde.

"I'm happy for you, Charlie," the new arrival said. "At least you're getting a partial reward in this place, while you expiate your sins."

"She isn't my reward," sighed Charlie. "I'm her punishment."

—Joe Pugliano
Schenectady, N.Y.

The Army Engineers, on a practice assignment, constructed a bridge near their training camp in the middle of the desert. The next morning, when they returned to tear it down, a dozen Polish dudes were standing on it, fishing over the rail.

—C. Krug
St. Louis, Mo.

"I sent my boy to college to get an education," complained one father to another, "but all he seems to do is shack up with coeds, smoke pot, and have a good time."

"Most college students do that today," replied his friend.

"That's the trouble," snapped the first dude. "I should have kept him home and gone to college myself."

—Greg Haverman
Dallas, Texas

"You aren't the love-'em-and-leave-'em type, are you?"

rap sheet

Legal news in everyday language by John Warren Giles

Military Injury

If you are operating a motorcycle on a government military base while on active duty, and an automobile or motorcycle operated by another serviceman on active duty collides with you and injures you, you are wasting your time and money suing the owner of the automobile or motorcycle and his insurance company. This is the opinion of the U.S. Court of Appeals in New Jersey. The opinion turns on a decision of the U.S. Supreme Court which holds that the Government is not liable, under the Federal Tort Claims Act, for injuries to servicemen where the injuries arise out of or are in the course of activity *incident to service*. The situation is controlled by the Federal Driver's Act, which precludes all recovery in the courts by an injured serviceman driver while on active duty. Injured servicemen on active duty are limited to seeking redress through systems of simple, certain, and uniform compensation for injuries or death of those in the armed services. In other words, your particular service arm will take care of you, if you are not at fault, but you can recover nothing in the courts. (539 Fed. 2nd 955)

Nunchaku Sticks

Did you ever carry a "nunchaku stick"? If you did in Oregon, you violated the criminal law. Nunchaku sticks are short sticks of wood hinged together end-to-end by a short cord; and are used by practitioners of karate and other "martial arts." The Oregon court said that the statute outlawing the concealed carrying of any instrument by the use of which injury could be inflicted upon the person or property of another, applies to items not specifically enumerated which are designed and intended to inflict injury on the person or property of another, and that nunchaku sticks fit within the prohibition of the general terms of the statute. It is specifically prohibited in Oregon to carry firearms, knives, metal knuckles, and sling shots.

However, Pennsylvania does not look so unkindly at these peculiar sticks. The defendant in Pennsylvania was arrested for possession of these sticks when he was on his way to a karate school where he was going to work out with them. The court, in dismissing the charge, said that there is no doubt that the sticks can be used offensively as can a golf club, or a baseball bat, to inflict serious injury. However, a student or instructor of the martial arts would have occasion to use the nunchaku in the peaceful practice of karate exercise. The martial arts are practiced by many citizens of the Commonwealth as a sport and an exercise. To eliminate the use, possession, and sale of items used in this sport simply because they could conceivably be used to inflict bodily injury is contrary to the express purpose of the statute. (369 At. 2nd 479. 558 Pac. 2nd 1244)

Carryin' On

How outrageous can outrageous conduct be? Here the husband, driving a truck, pulled alongside his wife while she was driving her car, and pointed a high-powered rifle at her. She attempted to flee by increasing the speed of her car. Two men in another truck cut in and forced her off the road. After she stopped her car, the husband approached with a rifle pointed at her, forced his way into the automobile, and began to drive it. They were followed by one man in the husband's truck and another in the second truck. Thereafter the wife was forced to enter the husband's truck with the husband and another man. The other truck was left parked. The husband then struck the wife, tore her clothes off, and raped her. The other two men, with the assistance of her husband, attempted to rape her. Her husband then released her and told her that if she reported him, he would kill her.

Of course she sued and did recover damages in spite of being married to him. A husband must not commit an intentional wrong on his wife.

Unlawful Search

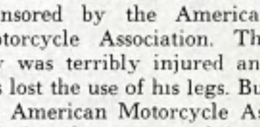
A random search of persons entering a rock concert at a Des Moines auditorium violated the Fourth Amendment. Off-duty policemen made the searches, relying upon their own knowledge of the law to determine whether a particular patron should be searched. Searches were apparently based most often upon either the clothing patrons were wearing or the bags, parcels or purses they were carrying. Patrons were not forewarned of the possible search until entering the auditorium and even then, the warnings were inadequate. Patrons were not told that they could have their tickets refunded if they objected to the search. (Stroeber v. Commission Veterans Auditorium (SD Iowa) No. 77-274-2 Oct. 14, 1977.)

Whose Gun?

Formerly, if you were riding in an automobile in New York State and unlicensed guns were found in the car, you were presumed to be in possession of the weapons and subject to fine and imprisonment. But the U.S. Court of Appeals has now said that this statute is unconstitutional and there can be no presumption that the illegal weapons found belonged to you. (568 Fed. *Md.* 998.)

Gun Replicas

If you are dealing in antique firearms, you should remember that New Jersey has recently ruled that replicas of antique firearms which are operable fall within the operation of the Gun Control Law. Access to lethal weapons is what the Gun Control Law seeks to regulate. An antique is something really old, not a copy of something old. (362 At. 2nd 13)



Novice Racers

If you happen to enter a cross-country motorcycle race for novices, you should take precautions. Is the course negligently designed, supervised, and managed? If so, stay out of the race. This happened to a teenaged boy who entered a race for novices sponsored by the American Motorcycle Association. The boy was terribly injured and has lost the use of his legs. But the American Motorcycle Association has counterclaimed in the suit that the boy's own negligence was the cause of his injury. AMA claims that the boy's parents knew that motorcycle racing is a dangerous sport and knew of the boy's training and instruction in motorcycles. The parents directly participated in the boy's decision to enter the race by signing a parental consent. Hence AMA seeks indemnity from the parents of the boy if it is held liable for the injuries. You can see that today no stone is left unturned to avoid liability, hence those participating in a cross-country race should find out whether the course and the whole operation is being conducted with due care for the safety of the participants. (American Motorcycle Assoc. v. Superior Court, 143 Cal. Rep. 692)

SEEING SPOTS?

See 'Em Right and Cop a Prize!

We're lookin' for 69 spots. Naw, dipshit, not spots left on the sheets after a heavy bout of sixty-ninin'. We're talkin' about the number of times 69 appears in this freakin' 69th issue.

We gave one of our overworked editors a handful of little white pills and forced him to count the number of times the word or number 69 appears in this issue. Before he started countin', he could spot the tits on a gnat at a hundred yards. When he finished, his eyes weren't quite as sharp as they once were. To tell ya the truth, we had to fire him and now he's wanderin' the streets with a white cane and a tin cup. A sad story, but that's how it is in the motorcycle rag business.

Anyhow, we know the correct number and now we're askin' you. There's a helluva lot of 69s scattered throughout this issue — and not all of 'em are real obvious, so ya better scan these pages like they were your rich uncle's will. So call up work and tell 'em ya won't be in for a week or two, send the ol' lady and the rugrats off to her mother's, put on the coffee, and start countin'. When you come up with your answer, send it to us — if your number is correct or is closest to the correct number, you'll walk away with $690. That's right, the winner receives 690 no-shit American greenbacks. Second prize is $69, third prize is $6.90, and fourth prize is 69¢. In case of ties, we'll put all the correct entries in a drum and have our blind editor draw out the winners (he needs the work).

All entries must be postmarked no later than March 15th. Send your answer on a postcard or on the back of a sealed envelope — please, no letters. (We're too lazy to open up sealed envelopes.) Send your entry to Count the 69s Contest, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

69 Ways To Leave Your Ol' Lady

1. Bite your gal on the rump, chump.
2. Say, "Head for the door, whore!"
3. Screw her best friend, Glenn.
4. Go live in a cave, Dave.
5. Fill her douche bag with pee, Lee.
6. Call her daddy a fairy, Barry.
7. Stick her dog with a spike, Mike.
8. Move into a tree, Flea.
9. Fill your tank fulla gas, Kaz.
10. Find yourself a new slut, Mutt.
11. Move into a bar, Czar.
12. Ride your putt outta town, clown.
13. Break outta the zone, Clone.
14. Crawl outta the trench, Wrench.
15. Sleep in the garage, Rog.
16. Have your barrels bored, Ford.
17. Stash your ass in jail, male.
18. Hop on a train, Shane.
19. Do a hitch in the navy, Davy.
20. Work out a new deal, Steel.
21. Break into a bank, Tank.
22. Get out on the road, Toad.
23. Take an excess of speed, Weed.
24. Try some new head, Ted.
25. Become a Marine, Dean.
26. Kick over your bike, Mike.
27. Make tracks for the street, creep.
28. Show up on the Coast, Ghost.
29. Hide out in the valley, O'Malley.
30. Ride off to the plain, Wayne.
31. Row out to sea, Ski.
32. Cop a new attitude, Lude.
33. Find a new chick, Slick.
34. Get a new ride, Clyde.
35. Make use of your thumb, bum.
36. Haul off and split, Zit.
37. Find a new job, Rob.
38. Just relocate, mate.
39. Learn a new trade, Wade.
40. Build you a stroker, joker.
41. Run for your life, Fife.
42. Move down the block, Doc.
43. Go for a spin, Lynn.
44. Gas your scoot up and haul, Paul.
45. Escape to the west, Jess.
46. Sleep in a park, Mark.
47. Slide to the south, mouth.
48. Ride yer bike off the lot, Zot.
49. Drop in the clutch, Hutch.
50. Take your nose to Peru, Lou.
51. Say, "Your mother's a queer, dear."
52. Burn up the rubber, Blubber.
53. Wind out the mill, Bill.
54. Get the hell out, Scout.
55. Straddle your sled, Jed.
56. Fire up the Sport, Mort.
57. Purchase a rat, Pat.
58. Peel out on your scoot, Root.
59. Find a new broad, Claude.
60. Change the lock on your pad, lad.
61. Seek out some new tits, Fritz.
62. Rent a new place, ace.
63. Hire out as a stud, bud.
64. Give her sister the eye, Cy.
65. Call the movers and go, Moe.
66. Get your bike in tune, goon.
67. Get away from the strain, Cain.
68. Disappear overnight, Wright.
69. Run off and don't stop, Pop.

DOWNTIME

by Falcon

1969-a great year

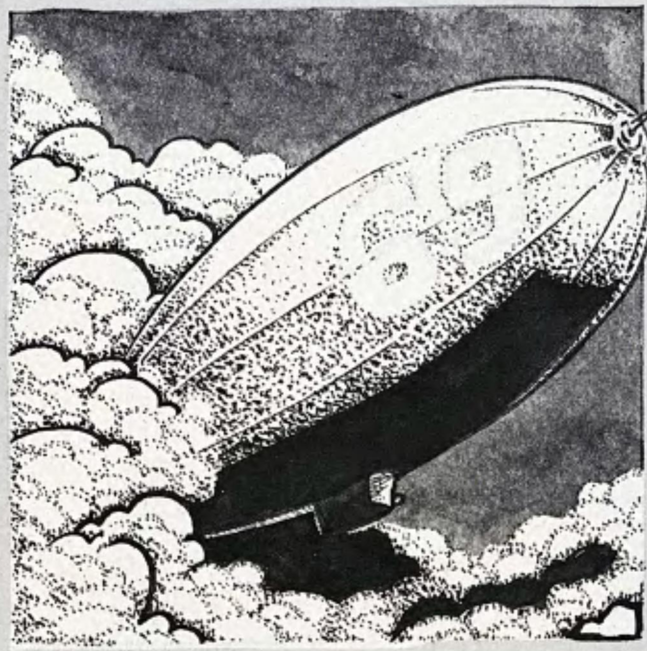
A great year for music, 1969, right? I mean, how can you argue with a statement like that? That was the year the Beatles came out with "Abbey Road," the Rolling Stones released "Let It Bleed," and backed it with "Through The Past Darkly," and British rock made even further inroads in America with The Who's "Tommy." It was also the year the **Easy Rider** soundtrack came out, "Joe Cocker!" hit the stands, and "The Best Of Cream" made the national album record charts. Goddam, but that was a vintage time for rock and roll. And hey, who can forget "Blind Faith," "Crosby, Stills & Nash," or Grand Funk's rousing "On Time" album —not to mention "Stand Up" by Jethro Tull? All those LPs were big sellers in '69.

Yeah, those were the days. In the beginning there was "Led Zeppelin" just starting to bust loose, and when the year came to a close, "Led Zeppelin II" was pressing "Abbey Road" for the number one album spot. Creedance Clearwater Revival took Male Vocal Group of the Year in the record industry's most reputable trade magazine, with Elvis winning Male Vocalist of the Year in the singles category. It was a hot time, all right. Top New Male Group was a tossup between Blind Faith and Crosby, Stills & Nash, with Led Zeppelin and Three Dog Night following close behind. Hmmmm . . . that seems a little funny now, but what the hell—time has a way of changing things.

When it's all said and done, 1969 deserves to be thought of as a time of progress in pop music, a period in which Woodstock happened, "Honky Tonk Woman" rattled through the garage, and Tiny Tim tiptoed into the hearts of America, bringing his marriage to Miss Vicky to millions on the Johnny Carson Show.

Tiny Tim? How the fuck did he get in? Why did an obvious goofball like that make it big in a period that seems so musically together? Was he just a fluke, a wandering error that popped up without any real cause? Lemme see—I'll just look back through those other albums I stashed away in 1969 to see if anyone else completely out of it got some attention. That was the first year I smoked dope, and as I remember it, it was a vintage year.

Let's see here. Johnny Cash was going strong, Iron Butterfly had one of the longest playing tunes (both in length of time it took to play it and number of times it was placed on the old turntable)—"In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida." So far, so good. The Band's "Up On Cripple Creek" was being heard a lot over the airwaves, as was Janis Joplin's "Kozmic Blues." Maybe Tiny was a quirk, an exception to the rule of basically great music in '69, a novelty figure who provided a lot of conversation, but wasn't really a reflection of what the country was listening to and buying during that great year.



Uh-oh. Seems like I got a little bit of shit stuck between my teeth. There were some turkeys after all. According to a survey of national radio airplay and sales charts in 1969, there were some stiffs, all right. But how could Harlow Wilson, on Plantation 28 Records, score a bigger hit with "Groovy Grubworm" in late November than the "Time Machine" single from Grand Funk? Yeah, I already thought of that—they were both released at exactly the same time. But '69 was a big war year, right? Didn't the country have some balls with all that rock to carry it on? "Raindrops Keep Fallin' On My Head" and "Sugar, Sugar" don't seem to back that up, though.

Am I just looking at the past through rose-colored glasses? Was "The Ballad of Easy Rider" offset by Booby Sherman's "La La La (If I Had You)" and "Take A Letter, Maria"? How did Jimi Hendrix' "Smash Hits" album get lost between the equally hot albums in late November—the soundtracks to "Paint Your Wagon" and "Hello Dolly"? Was Oliver's "Good Morning, Sunshine" really bigger than "Johnny Cash At Folsom Prison"—after "Starshine" had already been out for a year? You're shittin' me!

I don't like to tell you this, but it gets worse. In fact, it gets pretty tough to sneer at the Shaun Cassidys of today when this supposedly prime period had Jay & The Americans doing "Walkin' In The Rain," or "Jean," a best-seller by Lawrence Welk, or "10th Anniversary Golden Piano" by Ferrante & Teicher. Or how about "Here Come The Hardy Boys"? These were all biggies in 1969.

Still think the past is better than the present? Then see if you remember these greats, each of which made the national record charts in 1969: "Theme From Electric Surfboard" by Brother Jack McDuff; "The Star" by Herman's Hermits; "The Sweeter He Is" by The Soul Children; "In A Little Room" by Rhinocerous; "In The Year 2525" by Zager & Evans; "Hare Krishna Mantra" by Radha Krishna Temple (a big international favorite on Ariola).

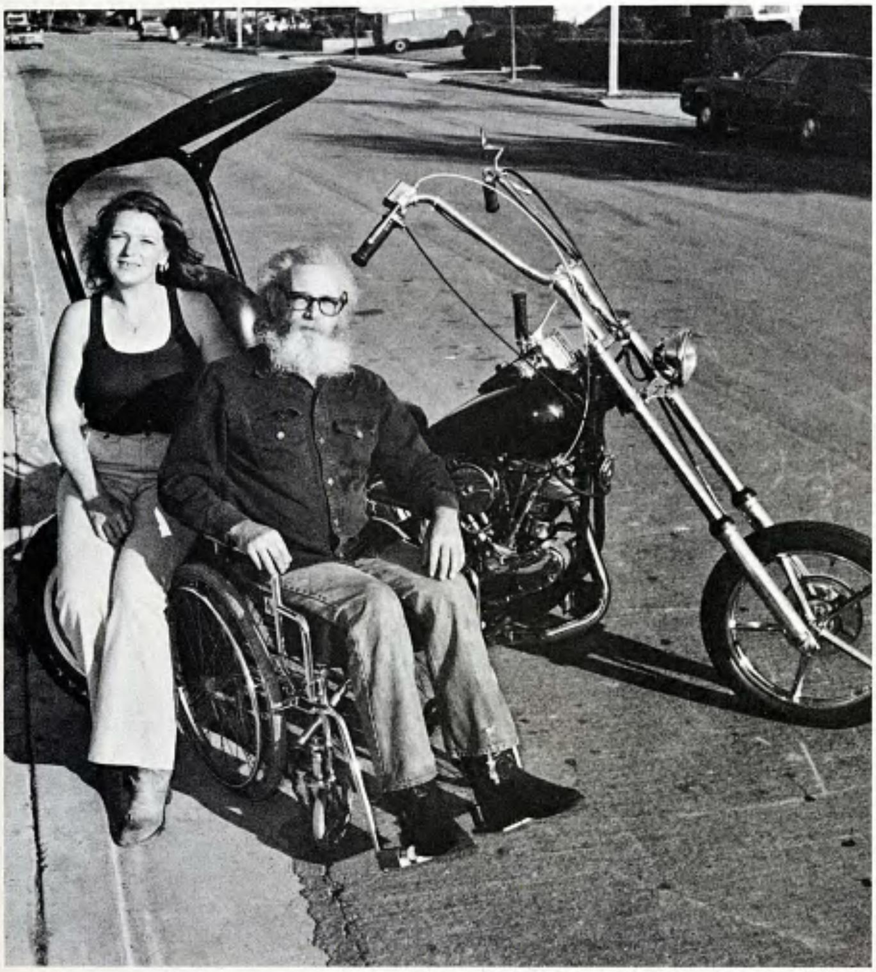
Bummed out by all the exposure the soundtrack from "Roots" received when Quincy Jones recorded it? You don't think it was equally dismal back then, when he recorded another blockbuster soundtrack, from "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice"? Remember "Mary, Don't Take Me On No Bad Trip" by Fuji, "Tracy" by the Cuff Links, or "Happy" by Paul Anka? Sometimes it's best not to recall these winners.

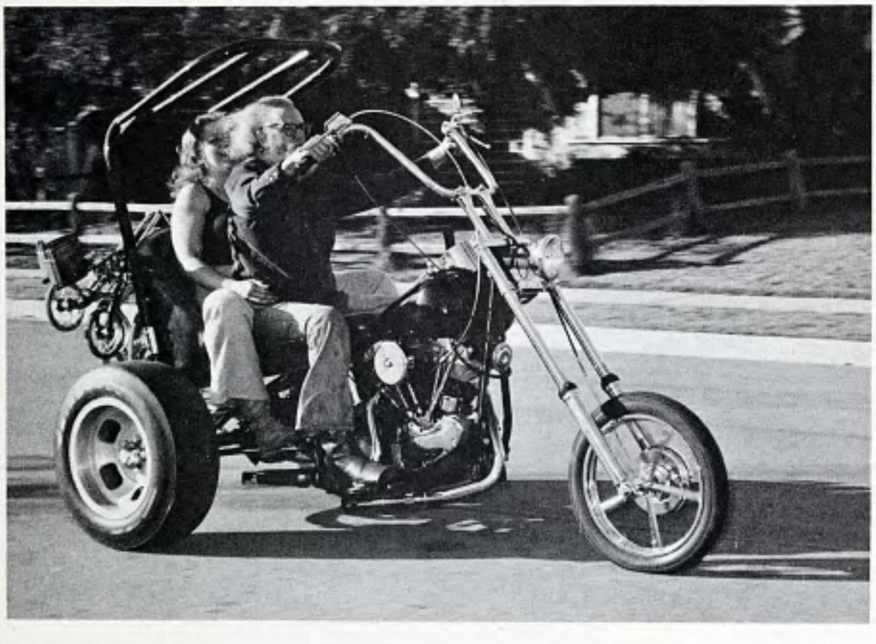
But, if you insist, here are some more memorable tunes from 1969, guaranteed to make you happy you're not livin' in the past:

The Top 25

1. "Curly" by Jimmie Clanton
2. "Which Way Are You Going, Billy?" by The Poppy Family.
3. "Moon Walk, Part I" by Joe Simon.
4. "We Love You, Call Collect" by Art Linkletter.
5. "Santa Claus Is Comin' To Town" by Mah Na Mah Na.
6. "Arizona" by Mark Lindsay.
7. "When We Get Married" by The 1910 Fruitgum Co.
8. "Winter World of Love" by Engelbert Humperdinck.
9. "You Are My Life" by Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass.
10. "Tonight I'll Say A Prayer" by Edie Gorme.
11. "I'm In Love" by Route 17.
12. "I'll Never Fall In Love Again" by Tom Jones.
13. "Try A Little Kindness" by Glen Campbell.
14. "Shangri La" by The Lettermen.
15. "Turn On A Dream" by The Box Tops.
16. "One Tin Soldier" by Tin Caste.
17. "Little Woman" by Bobby Sherman.
18. "Let A Man Come In & Do The Popcorn" by James Brown.
19. "Uh Uh Boy, That's A No No" by Candace Love.
20. "We Gotta All Get Together" by Paul Revere & The Raiders.
21. "Better Homes & Gardens" by Bobby Russell.
22. "Drummer Boy" by Nancy Sinatra.
23. "Mommy & Daddy/Good Clean Fun" by The Monkees.
24. "Dong Dong Diki Di-Ki Dong" by Kasenetz-Katz Super Circus.
25. "Hurt So Bad" by The Lettermen.

For Injured Bros





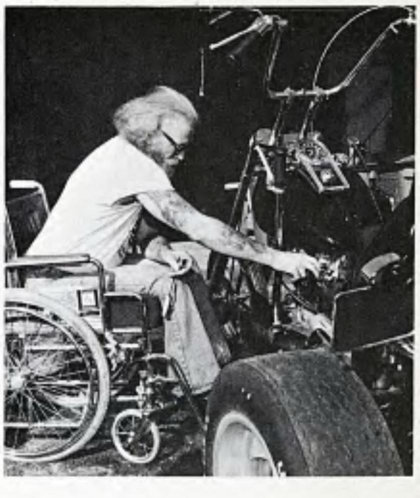
If we ride long enough, we're bound to meet a bro who has lost a leg or in some way has been severely injured. And whether or not his accident occurred on a bike, he may still want to ride. We want those bros to ride. The bike shown here belongs to Paul, a rider since 1947, who was not about to stop riding because his back was broken in three places as a result of a bike accident three years ago.

As soon as Paul escaped the hospital, he and his ol' lady, Judy, began building this trike. He has no control of his legs or lower back and thus lacks the balance needed to control a two-wheeler. So he set about constructing this trike with his '69 shovel engine, a 45 trike rear frame section and a 45 trike modified rear end.

The 1956 swingarm frame was grafted to the 45 trike rear section (1). The rear chain on the '69 tranny puts the sprocket on the left side of the bike, whereas on a 45 trike, it puts the sprocket on the right. So the rear end had to be flopped.

Naturally, the shovel is electric start. All controls were constructed so they could be operated by hand. The rear brakes were designed so that a single Harley dual front disc brake master cylinder (2) would push enough fluid to actuate the two Lockheed calipers adapted to the rear discs (3). The rear wheels and lug pattern on a 45 rear end are the same as on a Ford; consequently, it wasn't a major problem finding wheels or discs to fit the lug pattern.

The major obstacle was finding one handlebar, hand lever, master cylinder which would push enough fluid to activate both rear brakes.



Photos by Pete Chiodo

The dual disc H-D cylinder did the job well enough to lock up the large tires. His front glide brake is stock.

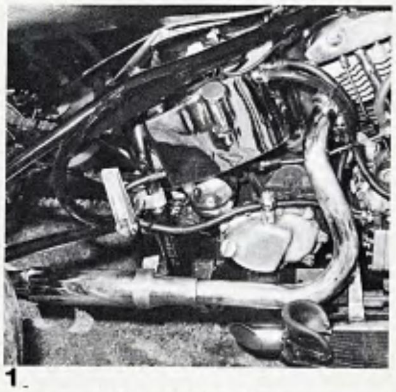
A jockey top was exchanged for the ratchet top on the tranny. Then a gear shift (4) was constructed to pivot on a bracket attached to a case bolt and the top motor mount with linkage running back to the tranny. Once in operation, the bike shifted somewhat like the old style tank shift—except that the handle had to be placed in such a position that a mousetrap eliminator lever (5) could be mounted, allowing Paul to clutch and shift simultaneously. Only the cable had to be shortened.

Water ski footholds (6) keep Paul's feet in place while riding. For the weight of the trike, the '69 shovel engine and tranny gearing was changed to 18 teeth on the engine sprocket and 19 on the tranny. The thick wall, two-inch tubing cage above the seat and extending out behind the scooter has two purposes. The frame above the seat allows Paul to pull himself out of his wheelchair and into the heavily padded seat. And the section behind the seat affords a place to store and protect his wheelchair while on the road.

Lastly, a tip for all trike owners lies in the manner in which the rear chain adjuster was designed. A Teflon primary chain adjuster was taken from another shovelhead inner primary and mounted on a frame rail so that the rear chain could be adjusted without moving the entire rear end. It also kept the long chain from snapping with the jerking motion of the engine.

Accidents are a bummer, but with knowledge and desire, many injured bros can ride again.

—Weed



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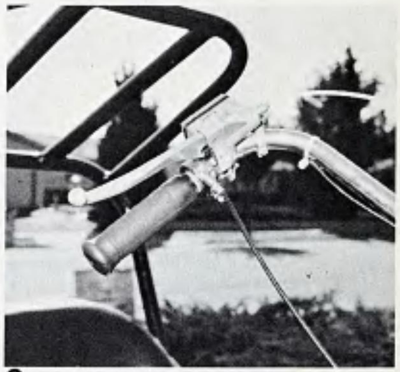

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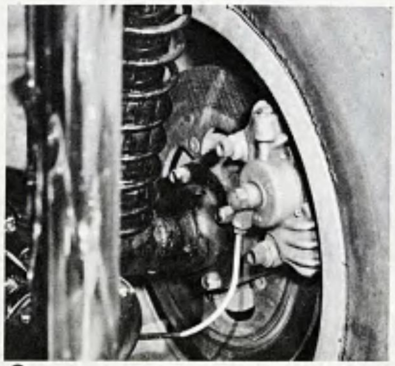

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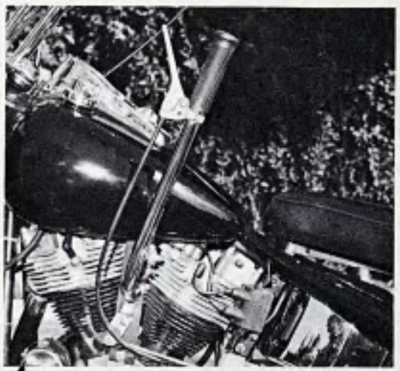

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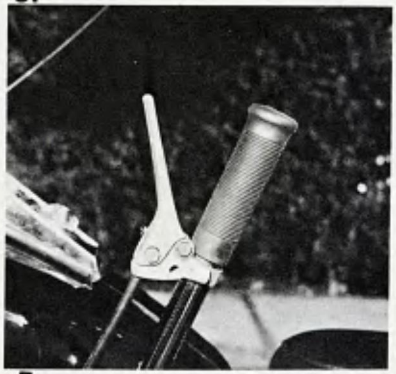

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6.

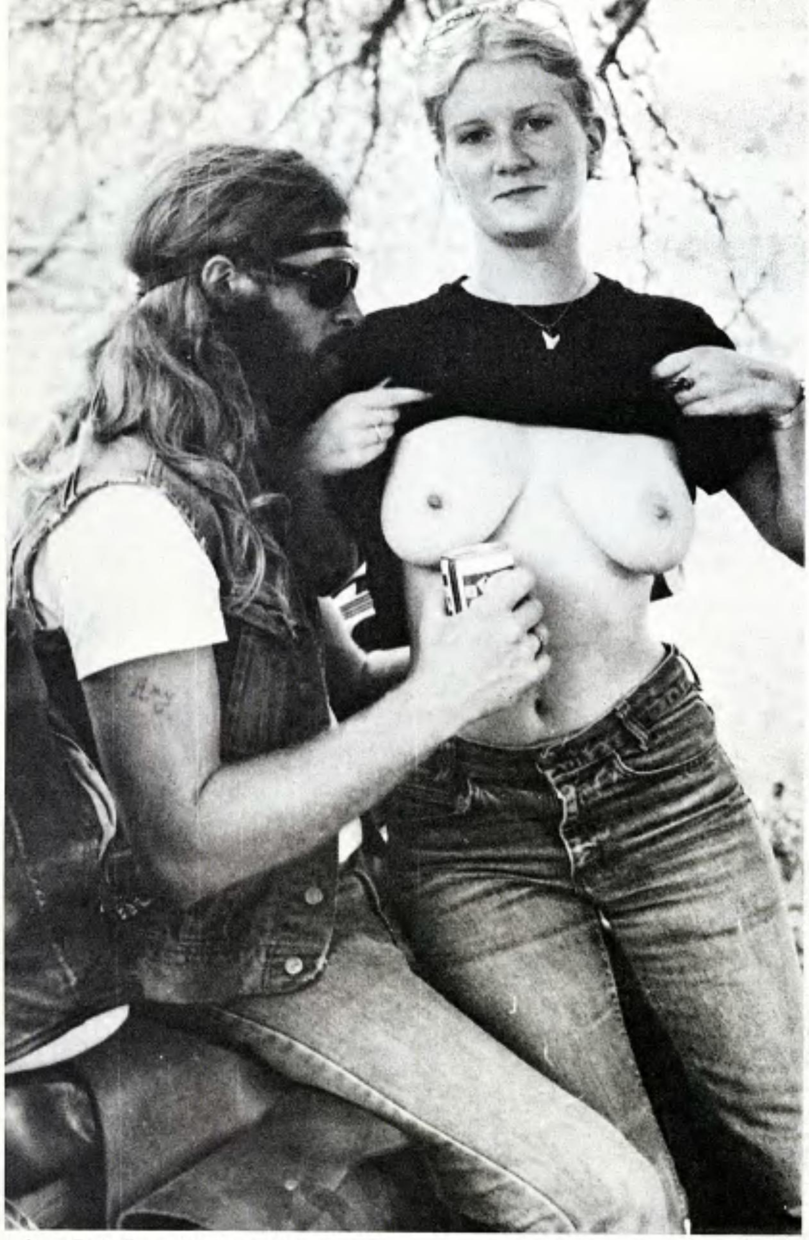
IN THE WIND

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 ¼ x 2 ¼)—nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff—these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh yeah—we now pay $20 for every black and white photo we use and $35 for every color slide we use.)

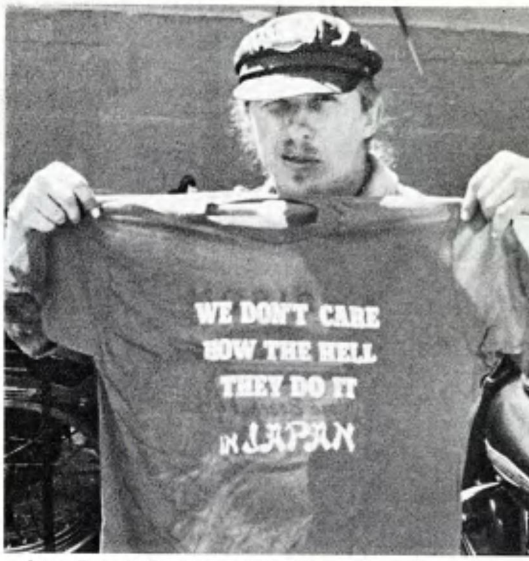
—from Michael H. Schreiner, Lansing, Mich.

—from Al and Vicki Cox, Kent, England

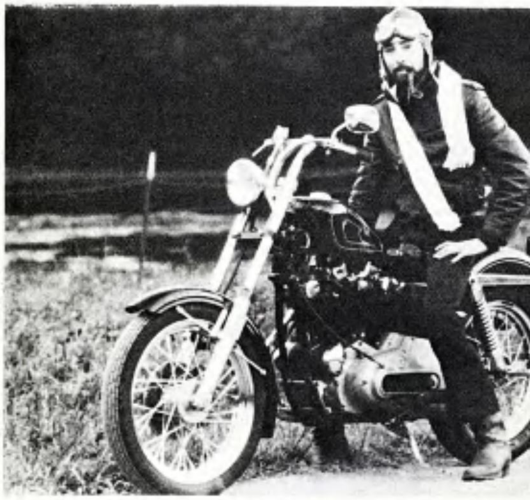
—from John Seginski, Reno, Nev.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebr.



—from Gooch, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.



—from The Shadow, Fairfax, Calif.

—from Braz, Big Spring, Tex.

—from Frank Motschko, Kelowna, B.C.

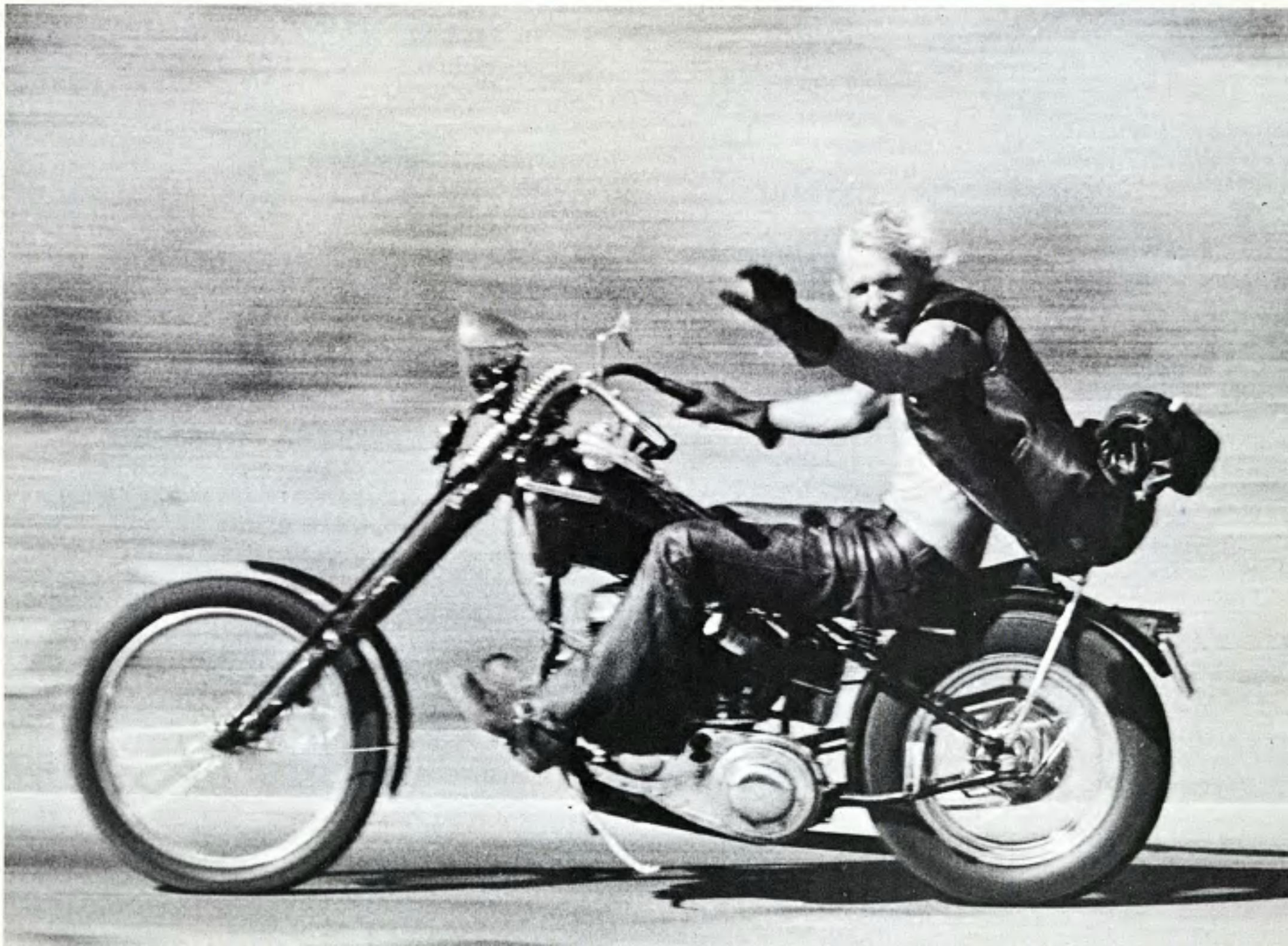
—from Jersey Shaker, Lyndhurst, N.J.

—from Dragons M.C., Germany

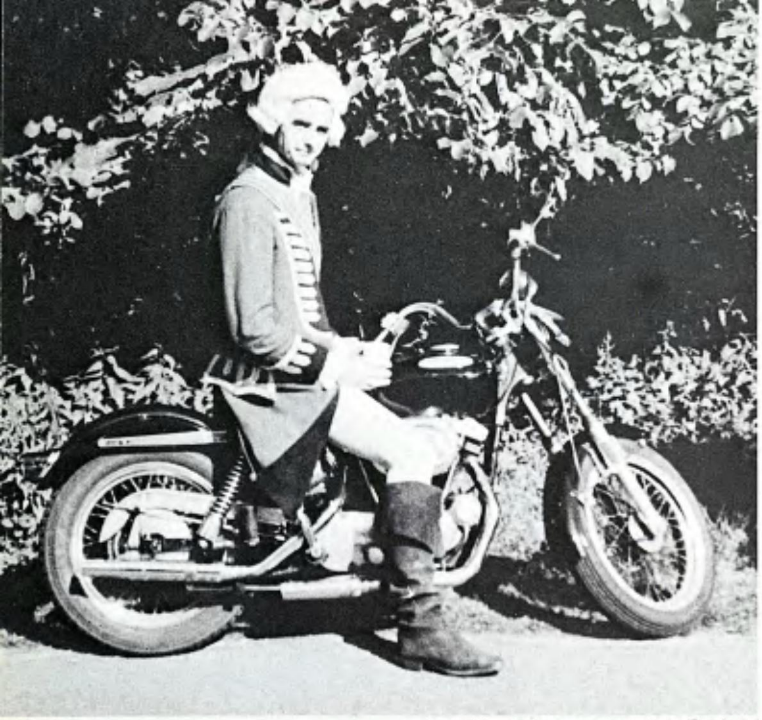
—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebr.

—from Bill Borchers, Florence, Ariz.

—from Bill Thomas, Whittier, Calif.



—from John Seginski, Reno, Nev.

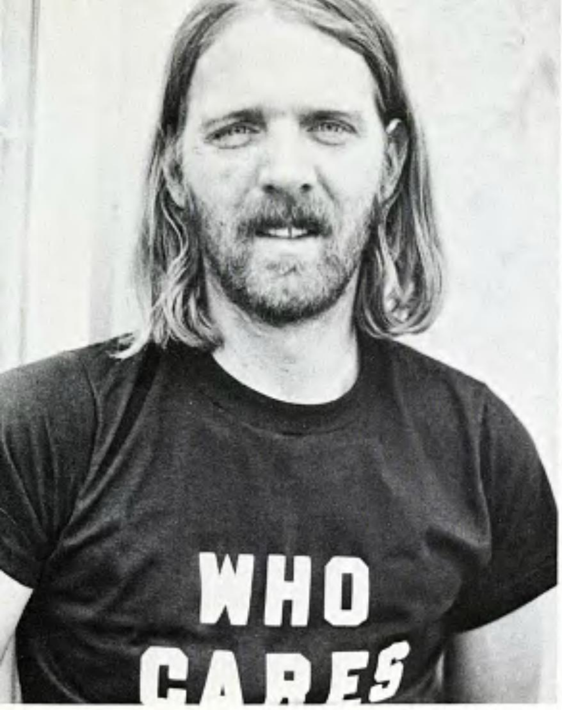


—from Mark George, London, England

—from S.C., Framingham, Mass.

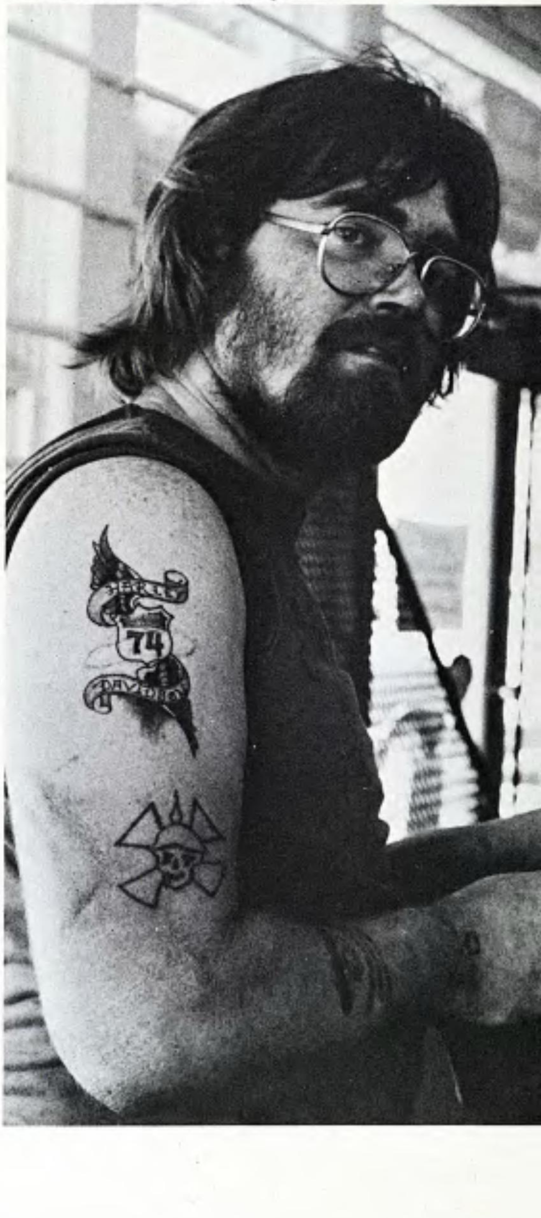
—from Ralph Pietro, Havertown, Pa.

—from Warlords M.C., Spring Lake, N.C.



—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.

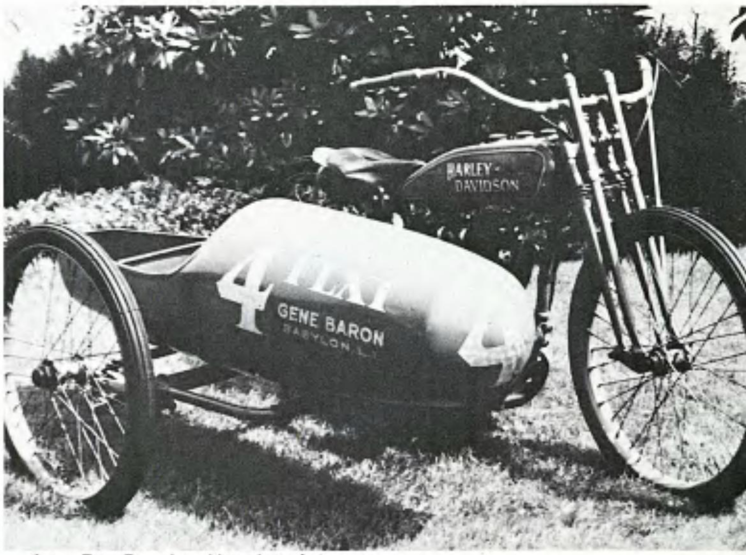
—from Florida Frenchy, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.


—from Richard, Louisville, Ky.

—from Jim Hultgren, Stratford, Conn.

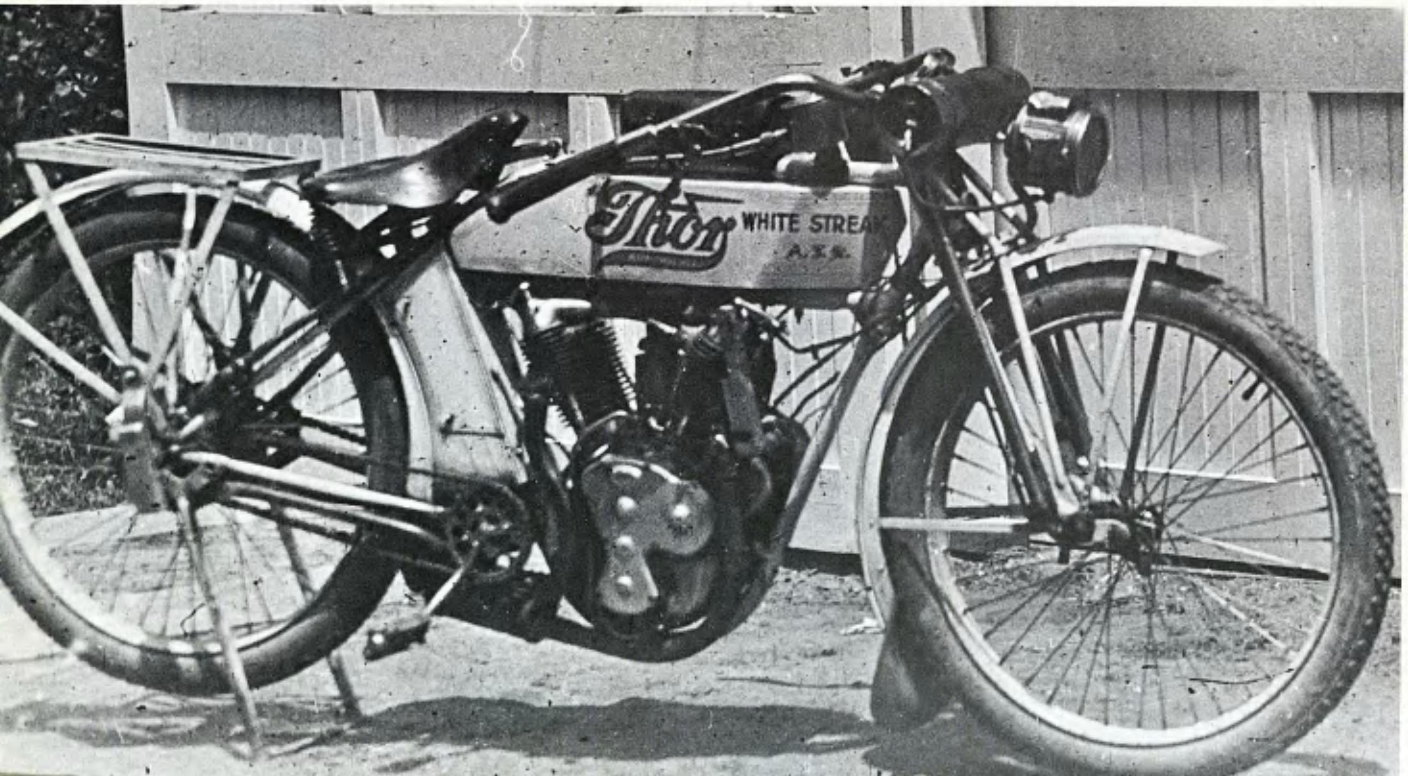
—from John, East Coast Harley

—from Richard, Louisville, Ky.

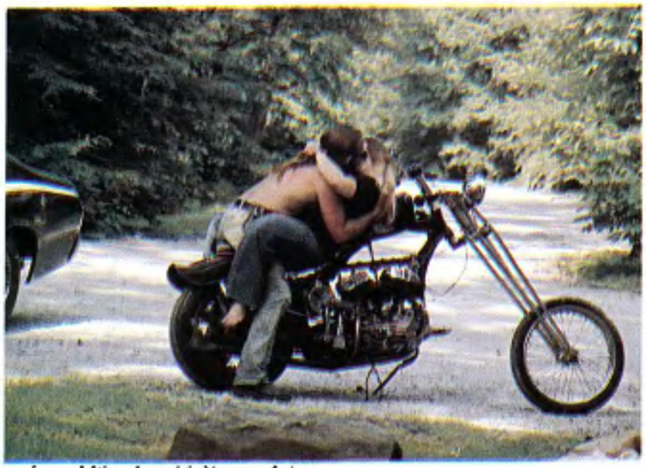


—from Roy Rosales, Nogales, Ariz.

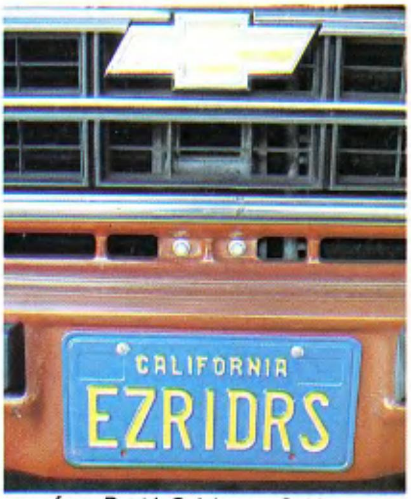
—from J. K. Krummel, McKeesport, Pa.



—from Mike Matovsek, Kent, Ohio

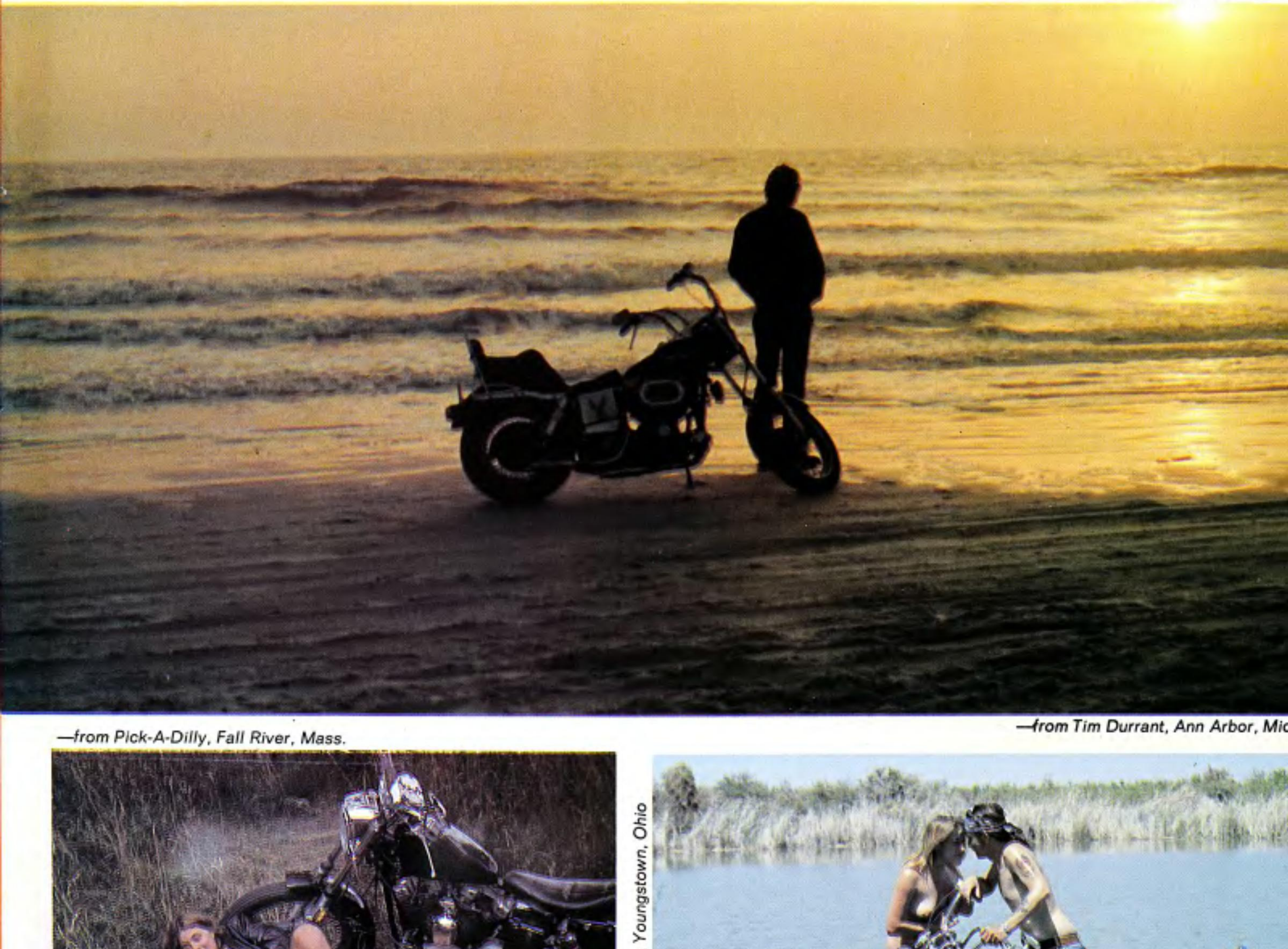


—from Mike Arnold, Yuma, Ariz.



—from David, Calabasas, Calif.

—from Curtis Knight, Glasgow, Mont



—from Pick-A-Dilly, Fall River, Mass.

—from Tim Durrant, Ann Arbor, Mic

—from Citizen Mike and Sneezy, Youngstown, Ohio

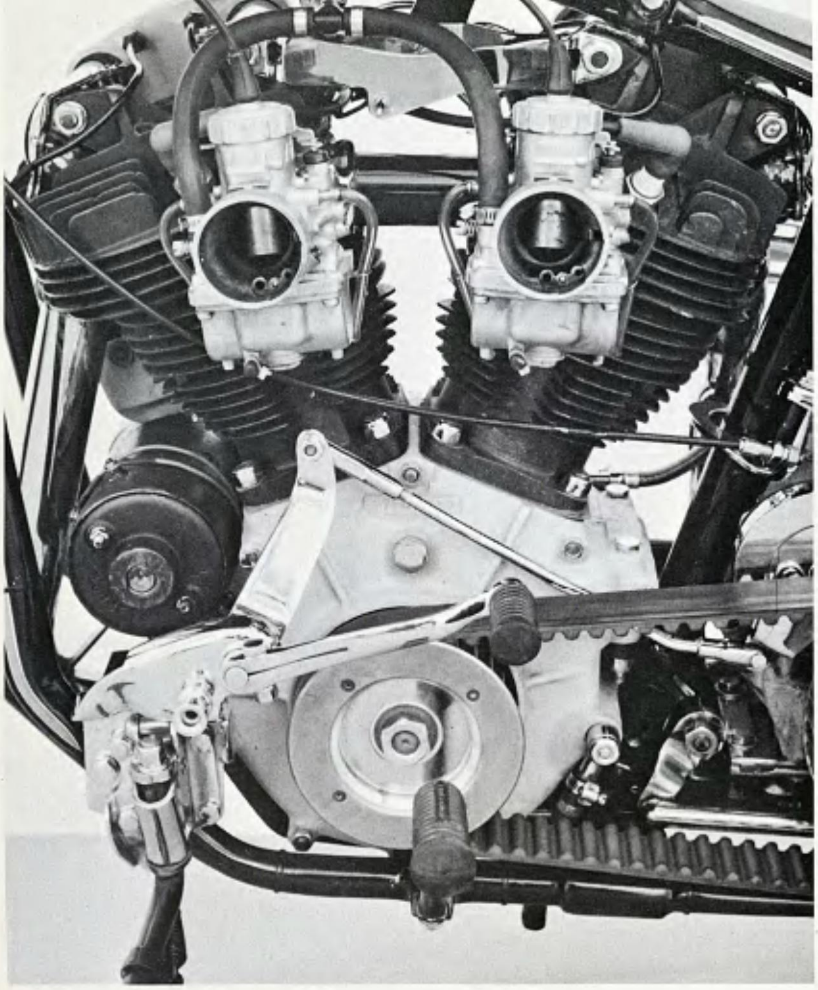
Easyriders Magazine

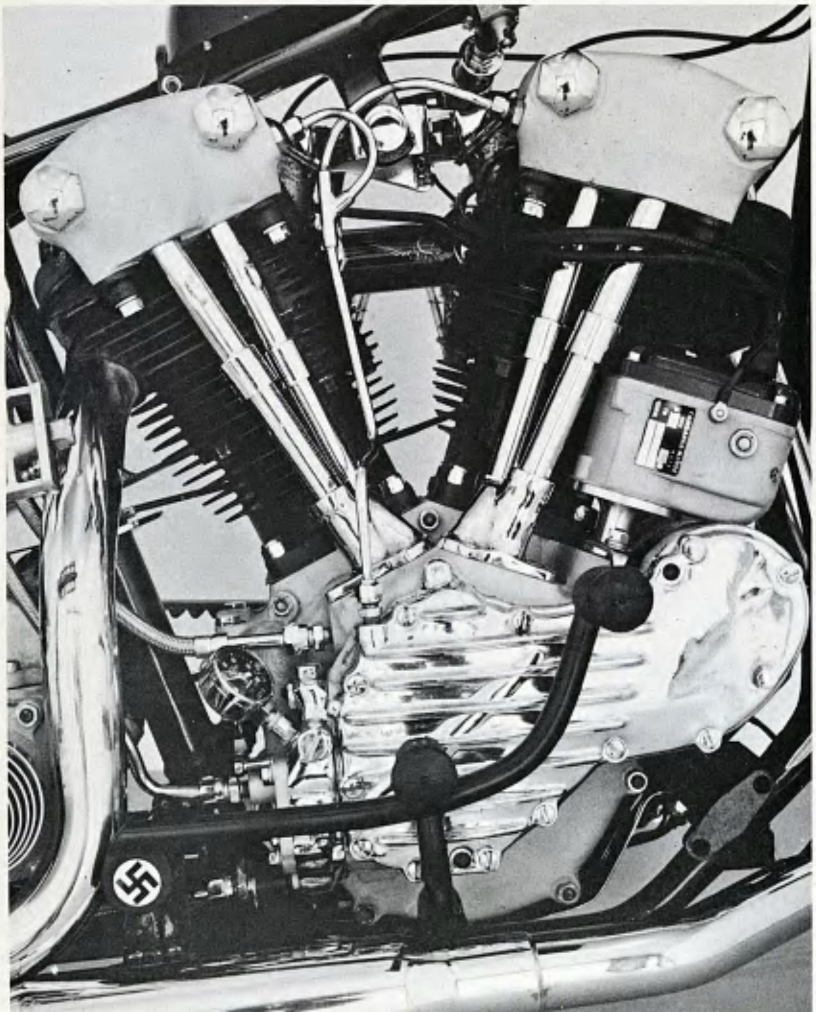
Too Much Agriculture

Whiffin' DDT All Day Can Make Men Do Strange Things

This detailed knuckle was carefully constructed in the farming community of Fresno. There's no smog in the air above this small town of many crops, but often your eyes can spot miniature antique biplanes reeling around as if the farms were an air show practice site. Not so, though—the fluttering biplanes bring another type of smog to the area.

If you happen to run into a 30-year-old tree while gazing at the aerial spectacle, you'll become aware why these critters in the sky are there. Soon you'll see the planes dive at the crops and unload a cargo of bug-killing juice, spraying the substance from one end of the fields to the other. And the wind decides where the mist will settle.



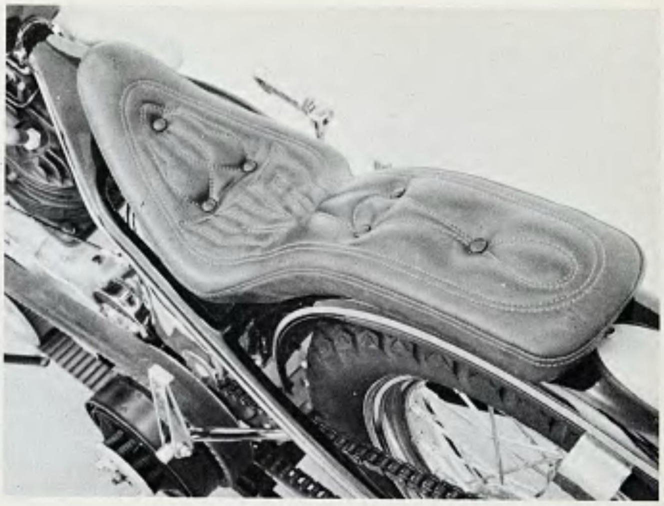


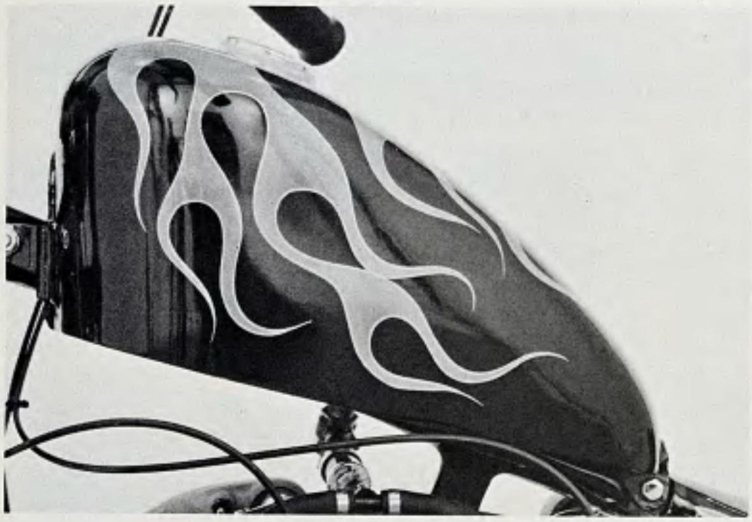
The milky mist may have something to do with the style and painstaking construction characteristics of Fresno scooters. Unlike those in many other areas, almost every scooter in Fresno is handcrafted to the point of being like a rocket—or an art object What are a Fresno biker's choices? Either he has to get clear of the city's fields before the mists creep down upon the houses and into the minds of the people, or he must escape the breezy confines of his garage in search of safer shelter in his house. There he must be content with only thoughts of riding, as he bolts the hermetic basement doors shut and awaits the departure of the harmful fallout beyond the thick brick walls.

All things considered, it's not surprising that a few of the builders in fume-filled Fresno believe that the murky mist which now and then haunts the city limits has something to do with the motorcycles constructed there. Not every two-wheeled freak can escape the poison as it settles around him. So, from time to time, as he blasts through town, a rider may find himself inhaling the bug-killing mist into his lungs as if his nose were a velocity stack.

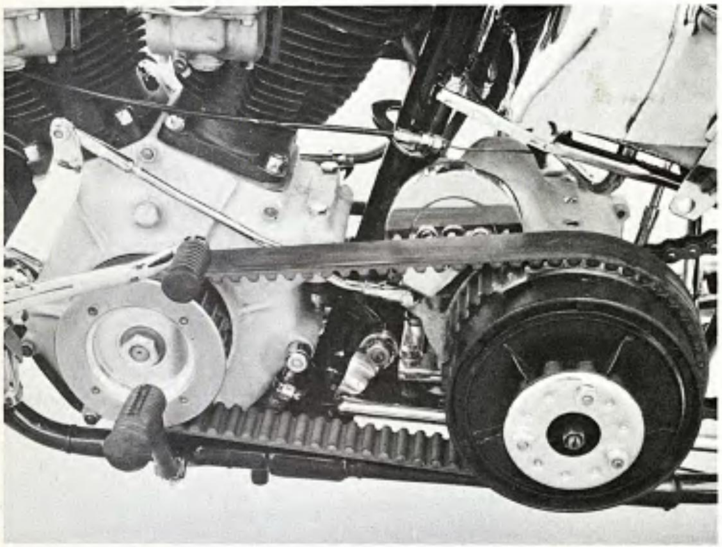
We've heard reports that bikers have stopped in the middle of town to work on their bikes. Wives and ol' ladies report that they've been unable to peel their ol' men away from working on their bikes after they've been subjected to the poison-filled air. The women babble on about how their ol' men, seeking out every intricate detail that could possibly be improved on their scoots, work night and day. The compulsion grows with the increasing number of crop-dusters crowding the sky—until entire families are fighting to work on the ol' man's bike. Kids learn to pinstripe as soon as they come into contact with the harmful spray, whether they're old enough to walk or not. Ol' ladies hand polish parts to be chromed.

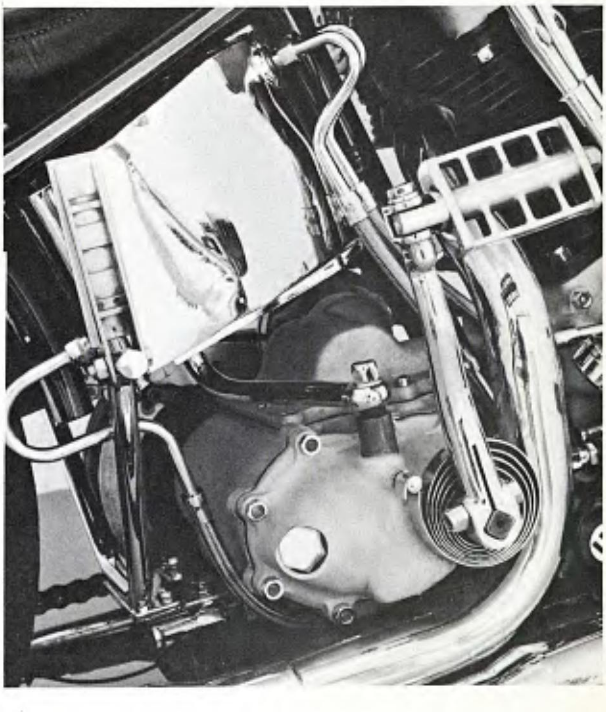
So when you happen upon the peaceful town of Fresno, and come upon a bike too farout to describe, and inquire of the owner how he did it, don't be surprised if he looks at you through tiny pinhead pupils and mutters, "I OD'ed on agriculture."





Photos by Pete Chiodo





Owners: Li'l Dee

City: Berdoo

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1947 H-D
Model: FL
Value: can't touch it
Assembly by: owner—Cycle Eng.
Time: too long
Chroming by: who knows?

Engine

Year: 1947
Model: FL
Rebuilder: Jerry the Jew
Ignition: Bomar mag.
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Lower end: lightened flywheels
Balancing: H-D
Pistons: cast
Cases: sandblasted, 20 grit
Heads: Manley springs & collars
Cam: Sifton 450
Lifters: Sifton solids
Carb(s): 2—32 mm Mikuni
Air cleaner: none
Pipes: Paughco
Muffler(s): Paughco

Transmission

Modifications: Andrews gears
Year: 1947
Shifting: ratchet top
Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive
Trans sprocket: 25
Wheel sprocket: 51

Painting

Molding: Wayne Easley
Painter: Neil Averill
Color: black
Type: emron
Special paint: flames by Neil Averill

Frame

Year: 1947
Builder: H-D
Type: rigid
Rake: stock
Stretch: none
Other alterations: stress bar removed

Accessories

Bars: Arlen Ness
Risers: 6 in. into bars
Fender(s): 5 in. flat
Headlight: Sportster
Taillight: Lucas
Speedo: none
Front pegs: owner
Rear pegs: owner
Electrics: gen. volt pac
Gas tank. Sportster
Oil tank: 1936 3 qt. H-D
Oil system: steel lines
Primary cover: none
Seat: Danny Grey
Sissy bar: none
Height:
Material:

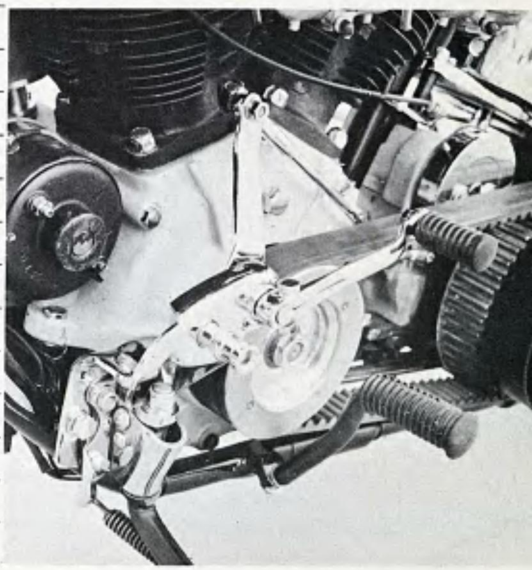
Forks

Type: FX
Extension: 1 inch
Builder: H-D
Special features:

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 21	Size: 18
Hub: FX	Hub: stock
Rim width: 2¼ in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Tire: Avon 2.75	Tire: Inque 5.10
Brake: none	Brake: mech.

Other special modifications: Oil bag filled in, now holds 5 qts. And a special thanks to the home boys.



69

by John Watson

Way back about a million years ago, a caveman and his wife were discussing their limited food supply. "No food," he grunted. "No food," she agreed. "Let's eat each other," he suggested. With a smile on her face, his hairy ol' lady agreed, and they forthwith invented oral-genital sex. So great a thrill did this innovation give the caveman that he drew pictures on the walls of his dwelling, and many of them remain today. These cave drawings show the figure of a man, his body slightly curved and resembling the number six, while facing him, her head toward his feet, is the woman's body, also slightly curved, and resembling the number nine. Since numbers hadn't been invented yet, the exciting position where a man and a woman orally titillate each other's genitals went without a name until around the time of World War I, when American doughboys in France were introduced to this novel pleasure. It all began, apparently, when some ancient noticed that animals frequently place themselves head-to-ass and start licking. Human curiosity took care of the rest. The position is called sixty-nine, of course, simply because the two digits resemble a stick-figure approximation of two people going at it—the loops in the figure being the heads of the amorous pair.

The position itself is natural to human beings. A fetus, in the womb of the mother, is curled up in a position resembling the number six (or nine, if he's upside down). When twins are in the womb, one is always inverted, and the babies live out their gestation period head-to-toe. It's only natural, then, that later in life they revert to it.

Just when the sixty-nine position first became popular is a mystery, but it is mentioned in early writings —or at least hinted at. Graffiti and cave drawings from all parts of the world show men and women enjoying this sex act, so if you haven't been around much, and you think you've invented something new, forget it. Adam and Eve were probably at it too—gettin' blisters on their lips from chompin' off each other's fig leaf.

Many a chick shies away from giving head simply because she finds it repulsive when her partner ejaculates in her mouth. But when he is eating her snatch at the same time she's giving him head, the excitement of the moment often overcomes that repulsion, and she finishes the job without thinking about her hangup. Since women don't ejaculate, the dude doesn't have anything to think about other than the good time he's havin'. Havin' a chick scarf your joint like a tasty hot dog while you chow down on her box like a furburger is a very pleasant pastime, and anyone who hasn't tried it doesn't know what he's missin'. The nice thing about it is that the chick is usually stimulated by the act far more than the man is, and can achieve multiple orgasms without difficulty.

There are those people who regard sixty-ninin' as a perverted act, but according to psychiatrists, psychologists, marriage counselors, and ol' man Freud himself, it's absolutely normal. Dr. G. V. Hamilton, who conducted a sex poll in 1969, discovered that only thirtteen out of one hundred women polled had ever engaged in oral-genital sex—at least, so they said. The Kinsey report discovered much the same thing, yet all doctors who have studied sixty-niners say it's perfectly normal, it helps to improve relationships between couples, and it unquestionably improves the pleasure of sex. They go on to state that it is one of the best preludes to intercourse, since it allows the utmost pleasure in foreplay.

Techniques of sexual stimulation vary from culture to culture, and each culture may regard the other's activities as aberrant when compared with their own. But in virtually all cultures the sixty-nine position is highly favored and commonly used. The active lover does it frequently, and there aren't many chicks around who don't do it—in spite of what they may tell researchers. The dudes and chicks who give lovin' as freely and efficiently as they receive it are the ones who get the most out of sex. During the times when a dude can't get it up because he's had too much suds or because he's just plain worn out from too much fuckin', he can completely satisfy a chick—and be satisfied himself—by an interlude of sixty-nine. Later, the chick won't even remember that he couldn't get it up, but she will remember how good he made her feel. A man

can't receive a better compliment than having a woman tell him that he was good in bed—and with a little practice in the sixty-nine position, a dude can win a lot of compliments. Goin' sixty-nine with a chick is an adventuresome form of normal behavior.

According to all the shit we read in the newspapers, Americans underwent a "sexual revolution" not long ago. That isn't really true. It's just that the pursuit of pleasure is comin' out into the open.

In France, even before the French Revolution, sixty-nine was practiced frequently and openly. Indeed, it was such a natural thing that it was rarely considered worthy of mention. The only trouble was—and apparently still is—that oral-genital sex was practiced primarily within the upper class. When the French Revolution overthrew the upper class, the sexual habits of this group came under severe criticism. Sixty-niners went into hiding, and they stayed out of sight until around 1916, when American soldiers arrived in Paris during World War I. One of the most famous whorehouses in Pigalle (or "Pig Alley," as the GIs called it) had the number 69 emblazoned on the front door, and from within the building you could hear the moans of pleasure of hundreds of American farm boys who were broadening their sexual horizons. The farm boys brought the practice home with 'em, and that's how New York City and Washington, D.C., got so full of chicks. After one taste of sixty-ninin', they headed to the big city to get more of it.

There are so many good things to be said about sixty-nine that there's no way to list them all. For high schoolers, it's the best. Nobody gets pregnant, an' it can be done in

—*Continued on page 69*

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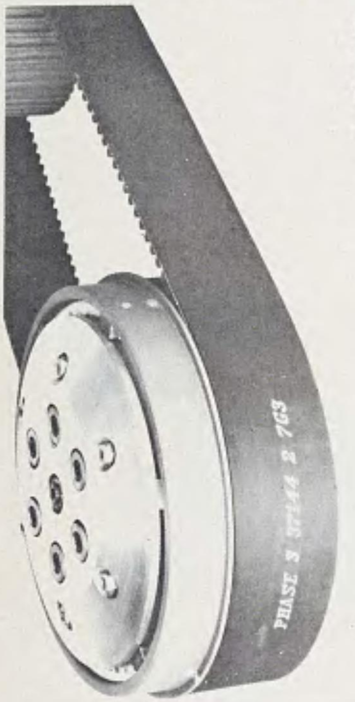

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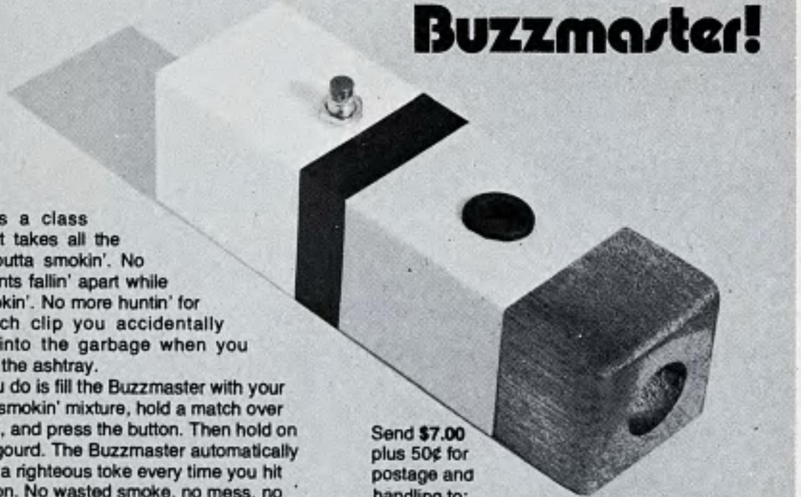

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At The Movies

—Continued from page 69

most part, may have been too young to remember the original, many were familiar with the same character, revived by Marvel Comics in the '60s.

In *Easy Rider*, Captain America is a symbol of a freewheeling, distinctively American disdain for convention, the embodiment of a peculiarly American joy in eccentricity. His bike is flamboyant, even gaudy—the eye-dazzling chrome of its extended forks, the apehanger bars made for profiling, the stars and stripes of the paint job. Captain America, whose helmet and riding leathers reflect the red, white, and blue motif of the scooter, sits astride this uniquely American motorcycle with a lack of self-consciousness possible only to a young man brought up to believe in the American tradition of freedom of individual expression. That freedom may have a trivial manifestation (flashy clothes and bike), but it nevertheless goes right to the heart of America, and in the movie the price paid for this freedom is anything but trivial. The United States has a long and robust history of colorful eccentrics—from Buffalo Bill to Elvis Presley, from Emperor Norton to Reverend Ike, from Mark Twain to Steve Martin. In *Easy Rider*, Captain America rides the highways of this country wrapped (almost literally) in the American flag—a rolling showcase for the balls-out, fuck-ya-if-ya-can't-take-a-joke, dignity-be-damned, don't-give-a-shit freedom that's supposed to be (but isn't necessarily) an American's birthright. In point of fact, Captain America is a soft-spoken, gentle idealist — which only goes to show that a taste for freedom with flair isn't confined exclusively to loudmouth extroverts.

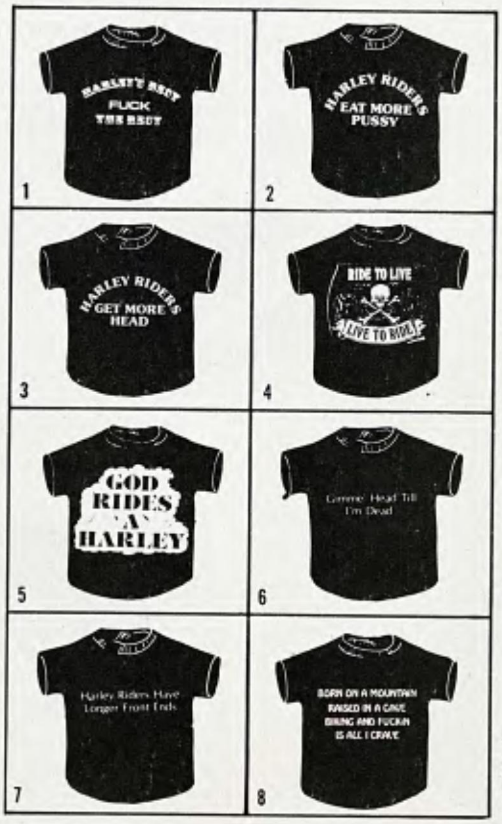
The movie's second principal (played by director Dennis Hopper) provides an interesting contrast to his colorful companion. Known only as Billy,

"While you were away at college, your father got laid off — since then I've had to pitch in to make ends meet. Wanna buy some pot?"

Captain America's partner seems vaguely menacing. If Captain America embodies the flashy exuberance of youthful liberation, the fun of being free, Billy reminds us of the darker side of freedom—the don't-tread-on-me, taciturn individualism of frontier America. Billy seeks the freedom of isolation, the freedom to pursue his own path without interference from a world toward which he seems contemptuous. Like his cultural ancestors, America's mountain men, Billy feels civilization crowding him, ready to snatch what few vestiges of freedom remain. Like his companion, Billy rides a panhead, but the similarity ends there. Where Captain America's bike is stylized and ornate, Billy's is straightforward and unadorned—a no-nonsense machine befitting its owner's personality. Similarly, Billy dresses in jeans and buckskin, a somber foil for his flashy riding companion.

This pair, presenting the moviegoer the contrasting faces of freedom, set out to experience firsthand a favorite American myth—the freedom of the open road. Their goal is New Orleans during Mardi Gras, and along the way they experience America with the immediacy and intimacy known only to the biker, known only to one who sweeps along inches from the road, drinking in the sights, the sounds, and the smells with a fullness unknown to those who travel by car—or any other form of transportation since the horse. The road from California to Louisiana may be much traveled and the American frontier long closed, but the movie shows us in some beautifully photographed sequences that to travel this road by motorcycle is an endlessly new experience, a fresh exploration of one's self and one's country—a liberation.

In the process of exploring the American myth of freedom of the road, the two bikers discover it to be precisely that—a myth. The alcoholic lawyer Captain America and Billy pick up along the way (brilliantly played by Jack Nicholson) is brutally and cowardly murdered by mindless creeps infected with the very disease that killed the American myths of liberty and individuality. The disease is paranoia—a paranoia that stems from a fear of freedom. Later, the two bikers are senselessly gunned down by a pair of moronic rednecks infected with the same disease. What have these killers to fear from a pair of wandering motorcyclists? Nothing, of course, but there is a certain mentality that finds any deviation from itself threatening.



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Railroad

—Continued from page 69

one testicle. He said that with the picture an' the occasion bein' that important, everyone in it should be "in order," as he put it.

I told 'im, hey, I just left some guy who insisted that the whole thing take place in a shoppin' mall, and another one who demanded that the train be in a circle. An' you're worried about the whole thing 'cause you got only one testicle? He says, "Well, a 69 train doesn't need no fancy shoppin' mall, that's for sure, an' puttin' a 69 train in a circle is about as stupid as you can get. But it seems to me that for something this important the people in it should have all their parts. I'll just sit the thing out—no problem." By this time I'm usin' my best arguments. I tell 'im it ain't gonna be for the cover of Scientific American—who the hell's gonna give a fuck somebody comes up a gonad short? With remarks like this and many other considerations, I think I almost had him changin' his mind. But in the end he decided it just wouldn't be fittin'. An' the others figured that if he wasn't gonna be in it, well, they couldn't really be in it either.

So there ain't no picture of a 69 train for this issue's cover. However, I have sent a picture of two dogs sniffin' each other on the corner of 71st and Alvarado. I know, I know—it falls a little short of the job I was sent out to do. That ain't my fault. I couldn't even get 'em to look at the camera, an' if I'da tried to tote the fuckers two entire blocks to my pad, they'da bit the hell outta me. ■

"I'm sorry, Mabel — I fell in!"

69 May Be Easier

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69

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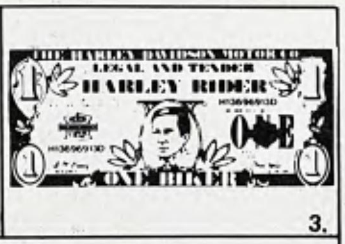

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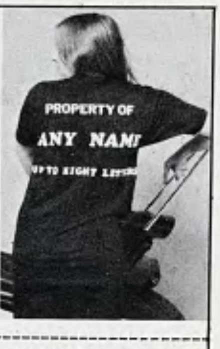

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69

—Continued from page 69

either the front seat or the back seat of the smallest car at the drive-in movie. Old people, who can't go the rigid-dick route any more, dig the hell out of it because it returns to them the pleasure lost because of a limp joint.

Now that feminist groups are poppin' up all over the place, sixty-niners are in their glory. One of their slogans is "Woman's place is on top." Good idea! They've wanted to be there for a long time, because when a broad is on top she can control the sexual activity better. It's too bad that most of the jokes written about oral-genital sex are written in a way that implies humiliation of the chick, while those having to do with a chick givin' a dude head make him appear more macho. After a good blowjob, the average dude is so weakened that he could get his ass whipped by a two-foot-tall midget chick.

In Europe, sixty-nine is usually referred to as *soixante-neuf*, and it's been practiced there and in Asia for centuries. Ancient Grecian vases and Indian temple carvings show men and women in the sixty-nine position. In Europe, manuals were even printed for courtesans, illustrating the proper methods. The masochistic Frenchman Pierre Louys, who lived around the time of the Marquis de Sade, eventually went blind because of his affinity for sixty-ninin' with chicks who had venereal disease. In one of his writings, he said that he made it an absolute rule never to engage in oral-genital sex with women who had other lovers, explaining that "it is like meeting another man in a woman's vagina."

Sigmund Freud had a few comments about oral-genital sex, his most famous being "Perversion is as perversion does." He believed that sixty-nine was "closer to normality than is the non-biological perversion that is called 'kissing,' in which no other mammal engages." He may have been right, and one of the reasons for preferring to kiss a chick on the snatch takes us back to bad

Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Pisces

Pisces is the most creative of the zodiac signs. Pisceans are often slow starters in life, mainly because other people's problems bog them down. In fact, they are often disillusioned by the very people they trust most.

They usually avoid arguments, unless deeply offended or insulted —then they verbally put an opponent in his place. Afterwards, the Pisces will go out of his way to avoid that person. A few famous Pisces are Albert Einstein, John Steinbeck, George Washington, Ralph Nader, Bob Reiner, Elizabeth Taylor, and Dinah Shore.

Sometimes Pisces practicality borders on peculiarity, such as using a hubcap for a bedpan or joining a nudist colony to save money on clothes. This is one reason a Piscean often feels like a round peg being shoved into a square hole. They are abstract thinkers and non-conformists who refuse to have their privacy invaded.

Pisceans do best in occupations which either give them full rein or allow them to be their own boss. Most of all, they must feel appreciated.

No matter how good a Pisces is at making money, he is seldom good at saving it. He'll either invest it in elaborate modifications to his scoot, or sink it into some wayout invention (like an automatic nose-blow which also wipes your ass).

Pisceans are the good Samaritans of the zodiac, always to be counted on to help a partner down on his luck. Female Pisces are sympathetic enough to give a courtesy fuck to Godzilla.

Pisceans are extremely susceptible to overindulgence in liquor or misuse of drugs. They are easily influenced by their friends and are more likely to side with the underdogs of the world. They should take care not to get involved in unpopular causes, such as social change or racial problems, because they tend unconsciously to absorb the ideas and mental outlook of those around them.

Pisces rules the feet and Pisceans are susceptible to accidents involving their feet. Some of the world's most famous dancers were born under the sign—but there are a few stumblebums, too. Pisceans are also prone to liver problems and blood poisoning.

Although Pisceans may not always be very realistic, they are by far the most idealistic sign—and without them, the world would be much colder, more insensitive, and more materialistic.

Note: In honor of **Easyriders'** 69th issue, I am foregoing the usual Asstrological Forecast — so you'll have to finger things out by yourself. Instead, I will give each sign a synopsis on sexual preference and habits. Anyone who is offended shouldn't be readin' this rag—go out and buy yourself **Jack and Jill.**

Aries (March 21—April 20)

Both Aries sexes are ready for anything new—anytime, anyplace. (What are a few splinters in yer ass?) The Aries male was born with a hardon and can probably break a brick with his dick, plus put a pleasant dent in several horny honeys at a time. Both male and female are capable of several orgasms in a short period of time, leaving a sticky trail of cumquats behind. When it comes to 69, this sign goes to the head of the class.

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

What the Taurus male lacks in inventiveness in bed, he makes up for in ball-bustin' endurance. Taureans prefer two positions—in and out. He makes a pig of himself at 69 and is such a sloppy eater that he should wear a bib to bed! The Taurus female can really get it in your face, but it's tough getting her off it. She's an avid nut sack nibbler—so be careful she doesn't bite off more than she can chew!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

Both male and female Geminis are into the orgy scene—they enjoy it more with three or four. They enjoy mental stimulation and dig sweat flicks (probably are in a few, too). Although Gemini men find it's a treat to beat their meat, they also like to eat. When it's time for 69, they figure two heads are better than one. Some of the kinkier Geminis fart in their bathwater while their mate bites the bubbles. Take my advice, pass on the gas and go for the ass!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

Cancers are fantastic muffdivers, with a head start in lickin' and smellin'. While doing 69, they stick in their noses, wiggle their ears, and hum like crazy. Both male and female Cancers enjoy rubbing food on their partners' bodies an' licking it off. (Nix on the Polish sausages.) Then there was the Cancer broad who tried a peanut butter and jelly douche—and her lips are still stuck together!

Leo (July 22—August 21)

The male Leo is king and would wear a crown on his crank if he weren't so content dipping it in hair pie. Leos like to hang from trees while gettin' it on. (Tarzan was a Leo!) Both males and females are sexual showoffs and like having their pictures taken while indulging in 69. Some Leos even expect applause from their partners after sex—be careful, Leos, that's just asking for the clap!

Virgo (August 22—September 21)

Virgos are the intellects of the zodiac. Males even have brains in their balls and some have been known to recite the Gettysburg Address while fucking. The females are nasty nice and wear white gloves and orthopedic shoes to bed. Both males and females have asses like alarm clocks—they fart every hour on the hour. During 69 they enjoy loud, juicy, pussy farts. Virgos are cheap and often use 20 weight motor oil instead of petroleum jelly.

Libra (September 22—October 22)

Both male and female Librans are a taste selfish when it comes to 69—they can easily make lap dogs out of their partners, though a few use their heads as well as their asses. Bald heads an' hairy ass cheeks turn them on. Some keep stash in their asses and smoke some heavy shit before, during, and after sex. (They also keep a goodly supply of Preparation H on hand.) Despite all this, they are dynamic fucks—if you don't mind smelly feet.

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

Scorpios are the original seat-smellers and also like wearing dirty socks around their necks while balling. Both males and females are over-sexed and a little sadistic—they've been known to fart in bed and then hold their partners' heads under the covers until their eyes water! The male Scorpio is the only sign that wears a snorkel for 69. He also hangs weights on his dong and wears cleats to bed. Scorpios like having their poop chutes played with.

Sagittarius (November 21—December 20)

Both males and females are adventurous and playful in sex—they play hide an' peek, ring around the ass cheek (or was that ream?), hop-crotch, and especially poker (or him). Both male and female Sagittarians are quite innovative when involved in 69—they really get down with a Bianca blast and end up with Tic-Tac blow! After playing lots of ride-a-cock-horse, they finally make your tiddly wink! They also screw wearing roller skates.

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

Most Capricorns act like prudes until it comes to sex. Although the more passive Capricorn male picks his nose while balling, and the female scratches her ass and yawns, there is definitely fire in the hole. They enjoy weird sex under the guise of being drunk or loaded. Some Capricorns are both sadistic and masochistic and enjoy taking an enema during 69 (when their pucker power gives out, their partners get shit-faced!) They also collect used rubbers.

Aquarius (January 21—February 18)

Aquarius males are turned on by bunions and harelips. The females dig hanging scrotums and go wild over warts, which they remove with their teeth! Both males and females enjoy sex in strange places —in the cemetery, at the library, up a flag pole, or maybe a little simple screwing in a wheelbarrow. They especially love having 69 upside down in a shopping cart. (Some stores frown on this, while others use it to promote "2 for 1" sales.)

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

Both male and female Pisceans are extremely imaginative lovers. Pisces males like having their toes licked, especially after running through a cow pasture. Females like fucking in parks and then douching in the public drinking fountains. (The shorter ones squat over the sprinklers.) Some Pisceans have a fish fetish and fuck while standing in an aquarium, yelling "Yo, ho, blow the man down!" Both sexes enjoy 69 in a tub full of jello.

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breath. It's better to kiss a chick on the crotch than on the mouth—unless she's just spent the last eight hours squattin' on a pea-pad.

The best way to engage in sixty-nine is with the chick on top. When the dude is on top, he sometimes gets carried away durin' the heat of passion an' rams his dork down his partner's throat. When she's on top, she can regulate the depth, she's comfortable, an' she can wiggle her little snatch around freely. The slight pressure of her teeth, the manipulations of her tongue, the suction of her lips, and the natural moistness of her mouth all contribute to a very sensual contact.

The *Kama Sutra*, written by Vatsyayana Mallanaga in the fifth century, for all its sexual explicitness, is very squeamish about sixty-ninin' and about pussy eatin' by men an' cocksuckin' by chicks. Apparently the acts were considered questionable by people during that time. He writes, "The Holy Scriptures state that it does a man great harm to insert his penis constantly into the mouths of fellators," but goes on to say that "in matters of love one should be guided by his own inclinations." He apparently liked to do his own thing in private, but maintained the party line for the public.

From the early days of pornographic movies until the '50s, very few scenes showed people in the sixty-nine position—not that it wasn't popular, just that the moviemakers had hangups about such things. In scenes where chicks were shown giving blowjobs, or dudes were eating pussy, the actors wore masks. Nowadays no-holds-barred sex is shown in R-rated movies at the local drive-in theater.

In 1969 (which seems appropriate), Isadora Duncan's life was portrayed by Vanessa Redgrave, and in one scene she gave a great blowjob, followed by sixty-nine. *I Am Curious (Yellow)* also came out that year—with penises, lesbians, sado-masochistic hairbrush spankings, fellatio, cunnilingus, and sixty-nine scenes. And on the stage, Sal Mineo produced *Fortune And Men's Eyes*, a play that showed Rip Torn getting a fabulous blowjob from Sally Kirkland.

Sixty-nine is here to stay. As for a sexual revolution, the only revolutionary thing is that sixty-nine is coming out in the open, finally being accepted by the masses as the normal sex act that it is. Enjoy! ■

At The Movies

—Continued from page 69

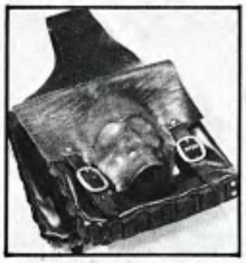
Freedom is frightening to those whose weak minds and craven wills and meager imaginations cannot handle the responsibility that goes with it. Many—perhaps most—people would prefer that someone else made the decisions, called the shots, ruled their lives, thus allowing them to curl up in the soporific security of conventionality, prisoners of television and their own blighted potential. For the great masses who fear freedom and run to the prison of the familiar and the ordinary, Captain America and Billy represent a serious threat, for they fly in the face of the conventional, one-dimensional notion of reality. From the safe confines of their conventionality, these people revel in smug hypocrisy. The very same people who blow away two unarmed bikers in *Easy Rider* are those who give the greatest lip service to patriotism and liberty and freedom.

Captain America and Billy, then, discover the truth about the American heritage of freedom: The country will pay superficial tribute to freedom but will not tolerate radical expressions of that freedom. As we approach 1980, all bikers must remember that talk of freedom is only talk and that the freedoms remaining to us must be lovingly protected and fearlessly defended or yet another artifact of American individuality—the biker—will fall prey to the paranoia that rules the lives of ordinary citizens.

At first glance it may seem odd to suggest that a movie such as *The Wild Bunch* is quite relevant to bikers in the final year of the '70s. After all, it's a western, and the story takes place over sixty years ago in Texas and Mexico. At that time automobiles were still a novelty and the most common form of personal transportation was the horse. Nevertheless, *The Wild Bunch*, if seen from the right perspec-

"What you need is plenty of rest, lots of fluids, aspirin, and some twelve-year old pussy."

sculptured *leather*



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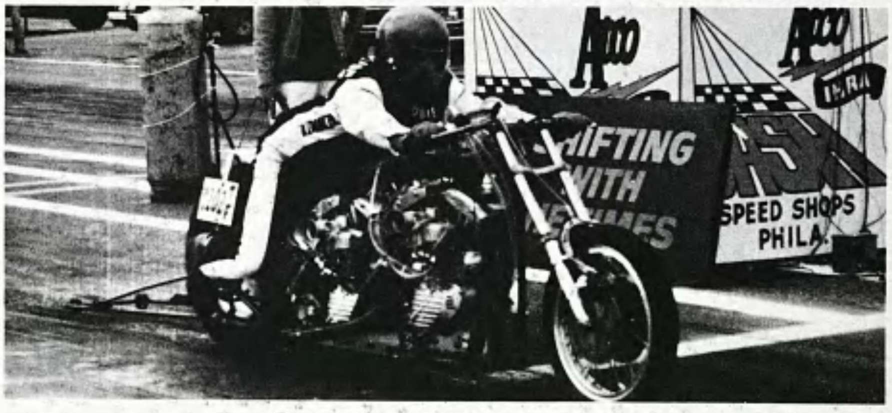

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tive, hits very close to home. Indeed, the movie is virtually a parable for today's biker. Substitute freeways for the Texas badlands, replace the horses with Harleys, and the story becomes a remarkably accurate presentation of the social and mental plight of the biker.

The Wild Bunch tells the story of a group of aging outlaws in search of one last major robbery, one final "killing" before retirement. This retirement, this need for the group to hang up its guns, is especially urgent for two reasons. In the first place, most of the group are rapidly becoming too old to continue a life of arduous desperation as fugitives. Except for one young member (played by Jaime Sanchez) and one very old member (played by Edmund O'Brien), the Bunch is composed of men entering or well into middle age. The members of this latter group (played by William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, Ben Johnson, and Warren Oates) are beginning to feel the rigors of age, and each man senses that before long he will become easy prey for the law.

But what gives *The Wild Bunch* a unique dimension and makes it especially relevant to today's biker is the second reason for the group's desperate need to pull off that last big job. They are fighting a losing battle against an enemy as implacable and inexorable as age: 20th-century technology. The action takes place around the time of World War I, and men such as these outlaws are already anachronisms: They belong—physically and spiritually—to the 19th century. These aging outlaws were young men during the final days of the American frontier, when a small-town bank or a Wells Fargo office could be knocked over and the only law to

—*Continued on page 90*

"Honest, I was just cleaning it and it went off."

Enjoy 69 — with this great commemorative iron-on transfer

Instructions: Read all the way through before starting work.
Get together the following material: ironing board and iron; scissors; transfer from this magazine; the magazine itself; sheet of white tissue paper; a new or used 50% polyester-50% cotton T-shirt.

Transferring the pattern:

1. Use a dry iron at the "linen" temperature setting.
2. Slip the T-shirt over the ironing board, then center the magazine under the upper front (or back) of the shirt.
3. Trim around the transfer, removing all the printing. (It's okay to leave some of the blank paper around the design.) Place the transfer inkside down on the shirt, using the bottom edge of the magazine for alignment. Place the sheet of white tissue paper over the transfer.
4. Pin papers to shirt at one top corner and at the opposite bottom corner, making sure to smooth all 3 layers. Pin through all thicknesses.
5. Move the iron back and forth over the transfer for only 30 seconds. Be sure that you apply very firm and even pressure to all parts of the design, especially the edges. (If you don't have a clock with a second hand, you can time 30 seconds by counting briskly from 101 to 127.)
6. Lift the bottom edge of the transfer page and peel it off, pulling straight up. And you've got it — your **Easyriders** #69 Commemorative T-shirt — a winner in any crowd.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

You got it—just make any purchase of fifteen bucks or more from any of the bike shops listed here, and walk away with a free copy of the best bike rag in the world.

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House of Harley 1204 Chugach Way, Anchorage

ARIZONA
Performance HD 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Phoenix Cycle Accessories 1826 W. Peoria Ave., Phoenix
The Scooter Shop 4380 E. Speedway, Tucson
High Way Choppers 6723 W. Glendale Ave., Glendale
Arizona Custom Cycles 2901 W. Thomas Rd. Suite G, Phoenix

CALIFORNIA
Bellflower Harley Davidson 16211 Lakewood Blvd., Bellflower
The Purple Hog 642 Plumas St., Yuba City
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H-D of Glendale 3643 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
San Fernando MC Service 547 N. Maclay St., San Fernando
Frisco Choppers Inc. 375 Valencia St., San Francisco
American Cycle Works 43 S. Palm St., Ventura
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Crazy Daves 7880 Old Redwood Hwy., Cotati
Joe Scarber Custom Cycles 21426 Sherman Way, Canoga Park
HD West 2499 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey
Little Mama Custom Cycle Parts 353 Shell Beach Rd., Shell Beach
Harley-Davidson Acc. 807 Grand Ave., Spring Valley
Whitleys Fabrication 5365 Franklin Blvd., Sacramento
B & B MC 7412 Talbert Ave., Huntington Beach
Service Center 2170 Market St., Concord
HD of San Rafael 729 Francisco Blvd., San Rafael
Motorcycle Emporium 712 E. Alosta Ave., Glendora
Jammer Cycle Products 801 S. Main St., Burbank
Bro's Bike Shop 541 A North Twin Oaks, San Marcos
Merced Harley-Davidson 1745 Yosemite Pky., Merced
Moonshadow Leather 1849 Contra Costa Blvd., Pleasant Hill
Cycle Specialties 301 Male Blvd., Modesto
Street & Custom 8846 E. Alouder Blvd., Bellflower
Rich's Cycle Parts 17098 D El Rancho Way, Salinas
Central Valley Eng. & Fab. 615 N. Church, Lodi

CANADA
Al's Choppers 1119 Main St., Hamilton, Ontario
HD Cycles LTD 595 Gerrard St., E. Toronto, Ontario

COLORADO
Flations Harley-Davidson 2060 28th St., Boulder
High Country Choppers 11 S. Federal Blvd., Denver
Custom City Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
D & C Enterprises 725 Pithin, Grand Junction
HD of Colorado Springs 1005 Motor City Blvd., Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Biker's Buying Service 2609 W. Hampden, Inglewood

CONNECTICUT
Fine Line Speed & Cycle 37 Main St., Danielson
Brother's Harley-Davidson Inc. 347 Forbes Ave., New Haven
New London County MC Sales 1416 Gold Star Hwy. Rt. 184, Groton
K & P Cycles 1802 Stratford Ave., Stratford
Bill's Harley-Davidson 103 Main St., Clinton
D & S Cycle Specialties 476 Whalley, New Haven

DELAWARE
Hall Cycles, Inc. 414 Maryland Ave., Wilmington
Herbs for Health and Happiness New Castle Farmers Market, New Castle

FLORIDA
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Harley Davidson of Palm Beach 1331 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach
Medford Joe's MC Repairs 5955 Lee St., Hollywood
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson Sales 509 Seminole Blvd., Largo
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale
B & D Chopper Shop RR 13 Box 94-A, Ocala
Larry's Scooter Depot 17300 U.S. 41, Lutz
C.C. Cycle 516 S. Dixie Hwy., W. Pompano Beach
Rex Ramsey Motorcycle Accessories 2724 N. Dixie Hwy., Fort Lauderdale
Woody's Cycle Shop 688 N.E. 40th Ct., Ft. Lauderdale
C & L Hog Shop 1111 Orange Ave., Ft. Pierce
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80, Ft. Myers

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Iron Horse Den 570 Auahi St. Bldg. #4, Honolulu

GEORGIA
Blue Gator Inc. 1886 Cheshire Bridge Rd., Atlanta
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Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
Southeastern Cycle 465 N. Clarendon Ave., Scotdale
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IDAHO
Hanna's Cycle Supply 169 Warren, Pocatello

ILLINOIS
Cycle Service & Sales 311 Rt. 59 Grand Ave., Lake Villa
Kingsley's Motorcycle Sales 212 Ferry St., Metropolis
Powerhouse Cycles Inc. 114 19th St., Rock Island
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Motorcycles & Supplies 805 E. Locust St., Fairbury
Certified Cycle Center 409 W. Colfax Ave., Palatine
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INDIANA
Head Hunter Customs 210 E. Main St., New Albany
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HD of Michigan City 1804 Franklin St., Michigan City
Andrews Kawasaki-HD 1501 N. Baldwin Ave., Marion
Drunk's Motorcycle Shop 2719 S. Calhoun, Fort Wayne
JME Chopper Specialties 2832 169th St., Hammond

IOWA
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Cedar Rapids Custom Cycle 1507 "C" St. S.W., Cedar Rapids
Cycle Shed 2231½ Independence, Waterloo

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Cycle Acc. 515 N. Main, Hutchinson
Blackwater Van & Cycle 413 Jackson St., Topeka
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Accessories Inc. 16180 Chef Menteur, New Orleans
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Aberdeen Custom Cycles 215 S. Philadelphia Blvd. Rt. 40, Aberdeen
John Spicer & Sons Box 3 Rt. 1, Bel Air
Hide-A-Way Leather Co. 7214 Holabird Ave., Dundalk
Float 'N' Smoke 4402 St. Barnabas Road, Marlow Heights
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
Satan's Cycle Salvage 15879 Fields Rd., Rockville
Suburban HD Sales, Inc. 15809 Frederick Rd., Rockville

MASSACHUSETTS
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De Lucas 269 Mattakeesett St., Pembroke
California Chopper Specialties 405 Coggeshall St., New Bedford
D.C. Works 107 Union St., Easthampton
Cape Cod Choppers & Custom Bikes Inc. 2476 Cranberry Hwy. Box 624, Wareham
Chopper Parts City 314 Grafton St. (Rt. 122), Worcester
Cycle Parts Center of Boston 156 Brighton Ave., Allston
J & R Cycles 42 Payne St., Lowell
Triumph of Wellesley 184 Worcester St., Wellesley Hills
Chopping Block 595½ Broadway Rt. 28, Lawrence
Harco Harley-Davidson 80 Franklin St., Framingham

MICHIGAN
United MC Chrome Exchange 759 Portage St., Kalamazoo
The Full Tilt Bike Shop 7155 N. Telegraph, Monroe
Jacks Cycle World 10489 E. Grand River, Brighton
Denny's Custom Machine Shop 607 Lafayette St., Bay City
Sulky Ent. 12809 Gratiot, Detroit
GM Cycle 32242 W. 8 Mile Rd., Farmington Hills
Carlini Cycle Creations 25245 Ford St., Dearborn
Warren Custom Plating 11415 East 8 Mile Rd., Warren

MINNESOTA
Cycle Supplies, Unlimited 1430 Commonwealth, Duluth
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Fairbault HD, Inc. 1001 S. Hay. 65, Faribault
Willie's Motorcycle Shop 2425 Rice St., St. Paul
Northern Leisure Corp. 23 n. Benton Dr., Sauk Rapids
P.J.'s Everything MC 108 E. Center, Rochester
Smith Bros. & Fetrow 718 W. 34th St., Minneapolis
York Brothers Custom Cycle 7 Westlake St., Chisholm

MISSISSIPPI
Ocean Springs Kustom Cycle Hwy. 90 E., Ocean Springs
Lake Serene Custom Rt. 4 Box 477 Lake Serene, Hattiesburg

MISSOURI
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Westside Choppers 1715 W. College St., Springfield
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Dougs Choppers 3009 Hwy. 10 Avondale, Kansas City
St. Joe HD 402 S. 9th, St. Joseph
Custom Cycle Parts 9806 St. Charles Rock Rd., St. Ann
Harley-Davidson of Kansas City 10529 E. 40 Hwy., Independence

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NEBRASKA

NEVADA
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Recycled Cycle 1290 Kuenzli, Reno

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H-D of Trenton Inc. 1079 S. Broad, Trenton
HD of Point Pleasant 642 Ocean Rd., Point Pleasant
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MC Mender 501 Fairview Ave., Fairview
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C & R Cycle Center 235 Rt. 46 W., Fairfield
GT Cycle Specialties 4 New Market St., Salem
Mount Holly Kawasaki Rt. 38, Mount Holly
Competition Cycle Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Kawasaki Corral 350 Phillips Ave., South Hackensack
MB Machine 83 S. Main St., Edison

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All Cycles Parts & Acc. 112 General Arnold N.E., Albuquerque

NEW YORK
HD of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
KFK Cycle Inc. 21-19 Jamaica Ave., Queens Village
Brooklyn HD Inc. Rd. 1 Rt. 7 Center Brunswick, Troy
J & D Cycle 1220 Vestal Ave., Binghamton
The Shady Painter MC Corp. 271 Buffalo Ave., Medford
Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
Locomotion Choppers 144 E. Main St., E. Islip
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
HD of New York 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
The Sportster Shop 237-17 Jamaica Ave., Bellerose
The MC Supermarket 6695 S. Transit Rd., Lockport
Motor Mania Cycle Products 255 Central Park, Rochester
Toasperns Inc. 1432 Front St., Binghamton
Suffolk Chopper 212 A Depot Rd., Huntington Station
V-Twins 250 Bayville Ave., Bayville
Cycle City Inc. 1010 Sunrise Highway, Amityville
Mels Cycle Shop 520 Rt. 10, Amityville
All-Cycle Accessory Shop Box 54 Deer River Road, Helena
Sunrise Honda of Freeport 157 E. Sunrise Hwy., Freeport
Rendino's Cycle City, Inc. 1945 Teall Ave., Syracuse
Custom Cycle, Inc. 1895 Newbridge Rd., N. Bellmore
Mels Cycle Shop 520 Rt. 110, Amityville
Brunswick HD Inc., 1 Rt. 7 Center Brunswick, Troy
Harley Davidson of Ramapo Rt. 17 N. PO Box 2, Sloatsburg
North Shore Cycle Service 1821 Depot Rd., Huntington Station
Phyco Chop Shop Rd 5 Rt. 50 S., Saratoga Springs

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Clark's Custom Cycle 1824 E. Webb Ave., Burlington
Perry's Motorcycle Service 102 Garrett St., Fayetteville
T-Bird Cycle Shop Rt. 1 Kings Mt. Hwy. Box 85, Gastonia

NORTH DAKOTA
Bennie's Cycle Service PO Box 983, Minot
Foxes Fantastic Finishers R.R. 4 Box 12 C, Mandan

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Cycle Kraft 129 N. Summit St., Akron
Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
Chatfield Cycle St. Rte. 4 PO Box 277, Chatfield
Kustom Korner Cycle & Van 2017 Knox School Rd., Alliance
Ashland Cycle Supply 1241 U.S. 42 Rd. 1, Ashland
Crazy Cycles 6319 Chestnut Ridge Rd., Hubbard
Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus
Jeff's Motorcycle Specialties 1673 Hebron Rd., Newark
Motorcycles Inc. 11717 Detroit Ave., Lakewood
Speed Enterprises 929 Woodster Rd., W. Barberton

OKLAHOMA
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Sams Custom Cycle House 6133 E. Admiral Pl, Tulsa
Wild Bill's 3735 S. Harvard, Tulsa
Tom's Cycle Shop 3924 S. Robinson, Oklahoma City
Harold's Motorcycle Acc. 1312 Kingsbury, Lawton

OREGON
Freedom Cycle Works, Inc. 1235 Cross St. S.E., Salem

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Performance Choppers 528 Lancaster Ave., Reading
Rons Speed & Custom Cycles 432 Main St., Chicora
Chopper Shak II 2832 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh
Cycledelic Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgville
R & S Cycle Shop 230 Westwood St., Minersville
E-Z Rider MC and Van Parts 300 S. Front, Steelton
Kosmic Kolors Filbar St., Easton
The Cycle Shak 8 W. Main St., Clarion
East Coast Cycle Shop Inc. 1400 St. RP, Cornwell Heights
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Parryville

RHODE ISLAND
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Oz Performance MC 15 Gooding Ave., Bristol

SOUTH CAROLINA
Motorcycle Salvage 4816 Rivers Ave., Charleston
Southeastern Choppers 300 West Ave., N. Augusta
D.C. Cycle 700 S. Main, Lancaster
Kirby's Harley-Davidson Sales Inc. 1219 Bluff Rd., Columbia
Gadsden Cycle 7311 Middle St., Columbia

SOUTH DAKOTA
C & L Cycle Acc. 705 Sycamore Dr., Sioux Falls

TENNESSEE
Bundy's HD U.S. 11 W. Kingsport Hwy., Blountville
D & D Southern Cycle 1191 Ft. Campbell Blvd., Clarksville
Reed's Harley-Davidson 39 W. Spring St., Cookeville
Custom Cycle Ctr. 1405 W. Broadway, Newport
Peppy Custom Chopper Parts 244 E. Main St., Kingsport

TEXAS
Larry's M/C Service 217 S. B, Harlingen
Union Motorcycle Salvage 6345 Long Dr., Houston
East Texas Motorcycle Box 717, Jasper
Austin Motorcycle Co., Inc. 1611 Guadalupe St., Austin
American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killeen
Vance Cycle Accessories Rt. 1 Box 278 Bass Blvd., Harlingen
Gulfway Cycles 2720 Gulfway Dr., Port Arthur
J & J Choppers 2210 Grant, Wichita Falls
B & W Harley-Davidson 412 N. High St., Longview
Andy's MC Sales 1505 E. Lancaster St., Fort Worth
Sportsters By Shelby Rt. 2 Box 1025, Fort Worth
The Unicorn Stroke & Toke Shop 5220 Mansfield Hwy., Forrest Hills
Dave's Basket Case 5606 Alta Ave., Dallas

UTAH
Chris Dreayer Motors 872 South State, Salt Lake City
Quality Motorcycle Parts 3231 South State, Salt Lake City

VIRGINIA
Trophy Custom Paint & Cycle 2715 Peters Creek Rd., Roanoke
Cycle & Head Boutique 50 River St., Petersburg
Lilly HD, Inc. Rt. 2 Hwy. 11 West, Abingdon
Departure Bike Works 3093 Hull St., Richmond
K & S Cycle Care Center 7822 Warwick Blvd., Newport News
East Coast Cycle Salvage 4997-B Cleveland St., Virginia Beach
Don's H-D Broadmoor Shopping Center, Stuarts Draft
Fast Eddie's Cycle Works 3614 Western Branch Blvd., Portsmouth

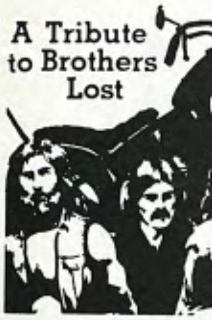
WASHINGTON
D & D Cycle 5321 N. Market PO Box 6169, Spokane

WASHINGTON D.C.
HD of Washington 9407 Livingston Rd. S.E., Washington, D.C.

WEST VIRGINIA
Mike's Cycle Rt. 1 Box 57 A, Delbarton
Dennis Harley-Davidson 2514 Sissonville Drive, Charleston

WISCONSIN
Barneys Choppers Inc. 105 N. Parker Dr., Janesville
Rich's Pit Stop 5711 W. North Ave., Milwaukee
Tri State Cycle 3926 W. Burleigh St., Milwaukee
Bill's Cycle Inc. 2405 Racine St., Racine
Shank's Smith Shop PO Box 37, Avoca

A Tribute to Brothers Lost



Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. **Note:** No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address which can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Michael Bell, a 6 ft. 8 in. teddy bear who died senselessly. So much for brotherhood.

In memory of **Vern Nowak.** We all miss you down here. Have fun up there in Harley Heaven. From your friends in Kansas City, Kansas.

In memory of **Marty "Rock" Fox,** a true 1%er and hell-raiser. You'll live forever in our hearts. Marvin and the rest of the P.C.W.C., Chatham, Va.

In memory of **Greg "Wink" Winkleman,** our prez. Snuffed by a goddam train. We'll meet ya there later, bro. Caveman and the Sledjammers M/C, Sequin, Texas.

In memory of **"Dancing" Doug Brown.** You lived right, but died wrong. Never to be forgotten. Your bros in Rockville, Md.

In memory of **"Crazy" Larry Carpenter.** A part of us goes with you. Little David, Sandy, and all your Kansas City bros.

To a bro who lived fast, rode fast, and died fast. We love you, **Jerry.** From The Last Of The Wild Bunch, Lansing, Mich.

In memory of **"Lout."** Born to ride and died riding. Always remembered by your brothers. Fourth Reich M/C, Australia.

To **Eddy,** from the boys in the stand. We wish you a good ride up that stairway to Heaven. Watch for our coming. Crazy Sue and Atom Ant Dan.

In memory of **John Nordin** and **Joe Cruz.** Absence never conquers love. You've been gone long, but we all still love you. Barbara, Oakland, Calif.

In memory of **Ed Pence,** a brother we'll never forget. Mike De Santis, Youngstown, Ohio.

In memory of **Eric,** a short-time brother, a long time loved. Arch and Glen, Grand Island, Neb.

In memory of **Pete Morgas,** always in the wind with us, now in the wind forever. Sandia Riders, Alburg, N.M.

Catfish. He went down on four wheels, but he'll be riding with us on two wheels later. Lori, Patty, Terri, and Linda.

To our brother **Bobby.** May you ride forever in everlasting peace of mind. From your brothers, the Spokesmen M/C in Minnesota.

In memory of my dear friend **Louie,** I miss you so much. Chickie, Phoenix, Ariz.

In memory of **Bette.** It's been a year since you've been gone, but you still ride in our hearts. Li'l Louie and Debbie, Orange, Calif.

In memory of **Stanley "Wishbone" Thompson,** who was wasted by a drunk driver. May you ride forever. Karen and Lonnie.

For brother **C.B. Charlie Bell,** who was shot by a punk. You may be gone, brother, but we'll love you always. Sons of Satan M/C, National Chapter.

For brothers **Willie** and **Grant.** Remembering the good times, my friends. Joe Lung, Outcasts M/C, England.

In memory of **Olivia.** She rode hard until she was cut short. Crash and Red.

We miss you, **Barbara,** the finest lady ever. A bullet took your life, as a bullet took your ol' man's life. Here's hoping you're riding together now. Ralph, John, Joe, and everyone in Mountain View, Calif.

In memory of **Roy Uber.** You're in the wind, and when that wind blows my way, we'll be in the wind together again. Your ol' lady, K.T.

In memory of **Tommy Richards.** He loved, lived, and is loved by all who knew him. From the whole gang in Garden Grove.

Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of Easyriders to all prison libraries. This allows as many prisoners as possible to read each copy. We get many requests for individual free subscriptions which are impossible to grant; it would be too costly. But we will now sell subs at a reduced cost for people in prisons. All you have to do is send $7.50 for twelve issues, ($7.50 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., Easyriders Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Note: some prisons have restricted correspondence lists. If you are unable to receive mail except from those people specified on a restricted list, it is a waste of your time and that of the people who write to you after reading your ad in **Male Call.** Please make sure you will be able to receive the mail you solicit before requesting space in this column.

I need me a Monatana woman, age 16-30, ready to travel in '79. J. I. Mesler #14,186, Box 14, Boise, Idaho 83707.

Down for a wacky weed bust. Need letters and visits from fine-looking chicks. I'm 26 yrs. old, brown hair, blue eyes, party man. Danny Aubrey #77-C-668, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

Tall, handsome, and good. Would like to hear from friendly ladies. Bobby Glover #11105-116, Box W (M unit) Lompoc, Calif. 93438.

The streets are near. Have a few laughs and a friend for life. Richie Champagne #13533, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Sincere, 30-yr.-old Californian would like to hear from sincere chicks to ease time. Charles Bauer #A-026346, F-204-B, M.C.I., Box 158, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

Doing time and losing my mind. Would like to hear from chicks. Scott Satterwhite #93712, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Would like to hear from foxy ladies with heart. James Phillips #051896, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Lonely prisoner needs mail and photos from ladies who care. Bill Shatto #C-71249, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

I would appreciate letters from women over two hundred pounds or anyone who cares to write. Terry Johnson #B-83405, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

I'm looking for a lady to take care of business when I get out. Lee Drake #B-63610, C.T.F.C., Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

A downed bro would like some mail from chicks any age, any place. Dennis Harkins #B-92043, C.T.F. Central, Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Would like to hear from chicks from all over. Howard Darlington #F-7933, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

24 yrs. old and in need of mail. Will answer all letters. Charlie Paxton #103-705, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

A lonely bro wishing to hear from sweet ladies. John Riccardi #76-C-282, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

A lonely bro needs letters from foxy ladies who care. E. Moxham #77-C-327, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Together woman wanted, 18-35, to share life and adventures with. Write and let's get acquainted. Bruce Kinnane #A-035-016, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Ever dream of having your own loving teddy bear? You can make your dream come true by writing to me. Ron Isenberg #12725, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

I need a real lady who would like to meet a real man. Anthony Hoffman #32681-138, Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

I'm 24 yrs. old, blue-eyed and muscular, and I need female correspondence. Jerry Johnson #622833, 31-D-5W, Box 520, Walla Walla, Wash. 99362.

Any heifers who could dig a fantastic stud, write to me. Lee Jones #147209, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Biker doing time needs foxy chicks to write, then ride with after release. George Gibson #142406, M.C.I., Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21749.

19-yr.-old dude with blond hair and hazel eyes needs correspondence from lovely ladies who care. Steven Blair #063178, Box 1500, Drawer B-3-E, Drosa City, Fla. 32628.

I'm doing 3 years and would like to write to young ladies who are interested in a serious relationship. Brian Owensby #97130, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

I receive no mail and would like to hear from sincere people. Bill Renaud, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Chicks, come one, come all, and take an interest. P. W. Jones #2659, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

25-yr.-old Italian, 6' 1", needs letters from chicks. John Pasquale, Box 500, Elmira State Prison, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

Spanish, 5' 9", good-looking, excellent lover needs mail from women any age, any color. John Arias, 23000 Highway #20, Fort Bragg, Calif. 95437.

Good-looking dude in prison would like letters and pictures from any available ladies 18-24. Will answer all. Michael Wollman #12548, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

21-yr.-old Kawasaki rider could dig mail from chicks. Ron Jones #30787, Box 1536, Topeka, Kan. 66601.

California dude needs to hear from any lady. Curtis Montrey, Box 1000, Lewisburg, Pa. 17837.

32-yr.-old, good-looking dude needs letters from ladies. Al Wall #91424, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Ex-biker from Oklahoma City is doing 10 years and needs to hear from foxy, freaky chicks. Mike Harris #96292, Box 128, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

43-yr.-old inmate, out in 2 years, wants to correspond with sincere woman who knows what loneliness is all about. I've been down twelve years. James G. Hyams #56423, F-1, Leesburg, N.J. 08327.

Broken-down biker needs compassion from foxy ladies. Drop a line. Mitch Killebrew #34155, Box 7-3D-913, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Lonely inmate, age 38, has no family and wishes to correspond with anyone. John Gibilaro #77-A-195, A-5115, C.C.F., Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Lonely bro will answer all letters from ladies. I'm half Irish and half Indian. Clarence Chancey, Box 1072, Mail #173, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Big and fine, so drop a line. Mark A. Smith, Box 711-10387, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Ladies, help a downed bro mellow out. Send letters and photos. J. Frank Ferguson, Box B-37156, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Doing time, feeling blue, lots of letters will pull me through. Wayne Johnson #8452, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

Would like to hear from foxy, sincere ladies who care about a bro who's down and out. Jim Kershaw #B-90145, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Doing 5 and want to hear from ladies. Letters and photos. Jeff Howell #30929-D-306, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Wild man from Hog Valley, Fla., would like to hear from all fair ladies. John Angley #045123, Box 1500, B-20-B, Cross City, Fla. 32628.

Dude with snow on the roof and fire in the furnace would like to hear from ladies any age. Robert Huff #056113, Box 221-J-18, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

24-yr.-old career criminal would like to hear from chicks over 20. William L. Smith #B-42890, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Down two years and need a lady to write to. Tony French #12609, Box 97, Stewart, Nev. 89437.

Stone Peck, doing five. Need a good ol' lady with much heart for all times. Ronnie Black #B-92617, Box 600, H-114, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

I'm Aries-born and need to hear from beautiful people. Michael Page #038817, W-3-N-4, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

I'm young and fair and would like to hear from foxy ladies who care. Robert Hazel #13786, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Any and all young ladies, help this 22-yr.-old inmate beat the prison blues. Anthony Pendleton #13805, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Down-and-out bro would love to correspond with ladies 18-80. Will answer all letters. James Magiera, Box B-76-D-76, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Lonely biker-artist needs letters from any sweet thing. A. J. Johnson #C-74178, Box 515, Joliet, Ill. 60432.

Would love to get letters and photos from ladies. Jack Jackson #93769, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Say, baby, write this lonely con and make him feel better. Bill Deutscher #C-81528, Box 515, Joliet, Ill. 60432.

Florida boy, a Piscean out of water and circulation, needs letters from ladies. Dennis Johnson #24140-149, Box P.M.B., Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

27-yr.-old inmate seeking correspondence with understanding ladies. J. P. Lewellyn #16102, Box 14, Ranch #3, Boise, Idaho 83707.

A good tramp needs letters from good-hearted women. Floyd Ectman #B-86533, Rm 2273, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

For women only. I'm lonely and broke, so write and make me happy. David McCreight #052026, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

All you girls out there who have nothing to do, write to me. Eddy Harris #41046-133, Box 1000, Milan, Mich. 48160.

I'm 22 yrs. old and need a fine ol' lady who loves biking. Jeri East, 211½ Pine St., Martinsville, Va. 24112.

Lonely, busted, and blue. Need letters from all girls. Mike Hrosar #102708, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Wanted: sincere, no-bullshit chick who'll answer all letters. Send photo. Russell Whorton #048509, D-132, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

19-yr.-old inmate doing 6-12 is looking for ladies to write to. Joseph Cohen #60418, D-32, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06017.

36-yr.-old stone biker wants to correspond with chicks who know what's happening and dig bikes. Send photos, too. Bill Robinson #A-40340-C, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

I'm looking for a pretty young chick who knows how to act. Greg DeMichele #K-2319, Box 9110, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15233.

Hey, ladies, write a bro who's got a big four and can't find the door. John Hardwick, Rt. 1, Box 124, High Point, N.C. 27260.

I'm 21 yrs. old and been down a while. Could sure use some letters and photos from foxy young ladies. Dale Robinson #10458-41, Rt. 1, Box 124, High Point, N.C. 27260.

Need letters from ladies to make my time easier. Send photos. Charles Caudle #10456-79, Rt. 1, Box 124, High Point, N.C. 27260.

In need of letters to help me do my mind right. All will be answered. Robert Kelly #43568, Box 1010, CH-7, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Rocky's down for 2-5 and would love to hear from foxy ladies. Rocky Adkisson #103630, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

30-yr.-old inmate with time getting short. Write to me and we'll hook it up on anything. Randy Amos #B-85469, Box A-7354, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

I need correspondence with chicks in and around the Chicago area. Kenneth Moore #C-80289, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

New York dude downed in Florida could use letters from anyone. Ken Walls #054811, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Come on, foxy chicks, you write them and I'll answer them. Ronnie Bates #110819, W.P.C.C., White Post, Va. 22663.

Down and out. Still looking for an ol' lady who's 100%. Richard Volo #B-82033, Box AE, Rm 7376, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Horny John would like to hear from ladies of the night. John Brown #103078, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

24-yr.-old inmate would like to hear from foxy chicks. Steve Morgan #C-78318, Box 38, Sheridan, Ill. 60551.

I would like to correspond with anyone, male or female, with no hangups on race, sex, or beliefs. Ralph Lewis #034720, Box 221, SW4-67-220, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

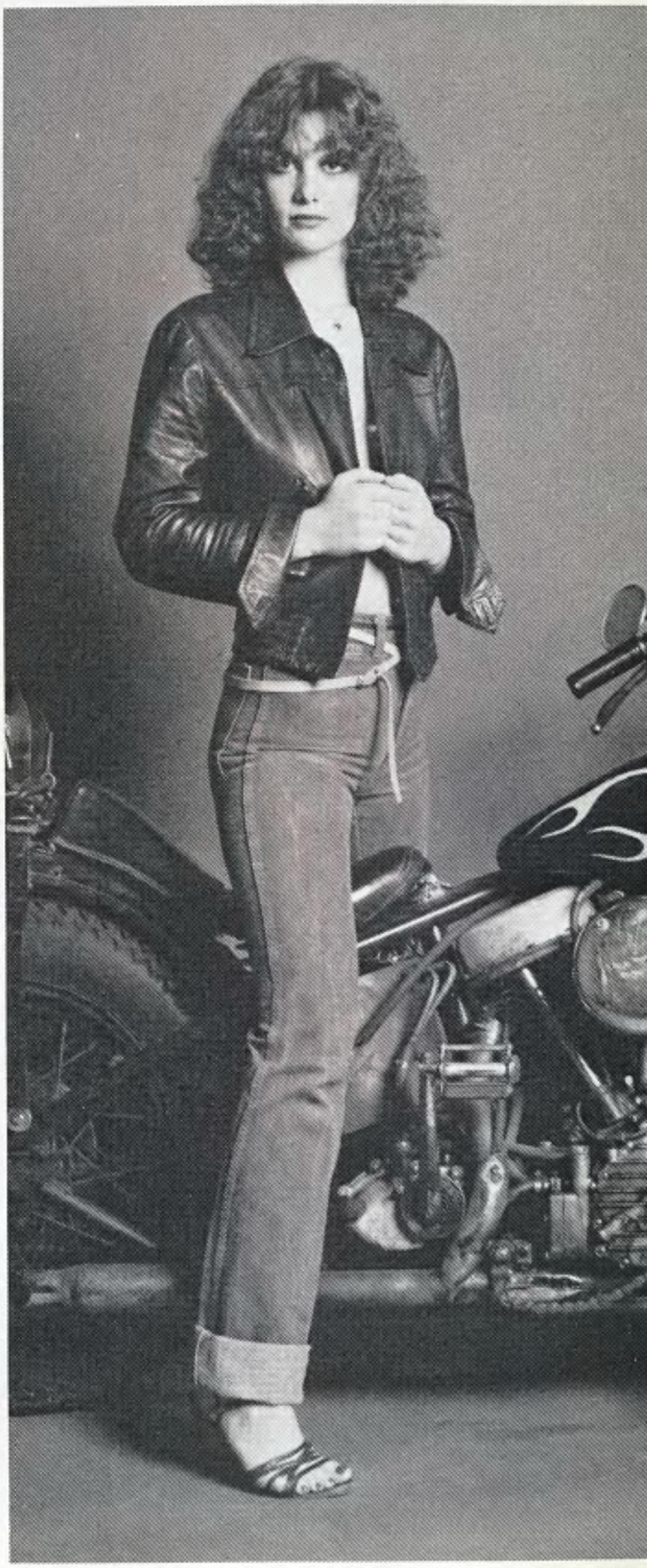
I'm 6' tall with black hair and green eyes. I'm 23 yrs. old and in need of mail from ladies. Bruce Claxton #A-043616, H1E1 #86, Sharpes, Fla. 32959.

69th Attempt

She Wasn't Going For It

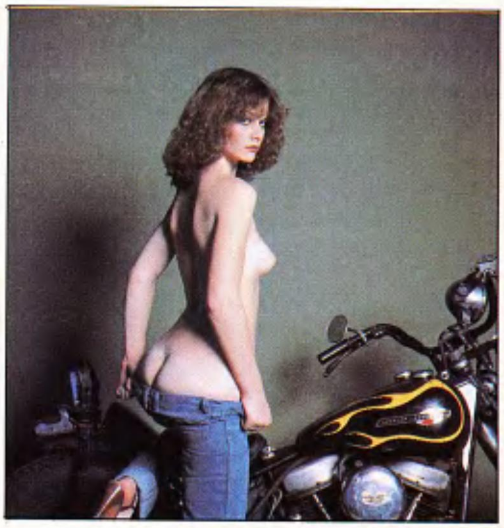
If you've been stumblin' through this issue with your eyes open, you've doubtless come to the conclusion that we're heavily involved with our 69th issue. So, after a number of articles on the year 1969 and the sexy position known as 69, we all got off on the idea of doin' it 69 style with Gretchen, the sweetie you see here—and takin' flicks of the tasty act. But we knew we'd have censors yanking our rag off every newsstand from Seattle to Miami, so we asked Gretchen if she'd do the X-rated act on the cub's bike. But noooo—she wasn't about to crawl under the cub's grease machine and pose as though she were gonna give the old pan/knuckle a little head. She went for the notion like we go for flat tires—and displayed her displeasure with our suggestion by using several defiant gestures. She was so good at flippin' us off that we kept aggravatin'

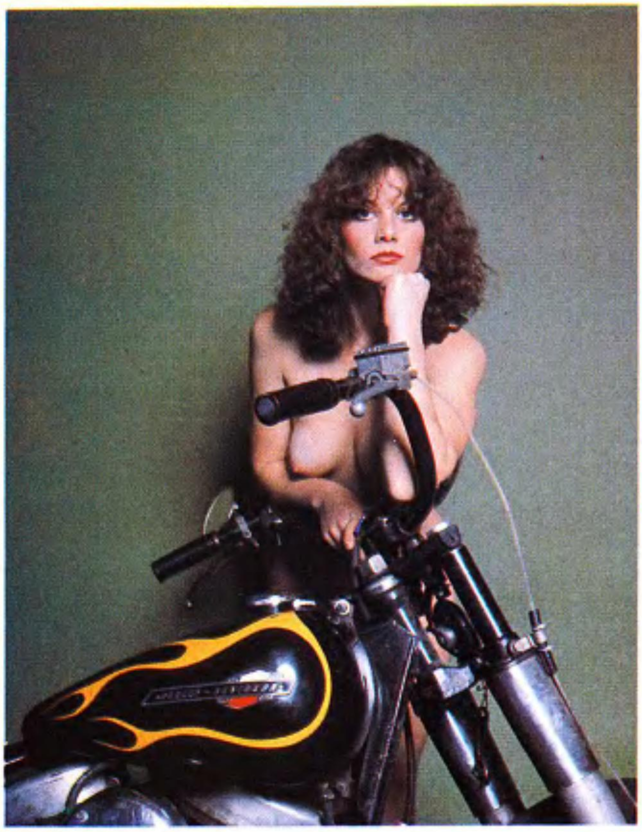
Photos by Pete Chiodo

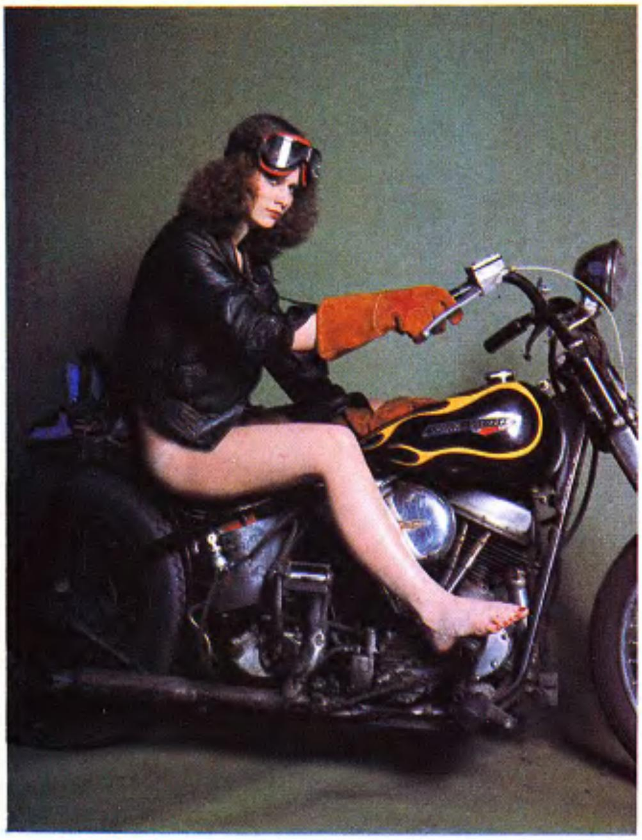


her all afternoon. What the hell—we had already ruined our chances with her. So we laid on the pornographic suggestion till she was ready to punch us out.

Even with all the harassment we shoveled at her, she managed to remain reasonably cool throughout the shooting. Maybe her calm manner was due to her upbringing—her pa was a biker. He rode Harleys the entire time her tasty bod was fillin' out. That's why when it came to throwin' shit back and forth she knew her stuff—she'd been taught the trade. And she sure wasn't any the worse for wear.







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Copies may be purchased by sending $2.50 for each copy to Paisano Publications, Inc., Box 52 Malibu, California 90265.

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At The Movies

—Continued from page 82

contend with was a local sheriff and a deputy or two. Then, eluding the law meant only a fast ride into the rocky recesses of the badlands, there to lie low briefly before moving on. But times changed—the American frontier closed, and the desperado, the Bunch discovers, is about to go the way of the buggy whip.

The outlaws' doomed struggle against the forces of mass society is documented from the first reel of the movie. When the bandits, disguised as cavalrymen, attempt to rob a railroad office, the moviegoer gets a graphic look at this unequal war between the 19th-century criminal and 20th-century technology. Officials of the railroad have already learned of the robbery plans and have dispatched a band of mercenaries to foil the scheme. The bloody, botched robbery attempt contains some of the finest action sequences ever filmed and serves as an omen of things to come. Escape, the Bunch learns, is no longer a matter of eluding a hastily formed posse. No matter where they run, the telegraph and the railroad are faster—servants of a machine-age society that the Bunch fails to comprehend and that they persistently reject. In fact, they attempt to ride right back into the 19th century by fleeing into Mexico. But the sanctuary they find there is only temporary, and their doom is inevitable.

Ironically, the outlaws do not fall victims to the minions of technology. Instead, with an unspoken acknowledgment of their own alienation and imminent doom, they throw themselves into a suicidal attempt to rescue one of their own members from the corrupt Mexican general to whom they have been selling guns taken in a railroad heist. They, as well as the viewer, know that their time has passed and that the America they once knew no longer will tolerate their untamed spirits. Their alternatives are bleak. They can remain in Mexico under the protection of the drunken general they despise and whose good will is dangerously capricious. Or they can return to their lives as fugitives in the United States, easy marks for the modern, impersonal forces of the law. Or they can go out in a blaze of glory, dying in a final gesture of tribute to the violent and free life they have known. Their choice of this latter option, if fatalis-

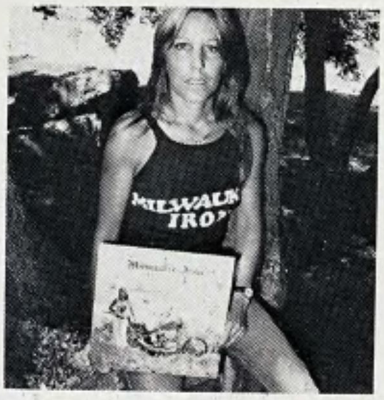
tic, is nonetheless heroic—the final act of free men still able to have a say about their own destiny.

There are some interesting parallels to be drawn between the action of *The Wild Bunch* and the situation confronting today's biker. To begin with, both the outlaws and the bikers are regarded by society (to different degrees, of course) as "fringe" elements—maverick groups who refuse to yield up their individuality to satisfy society's insistence on conformity. Each group exists outside the mainstream of American life in the sense that neither is willing to give up its nonconforming individualism in return for the faceless security prized by the average citizen. Bikers, of course, are law-abiding people for the most part, and this comparison with the violent, amoral clan of *The Wild Bunch* shouldn't be pressed too far. Keeping that qualification in mind, however, the similarity of these groups' psychological and sociological states is striking.

The Wild Bunch, obviously, makes a comment on the closing of the American frontier. To specify exactly when the American frontier ceased to exist is impossible, but an arbitrary date will serve—say, 1900. The movie treats the story of aging outlaws and an aging frontier, and the group's frustration and sense of alienation stems from this fundamental change in America. In the final decades of the 19th century, America still drew its vital energy and renewed its sense of limitless potential from an unsettled frontier that gave a man room to move and, if he wished, to seek freedom independent of the constricting forces of civilization. But all that changed during the lifetimes of these outlaws, and they discover that in the 20th century there's no longer a place for their brand of rough-hewn individualism. It is their dedication to that freedom and non-conformity that causes them to choose death rather than relinquish the values by which they have lived.

—*Continued on page 95*

Easyriders



Milwaukee Iron

It's good. No, it's **damn** good, and I like it.

During the past two years of listenin' to the FM almost constantly, keepin' up on current rock music, I haven't heard a true biker band — that is, not until I heard Milwaukee Iron. It's a first class production, put together, amazingly enough, with mighty little funds — almost no dinero, ya understand.

The album leans towards the country side of the music spectrum. Take a couple of banjos, add a mandolin, a pedal steel, bass, drums, and congos, toss in a rhythm guitar and a cabasa (whatever the fuck **that** is), and you have all the right ingredients. Check out right-on biker tunes like "Get Down Biker Music," "Turn Me Over, But Don't Turn Me Out," "Cheezy Rider," and "Shovel Man." These songs cut out the crap and tell it like it is. To give you a small sampling, here is an excerpt from "Get Down Biker Music":

I've got that get down biker music in my soul!
I wanna write, I wanna sing about a motorcycle,
Panheads, shovelheads, knuckleheads, too!
Strictly biker music for me and you.

And it gets better as it goes on.

Because of Milwaukee Iron's lack of funds (and could it be that there is a little prejudice against a bunch of bikers?), it seems no record stores want to carry it. So they've decided to distribute the record through **Easyriders**, along with a little help from Uncle Sam's postal system (very little help, usually).

The cost for this gem is **$6.00**, plus 50c for shipping. If ya send cash or a money order, the album will go out the same day as the order comes in. Checks take about 6-8 weeks to clear. Make all checks and money orders out to David, and mail your order to: David Record Offer, c/o **Easyriders**, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

If you're a bro in the joint and out of funds, we know what it's like. Have your librarian write us on library stationery and request a copy of the record — we'll send one copy out at no charge.

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Maria A. Eisfeller

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HERE WE GO AGAIN

Check 'em out — the first batch of sweeties in **Easyriders'** Second Annual Ol' Lady Contest. Last year's contest was a blockbuster and we're looking forward to an even better contest in 1979. Again this year, the entrants will be competing for a grand prize of one thousand bucks.

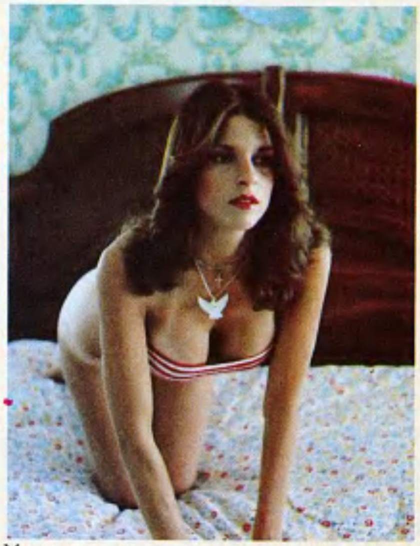
In case ya haven't heard, the contest works like this. Each month, we'll publish as many entries as space allows from those photos that are of good technical quality. Now that doesn't mean you have to submit a professional photo — just one that's in focus and properly exposed. We can use **only** black and white glossy prints or color slides — nothing else (no color prints).

Each month, you readers will select the winner and runners-up from those entries we publish. After the twelve monthly winners have been selected, there will be a final voting to select **Easyriders** Ol' Lady for 1979 — and she'll take away a cool grand. Judging should be on looks, build, tattoos, and/or other outstanding features. The gal can be dressed or not — it's up to you. We're not looking for raunchy stuff — just tasty shots of all those fine ol' ladies out there. Muff hair can show if ya wanna, but it's not necessary to win.

Each monthly winner will receive $100, each runner-up $25, and the contributor will receive $10. So send us your votes for this month's contest and we'll print the winner in the June issue. Deadline for voting on this month's contestants will be February 28. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Send your votes to #69 Ol' Lady Contest, **Easyriders,** P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Lisa R. Casteel

Suzanne Benoit



Yavaun

Monique Austin

Karen R. Burkhart

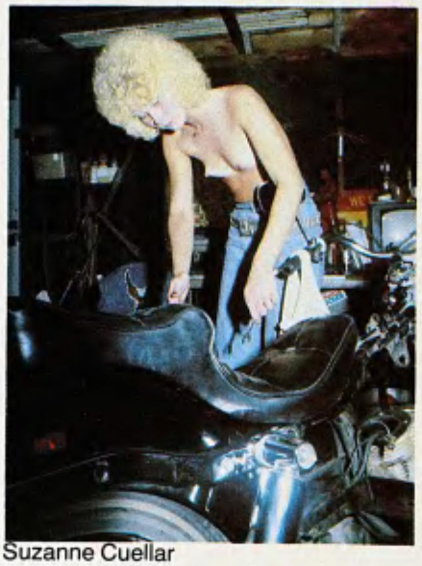
Lou Anne

Lois Peck

Important! A blank model release appears on p. 69 of this issue. This release must be completed in full, **must** be signed and witnessed, and **must** accompany each entry. Photos sent in without a model release will be disqualified.

All models must be 18 years of age or older. Sorry, no photos can be returned. All entries become the property of **Easyriders.** Decision of the judges is final.

This is just the beginning of the new contest. There's lots of prizes to be won. So get up off yer dead ass an' start snappin' those flicks. Show off that foxy sweetie and send us her photo right away.



Suzanne Cuellar

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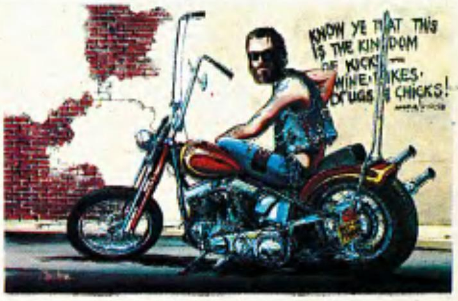
M-10 "Starburst"

M-9 "Hollyweed"

M-7 "Run Heat"

M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"

M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



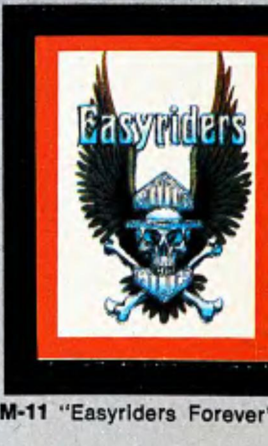
M-6 "Apehanger Days"

M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"

M-13 "Won't Start"

M-12 "Country Style"

M-8 "Comin' at Ya"



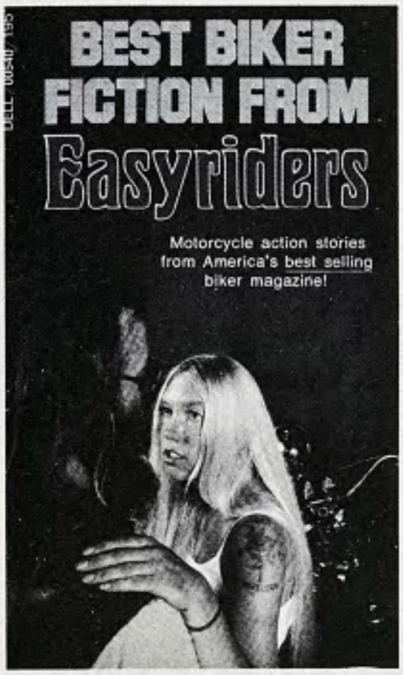
M-11 "Easyriders Forever"

Today's biker is the spiritual descendant of those men who clung to their heritage of freedom even when most people abandoned it in exchange for the bland predictability of security. Today, even though the actual closing of the frontier is nearly a century behind us, it is only recently that we have had to face the full realization of what that means. The chaotic decade of the '60s shattered the lingering myths of a rural America and made it painfully clear that a new, urban country would not necessarily nurture the values (such as freedom of the individual) we had always believed fundamental. During the '70s we have witnessed the proliferation of bureaucratic agencies, law enforcement groups, and regulatory legislation. The result has been an interference in the freedom of the individual unprecedented in our history. This erosion of individual liberty is nothing more than another stage in the closing of the American frontier —presumably, the final stage. The grim prospects faced by today's biker are similar to those faced by the bandits of *The Wild Bunch*. The outlaws no longer had room to maneuver and had been bypassed by a technology they resented and distrusted. Similarly, today's biker is the unwilling witness to fundamental changes in his own lifestyle. And these changes, unless resisted and rejected, may one day result in the elimination of that lifestyle.

Every year brings further restrictions on what we can ride, how we can ride, and where we can ride. In 1969, *Easy Rider* showed us what befell two men in search of an American tradition, testing the myth of the freedom of the road. That same year *The Wild Bunch* showed us what happens to men whose dedication to unfettered individualism threatens the stability of the new order. Is a day coming when bikers will be nothing but isolated anachronisms seeking a freedom they lost somewhere along the way? We've been warned. ■

"Dammit, lady — that's for display purposes only!"

Can't Find It On The Newsstand?



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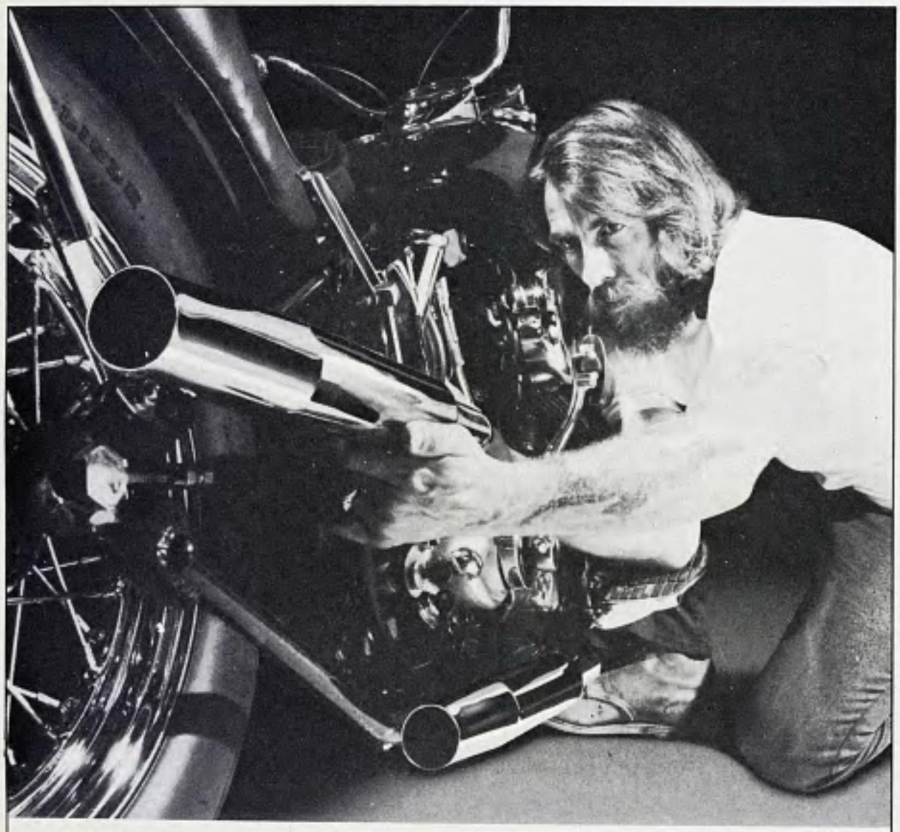

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Out Of Gas

—Continued from page 69

Ham could barely see the bike now from the corner of his eye as it stood upright in the thorns. He was completely tangled, resting two feet off the ground, stuck like a cushion to its pins. Moving his leg tightened the pressure on his back and started fresh blood flowing; the same vine that held his wrist curled around his neck, while the new leaf bud on the end hung daintily over his nose.

He decided to wait until some help came along, then congratulated himself on the decision. Can't move a fuckin' muscle anyway, asshole, he reasoned, but someone is bound to see the bike. Meanwhile, ants and bees crawled over him and the blackberries, very interested in this hairy new bush that leaked a sticky red fluid. The sun drilled holes through his eyes and stretched a murky film over his consciousness. Time disappeared. Suddenly a vibration rippled through the membrane and his eyes popped open. Someone was struggling with the bike!

"Hey," he croaked, "I'm stuck in these vines." He waited for a few seconds; there was no reply. Then he heard footsteps. A plaid-shirted figure peered at him, but the sun cast a halo around the body and obliterated its features.

Ham tried again. "Help me get out of here! I can't move." Again there was no reply. The figure moved away and resumed its work on the scoot. Ham was baffled and lay for a few minutes in innocent shock. Then he realized that his sled was being ripped off.

"Don't do it, fucker!" he shouted. "I'll get you! I'll get out of these bushes and kill you!" There was a high-pitched laugh and then a series of grunts as the bike was pushed onto the highway. After three kicks it sputtered and caught. With a convulsive effort, Ham tried to escape, but was stuck with a multitude of tiny knives. He screamed and passed out.

He awoke later when he felt an arm around his neck. Two cops were standing over him and trying to cut loose the odd branches stuck to his skin. One cop's grey hair and glasses reminded him of his grandfather. The other one couldn't have been over twenty.

"Now, son, just relax," the older one said, "and we'll get you out of here right away." They finished cutting the vines and lifted him out, bits of leaves hanging to him like moss on a swamp truck, his eyelid drooping down while little patches of blood congealed on his body. He gratefully accepted the water and tested his limbs, which were basically together, then poured out his story while the

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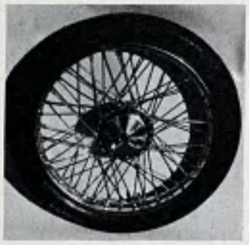

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young heat took it down and the older one picked thorns and applied iodine.

Ham carefully described his pan, read the numbers from his registration, and filed an official complaint.

"Now what did the suspect look like, Hamhead?" the rookie asked.

"He sounded like a young fucker with that screeching laugh," Ham answered, "but it was hard to see his face. Plaid shirt, looked brown, and blue jeans. He didn't look very big, but I was on my back, you know?" Then he added "Like that fuckface is gonna be!"

"I understand how you feel, son," the older cop — "Benson" name-tagged on his chest — said, "but you gotta leave this to us. This isn't a good place for bikers. But Phil and I will help you any way we can." Ham felt an instant liking for these dudes, the first time he could say he'd talked to the cops without being hassled. He made up his mind to be square with them, but there was no way he was going to sit around while some asshole peddled his sled or ran it into the dirt. He suppressed the violence erupting inside, knowing that there would be a time for that — later.

Ham stepped into the back of the squad car and they headed for Soqualmish, a trip of twenty miles. The sun was an intensely hot globe straight overhead. Leftover thorns prickled deeper into his skin, so he spent the time trying to dig them out, something he would be doing for the entire next week.

Three miles from town they crested a small hill and Ham spotted his bike at the bottom, leaning against a tree, looking like a long black frog about to leap. He yelled like a refugee who'd just crossed twenty barbed wires to freedom.

"That's it! That's my fuckin' bike!" he shouted.

The idiot that had copped Ham's sled had neglected to check the gas and had

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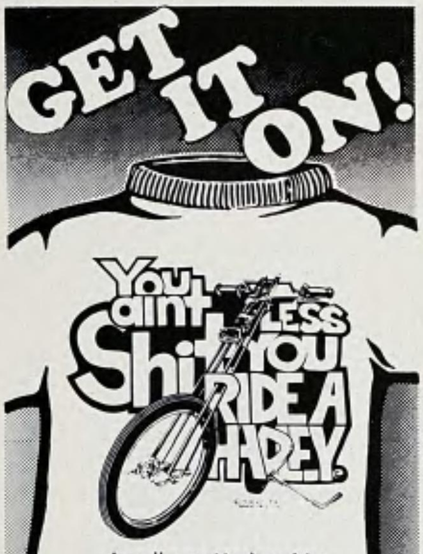

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sucked the tank dry. Ham inspected it carefully and found a number of new scratches on the primary and miscellaneous chromed parts, a crack in the twisted steel sissy bar, and a quarter-sized dent near the bottom of the tank. The sled, like Ham, was battered, scratched, and mishandled, but still functioning.

The heat offered Ham a ride to the nearest gas station, so he locked the bike and they headed into town. Ham didn't want to leave the scoot unguarded. A story he'd heard once had burrowed into his mind like a cockroach into a sack of flour, and as they once again headed to Soqualmish the story returned to his mind with special clarity.

He had remembered Brother Bruce's tale about running out of gas. Bruce had been in the wilds of Texas, somewhere on a lost and lonely stretch of highway, passing buzzards and hungry cattle, worried about running out of gas or breaking down in the dead middle of nowhere. He'd used up the gallon security can he always carried, but the nothing rolled on mile after mile with no town in sight. Finally, his engine gagged twice and died. Bruce rolled until he almost fell, locked the bike to a pole, and started hoofing it toward the horizon.

Two local high school girls picked him up and shyly asked if he had any pot. He produced his stash and they all got wasted, then parked in back of a burger heaven in a two-bar town they'd found squatting between two brown hills. The chicks were young, foxy, and high — and Bruce was ready. He casually got them to talking about sex, then casually mentioned how horny he was and how broke they were. The two girls exchanged glances, then lunged at the bills he'd been flashing and dropped their pants. After a few satisfying hours Bruce went to grab a couple of milkshakes.

"I didn't want to corrupt 'em," Bruce told Ham, "or I woulda bought beer. When I went to buy the shakes I heard the car start an' they took off. Well, fuck 'em, I thought, but then I reached for my wallet an' it was gone. Ain't that the shits?"

Those girls had no way of knowing that Bruce was a maniac, of course, or they would never have bothered with him at all. But Bruce was no fool. He conned a ride out to his bike and put the gallon of gas in the tank, then went looking. For two hours he traveled down dirt roads, checked every gut bomb, wino sanctuary, and massage parlor he could find. He stopped and asked questions whenever he found someone who would talk, and twice used the handy siphon hose he carried in his pouch. A restaurant manager told him to check at a nearby pool hall, where Bruce finally

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found the chicks. He turned off his sled and rolled it to the entrance, strolled through the door, and grabbed one bitch from the pinball machine she was playing and the other one from the stool she was sitting on. He flung both of them on a pool table, threw a cue over their necks, squeezed once, and let up. They both started babbling frantically. When they told him where his wallet was he turned to get it — just in time to see his bike crunched by the chromed fender of a pickup.

At that point Bruce lost control, but he always claimed that the ninety days in jail were worth creating all that havoc, and that there is no feeling in the world more satisfying than crunching two erring heads together.

When Ham and the cops reached town he was ready to run back to the bike if necessary, but an old man had seen the officers drop him off and agreed to give him a ride out. He was an old coot with red-rimmed eyes, a tobacco-stained beard, and a mischievously evil expression on his face. He smelled like a pig's ass in a locker room, and with no preamble started heckling and jeering at Ham.

"You look like you just got drug through a reaper, boy," he said. "Or did those cops rough you up a bit?"

"What's your problem?" Hamhead asked.

"I don't have a problem, boy — you do," the farmer replied. "It's not every day I see a person as raggedy-ass as you. I know you bikers are filthy, but I've shit turds cleaner than you."

"Cram it up your ass," Ham said tiredly.

"You *are* a filthy-mouthed beatnik, ain't you." The geezer said.

"Just get me to my bike, fuckbrain," Ham answered, "before I turn off your heart!"

The old man cackled. He had a captive audience and was getting his rocks off hassling it, and he wasn't about to stop. But when you reach a certain age you just don't care — and Ham had aged in the last seven hours. He looked at the old man's grease-stained welder's cap and had just leaned forward to mash it over his head when a black dot growing in the distance caught his eye.

"What's that?" Ham asked, peering.

"I thought you was a biker, kid."

"Yeah, but that looks like. . .that's my fuckin' bike! That jizzlicker went for his own gas! Christ! Let me off, you idiot! Stop this thing!"

The farmer hesitated a second too long, so Ham reached out and whapped him on the forehead, grabbing the wheel at the same time. The old geezer instinctively jammed on the brakes. Ham ripped out the keys and threw them on the floor, then jumped out.

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"Bastard!" sputtered the farmer, as Ham rushed across the highway. He saw his sled vanish over a hill, headed back toward the town he'd just come from, the same plaid shirt on top. But Ham noticed the short brown hair this time.

He stood by the highway trying to throw rocks through trees while he waited for a ride. There was nothing he could do but return to town, find the cops who'd been so helpful earlier, and file another complaint. Ripped off twice in one day!

Finally a car pulled up to give him a ride. It's a good thing she was drunk. If she'd been able to see his tattered skin and clothes, his eyelid hanging down like a fresh dingleberry, and the desperation filling his eyes, no doubt this fine lady would have whizzed by, her little nose turned up as if she were walking through a field of used rubbers. But some inner sorrow had driven her to the bottle and she was oblivious to Ham's disheveled appearance.

"Jump in, honey," she slurred, " 'cause no one walks while ol' Betty's around."

"Yeah, thanks, lady," Ham replied, "but let's step on it. I'm in a hurry."

"You mean you want to go fast?" Betty asked. "I'll show you who can go fast around here!" She increased her speed from twenty-five to thirty, but weaved so dangerously that Ham begged her to slow down.

What a hunk, he was thinking, a middle-America, small-town diamond! She was wearing a flimsy summer dress and her tits flopped around like water balloons. She had long blond hair and a fine pair of legs, fluttering lashes over blue eyes, lips as soft and inviting as a ripe plum, and a single bead of sweat by her nose that Ham had a sudden desire to lick off.

"What the hell you doing out here, lady?" he asked. "How come you're drunk?"

"My fucking husband!" she yelled. A

"I'm a virgin. I don't swear, drink, or smoke — however, I do suck."

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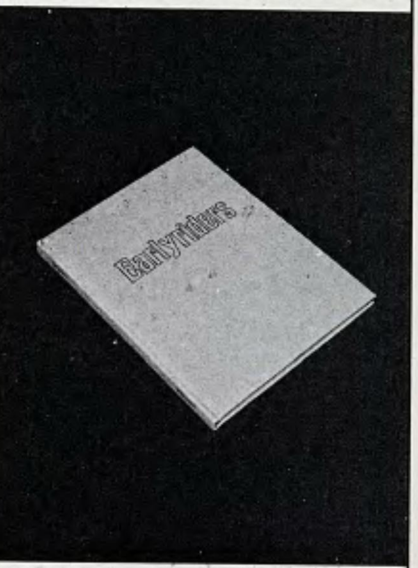

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strange look crept across her face. "I never said a word like that before, but. . .that *fucker!* I caught him feeling up his secretary!" She stuck her head out the window and screamed, "I'm yelling *fuck,* and if you don't like it you can go *fuck yourself!*" Then she looked at Ham. "Am I doing all right?" she asked. Ham nodded, trying to suppress his laughter. Betty was looking at him with a strange, wild expression on her face. "All you men can think about is sex. I suppose all you can think about is my body?"

"Honey, I'm thinking about my bike. It means a lot to me. If you want to help, you'll get this piece of shit down the road, dig? An' if you could point this fucker straight it'd help."

Betty tried to concentrate and again her speed crawled up to thirty, but she drifted all over the road and spent most of the time trying to see herself in the mirror.

"Look, lady," Ham tried, "we're going twice as far sideways as we are forward. I'm the one who needs the fuzz, not you. Why don't you let me drive?"

"Do you drive fast?" she asked.

"You won't believe how fast," Ham answered.

"Oh, goody," she said. "I like to go fast." She lurched her car onto the shoulder and jammed it into park, then tried to crawl over Ham to the passenger side.

"Watch out!" Ham screamed. "I got these thorns all over me."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Betty murmured, slithering across the seat like a mink stole over glass. As Ham was driving off she reached over and pulled a thorn from his Levi's. "Pull a pricksy here"— she giggled— "and pull a pricksy there" — and she grabbed Ham's rod.

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In Ham's mind a reaction occurred similar to what happens when someone aims a boot at your balls. But his cock had no such fears and immediately sprang to attention.

"Take it easy, for chrissakes, those are my nuts!" he said.

"Oh, poopsy," Betty cried, "let me kiss them!"

Before Ham could say "Huh?" she had his zipper down, and all the emotions he'd experienced since dawn gathered and raced to his electrified whanger. Betty pursed her lips and her tongue darted out like a pink snake. Ham grasped the wheel tightly as the forces inside him gathered for the explosion and vented themselves in a white burst. Suddenly he started glowing, a feeling that spread from the inside out. The world was on his side!

"Gotta find my bike," he mumbled to himself.

"Is that all you can think of?" Betty asked.

"You put me where I need to be with that talented mouth, sugar, an' if I ever get my sled we'll go for a ride, an' it'll be my turn to get you off."

"I've never done that before, but I loved it," she gurgled.

"Maybe you ought to try it on your ol' man," Ham suggested. "He might leave the secretaries alone."

"Not on that bastard!" she yelled. "But I liked it with you."

"Oh, me too," Ham assured her. "But now, if you don't mind, I've got to concentrate on driving. Okay?"

They were getting close to town, and Betty asked him to describe his bike.

"Is it one of those big ones?" she asked.

"You bet. A 1957 Harley-Davidson panhead. Custom frame, extended front fork — "

"Oh, I thought it was always extended when you fork," Betty interrupted with a giggle. "Is yours extended now?" She copped another feel. "Oh, it is!"

"You want to know about the bike or not?" Ham asked.

"Does it have a big silver bar sticking up in back?" she asked.

"Yeah, an' — "

"With a diamond shape on top?" she interrupted again.

"How did you know that?" Ham asked suspiciously.

"Does it look like the one that just passed us?"

"What?"

"Going the other way," Betty said. "See, back there?"

Ham twisted his head for a look and saw the bike and rider vanishing in the distance. He had no doubt that it was his.

"All right, you fuckin' idiot," Ham yelled, "I've got you now!"

He jammed the brakes as he spun the

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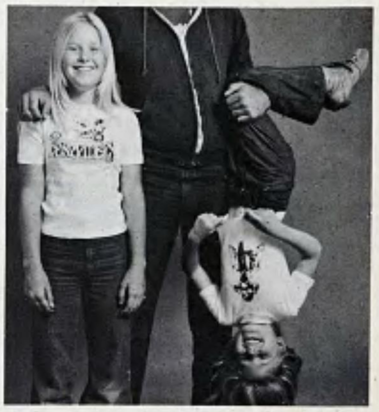

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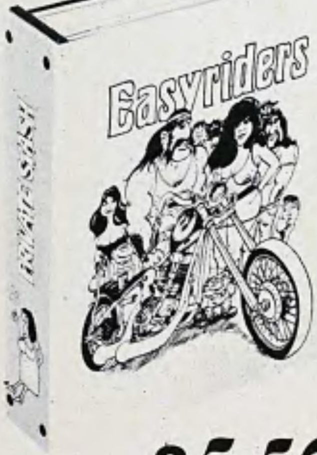

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steering wheel, and the car did a perfect slide turn until it faced in the other direction. He plunged the gas pedal to the floor and the bomb peeled out, swerved into the gravel, and shot down the road. Betty moaned in happiness.

Ham figured the asshole just wanted to ride, and maybe ripping off the scoot had been a spur-of-the-moment flash, but the fucker was going to pay. He may have gone back to town to fill up, but he had to stop for gas sometime — and Ham would be there. It was just a matter of time.

Ham intended to hang back and tail the dude, but two miles ahead he saw the cops sitting behind a Stuckey's sign in their squad car. He slowed down and waved them to follow, the same cops who had rescued him from the blackberries that morning. It seemed ages ago to Ham, but the sun was still hanging above the western horizon. Ham sped off, siren and flashing lights behind, fully expecting the dork to pull over when he saw that there wasn't a chance.

The kid on Ham's sled finally looked back when he heard the siren wailing behind him, saw Ham's crazy face leaning out the window, and put gas to the Hog. The three machines hurtled down the road, engines screaming like horny cats, passing slower cars like a family of roadrunners blitzing through a junkyard. Betty was in heaven, a speed rush beyond her imagination caressing her body and blowing her mind into alcoholic oblivion. Ham was all concentration, the adrenalin pumping bullets through his bloodstream, his fingers clutching the wheel in white-knuckled intensity. When the bike suddenly sputtered, Ham let out a war whoop; the fucker was out of gas again!

"You two-gallon peanut," Ham screamed, "I love you!"

The kid coasted Ham's bike, dumped it, and bolted toward an open field, but Ham was on him like stink on shit. He landed the skinny runt with a perfect flying tackle, grabbed his wrists in one hand, and yelled, "I got ya, fuckface!"

"Hey, let me go, you're hurting me!" the kid screamed.

"Shut up, ya little punk," Ham yelled. "You're the creep who left me in the thorns, eh?" he said as he smacked the jerk on the side of his head. "You ripped off my bike twice, right?" he yelled, and whacked him again.

Betty and the two cops came running up. "Leave him alone," Betty cried. "That's my son! Oh, Rodney, are you all right?"

"What the fuck?" Ham stuttered.

One of the cops motioned him to the side.

"What the hell's goin' on here?" Ham asked. "Who is that little bastard?"

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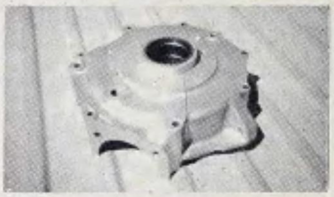

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"Listen, Hamhead, that's the mayor's son."

"I don't care if that's the son of God!" Ham yelled. "The little snake goes to jail!"

"He was just having some fun," Betty shot over her shoulder.

"Yeah," Rodney threw in with a sneer.

Ham was about to kick the kid's ass, but the older cop pulled him away again.

"I don't know what's happening here, Ham," the cop explained. "I thought you were all set. But I'll tell you something. That kid has been in trouble all over the county and has never once gone to jail. His old man always buys him out. You can press charges till your arms get sore, and Rodney will laugh in your face. But like I said, Daddy always buys him out. Think about it."

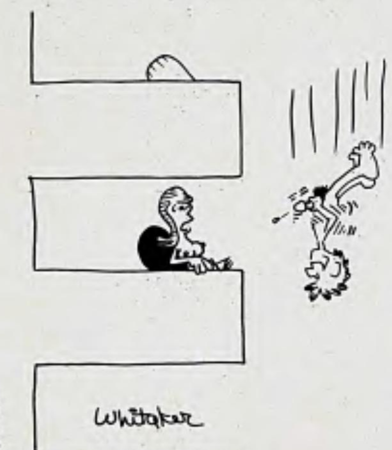
The rookie stepped up. "I'll write an honest report," he said, "and that way you'll have a chance in court, but forget I said that, understand?"

Betty walked over and threw a card at Ham. "Call us later," she said in her talking-to-the-garbageman voice. She grabbed Rodney's arm, pulled him to the car, and they sped away.

"You know where to reach us, Ham," the grey-haired cop said. "Call if you have any trouble, but remember our position."

They walked over to their scream machine and drove off. Ham fought down the urge to punch a rock, trudged over to his sled, righted it, and kicked it over. Nothing happened. Then he remembered. "What did I do to deserve this?" he asked the great outdoors. "Out of gas again!"

There was no way that he would ever leave his scoot by the road again, so he put it in neutral and wearily started pushing. The sun was resting on a hill before its final plunge, casting blood-red stripes across the sky and a long shadow on the road that seemed to march in step with Ham. He'd never felt so down before and was lost in self-pity when a van cruised up behind him,



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slowed, then honked.

Ham jumped into the air, turned, and breathed a sigh of relief. Painted on the van's side was a custom Harley and a cherry-looking '57 Chevy. The sign read "Ideal Paint and Body," and the driver was a hefty, long-haired dude with an earring gleaming in the dying rays of the sun.

"Hallelujah!" Ham muttered. "Saved at last!"

"What happened, bro?" the cat asked, and as Ham spilled his story, the guy quickly pulled out a joint and a beer.

"You need this, I think," he said. "Come on, I'll give you a ride to town. My name's Seadog, and that there's Kim, my ol' lady.

They shook, then pulled a ramp from the van and wheeled Ham's bike inside. Seadog's shop was in a town about forty miles away and he was going to Soqualmish to drop off a tranny case and pick up a junked Impala.

Ham felt better and his confidence slowly returned. The three cruised to a lonely house by a river, away from the town's residential section. Ham was introduced to a fellow named Hardy, his ol' lady, and a couple of dirty kids and mangy dogs.

Hardy was an ex-hippie who became disgusted with that scene and took his bike and family to the woods. He farmed, fixed cars, scrounged, and grew pot in the dense backwoods behind his house. He also knew the town, the few good people, and all the assholes.

Ham told his story again, even managing to laugh this time — but not much.

"So now I get to meet the mayor," he concluded. "Got any advice?"

"The mayor," Hardy said, "is a chickenshit and a hustler, but he owns the town. Most of it, anyway. That's how he gets elected — you know, his employees. I've seen his ol' lady. She's a piece, but snaky. She drinks, but I guess you know about that."

"Yeah," Ham said, "I know about that lady, I know about her snotty son, and I expect the old man to be just as weird."

"The thing is, he's ruthless," Hardy warned. "No telling what kind of shit he'll

Easyriders

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pull to get out of this one. Don't trust him, especially if you score some coin."

"Right. I think I can handle him, but I'm so paranoid I'm growing eyes out the back of my head. I don't want to take my sled into that town."

"Fuck, no!" Seadog said. "He'll get the cops on you as soon as you pull out."

"Naw, the cops aren't so bad here," Hardy said. "It's his asshole friends you've got to worry about."

"Rednecks?"

"Shotgun lovers," Hardy replied.

"Shit!" Ham said. "Oh, well, I'm not the one who stole my bike. That fuckin' kid did. I've got a plan, but I need help. Interested?"

"Tell me what to do," Seadog said.

"Be glad to help," Hardy added.

An hour later Ham was ready. He'd cleaned up, put on some clothes Hardy offered, combed his hair, tied it back in a ponytail, and tucked all the loose skin back into the thorn scratches. He left his putt in Seadog's van and used Hardy's old Dodge pickup for a ride to town.

The card Betty had tossed him bore the name Marvin Lingress and gave an address in the town's small ritzo section. Ham found the house, a sprawling two-decker surrounded by a high wall of shrubs that hid a barbed-wire fence. A maid answered the door. Ham was escorted to the patio where Betty was enjoying a pick-me-up and Marvin was puffing away on a cigar, reclining on a redwood lawn chair and sipping a martini. Rodney was lying on the grass by their swimming pool, looking bored. But he turned a snotty face to Ham as he entered.

"Oh, it's you," Rodney sneered.

"Yes, I'm here to reach an amicable agreement," Ham answered politely.

Marvin was surprised. "Well, young man, I'm glad to see that you're not the hoodlum I'd been warned about. I have confidence that we can reach an agreement here, but first " — he looked at Rodney — " I want you to apologize."

"I'm sorry," Rodney mumbled, managing to sound humble and at the same time look like a smartass. Ham wanted to drown him but kept his cool.

"I accept your apology," he said, "and

"My blouse is off, Doc."

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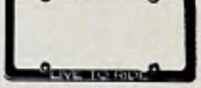

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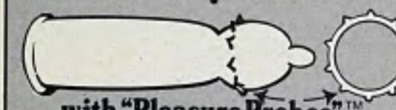
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I hope this is a lesson to you to follow the law from now on."

"Well said," Marvin bubbled. "I see that you're a mature person. What a lot of trouble this has been for you! Of course, Rodney is young and impulsive, and didn't really mean you any harm. Oh, would you care for a drink?"

"No, thank you," Ham replied, thinking what a slimy shit Marvin was. Didn't mean me any harm, my ass! Now Marvin was talking about the difficulty of raising kids, as if he and Ham were sitting in a country club lounge and had been golfing buddies for years.

"What business are you in, Hamhead?" Betty asked. She gave him a sweet look, but there was a frightened desperation in her eyes. Ham wondered what stories she'd been telling Marvin.

"Mr. Lingress," Ham said, ignoring Betty, "I've had a tiring day and I'd like to get this matter settled."

"Of course," Marvin oozed. "I'm sure you'll wish to get your motorcycle repaired. How much do you think it will cost?"

"Oh, not too much," Ham said. "About five hundred ought to cover it."

"That seems like quite a lot," Marvin gasped. "I understood that it was still running."

"You also have to understand that it's a custom bike, Mr. Lingress," Ham said. "I've put a lot of time into that thing. The gas tank is dented and needs a whole new paint job. Many of the chrome parts have scratches, and those parts will all have to be replaced."

"Couldn't that have happened when you crashed into the blackberries?" Lingress asked.

"And they might" — Ham cut it short, realizing that he was yelling. "They might have happened when Rodney dumped my sled, too," he said, lowering his voice. "And I have no idea what Rodney might have done to it while I was stuck in those bushes."

"I see," Marvin said thoughtfully. "Well, I want you to get your motorcycle in top condition, so I'll give you five hundred for damages and another hundred for your trouble. We'll call it even and depart friends, agreed?" Marvin's fattening jowls dripped generosity, but the chickenshit was leaking through his eyes, and Ham

Easyriders

"Knock it off, Alice — you're sucking the gearshift knob!"

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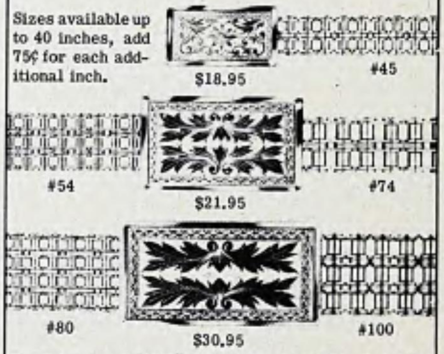
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suddenly knew he was on top.

"Not quite enough," he said. "I'll take the five for my bike and another five for my trouble, but you'll also throw in a grand for sweet Rodney leaving me in the thorn bush, five hundred for dumping it in such a rude manner on the highway, five hundred for acting in such an unbrotherly way to me, and another grand to deter me from reacting to this incident in my normal, violent manner."

"Bullshit!" Rodney yelled.

"And another five hundred for that unfortunate remark," Ham said. "That brings the current total to forty-five hundred, and if Rodney doesn't wipe that insolent smirk off his face I'll add another grand!"

Rodney jerked his head away. Ham turned to look at Betty.

"In the spirit of the thing I'll deduct two dollars," he said, "for your ol' lady blowin' me this afternoon."

Marvin almost broke his neck doing a double take while Betty silently crumbled. She was finished.

"We'll take care of this later, dear," Marvin said through clenched teeth. All pretense had fallen from his face, but he was never one to let money go without a fight. "I do think you're going too high," he managed. "I don't think I want to pay that much."

"I understand that perfectly," Ham said, "and I wouldn't lay out a penny for that little pricknose if I were you." Then he turned away from Marvin and unbuttoned his shirt, exposing the black T-shirt underneath with the smiling skull across the front. He turned back to Marvin and leaned over his face. "But what choice do you have?" he said through tightened jaws, six explosive inches from the man's nose. "If you don't pay, he goes to jail for theft, speeding, and failure to yield. On top of that I'll personally rip his arms out, ruin your home, and turn your smug little face into a moonscape. Sure, I'll be arrested. But

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Send to *Easyriders*, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 20th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

All handmade brass buckle. Something I designed and make in my garage. People around here dig the hell out of them, so I'm offering them for ten bucks. In fact, my ol' lady was wearing one when she posed for the current T-shirt ad. Each one is different. If you send a flick of your bike, I'll try to stylize your buckle. Send cash or money orders only, made out to Weed's Ol' Lady, Melanie, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (74)

A monster-sized Harley orange beach/blanket towel (72"x45") with black Harley wings, only $18.50, plus $1.25 shipping. Matching companion orange bath towel (24"x48") with black Harley wings on both ends, only $11, plus $1 shipping. Black vinyl riding visor cap with orange Harley wings, one size fits all, only $5.50. Graduate with class: Harley University T-shirt, gray with black rims, with orange Harley University crest, only $7, plus 50¢ shipping. Specify s,m,l,xl. "Property of Harley University" black sweatshirt with "Hogs" imprinted on back, only $10, plus 75¢ shipping. Specify s,m,l,xl. Calif. residents add 6% for state's stash fund. No C.O.D.'s. Checks require 4-6 weeks. M.O. shipped fast. Bro Products, Box 207, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. Dealers inquiries invited. (70)

Kop kuffs, standard (for your ol' lady) $11.95. Custom (24" chain for bikers), $14.95. Both, $25. Waterproof document pouch, $5. Cash, check, money order. Texas Enforcement Supply, Box 19062, Austin, Texas 78760. (69)

Subscribe to Tattoo News. Four issues, $10. Box 252, Pendleton, S.C. 29670. (69)

Happy 30th birthday to my ol' man, Mike—January 22th, 1979. I'll love you until the end of time for good or bad. Love, Annie Fanny. (69)

Electric tattooing outfit, with designs, $99. 12 hand-colored (used) sheets, $30. 2 non-spraying liner tubes, $15. Steele, 242-EG, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (69)

Darrell: I love you, write me. Route 4, Box 398, Springdale, Ark. 72764. Your wife, Gwen. (69)

1977 Harley Sportster burnt beyond repair. Will sell title, $550. Mort, 1920 Huron, Chicago, Ill. 60622. (69)

Leeroy: I'll be there when you get out. Why? Cuz I love you, babe! Happy birthday. Love, Gloria, Mtz., Calif. (69)

Lady wanted for country livin' biker who loves nature, bikes, simple livin', and lovin'. No hassles. TJ, Box 91, Upper Lake, Calif. 95485. (69)

Michael Bass: Let this commemorate your 2nd greatest accomplishment—a happy woman out of me! I love you sooo much, baby. Kojak's Friend. (69)

Private individual who gave up his Harley dealership one year ago, has approx. $55,000 inv. at dealer's cost and has to sell to pay off the bank. Will sell entire lot for 50% off dealer's cost or will sell parts individually for 20% off dealer's cost. Write P.O. Box 152, Plymouth, Pa. 18651. (70)

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Fantastic stickers for your scoot, car, truck, ol' lady's ass, or whatever: "Warning: If You Value Your Own Life As Much As I Value This Harley, Don't Fuck With It"; "Ass, Gas Or Grass—Nobody Rides For Free"; Harley-Davidson Wings; "Protected By M.F.D. (Mean Fuckin' Dog)" and "Mustang Ranch Parking Permit No. I-69." 50¢ for each sticker or all five for only $2. Send cash only and include self-addressed, stamped envelope to Stickers, P.O. Box 466, Calabasas, California 91302. (71)

Join MMA: Family plan for $15, or become an Active Member for $10. Send your name and address to Modified Motorcycle Association, 34 Clyde St., Somerville, Mass. 02145. (69)

Larry Reckel: I love you. Please get in touch. Linda. (69)

Incarcerated: Cherokee-Afro-American dirt biker into custom-made vans. 6'1", 160 lbs., brown eyes, black hair, fair complexion, medium-bronze tan. Twenty-two years young, to be released '79. Desires to correspond on a one-to-one basis with a one-man, level-headed bikin' babe—one who is willing to share her patience, understanding, and love in developing a truly beautiful relationship. My love is limitless; neither age nor nationality has any priorities. Kid okay. Appreciate pix first letter; will answer all. Only serious at heart need write. Eugene Love Peterson #055300, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (69)

Harley-Davidson Parts: Old and new, large supply, flatheads, panheads, shovelheads, all models Sportster and K model, also 45 flatheads. Frames, motors, transmissions, front ends, tanks, toolboxes, much more. Price list, $2. Knuck, 3610 Taylor Street, Brentwood, Md. 20722. (301) 699-1849. (72)

May sixty-nine live forever. (69)

Pamona Don: I'm not running through the jungle—are you? Still waiting—still loving! Physical therapists need love, too. Call new number collect: 772-2685. Barbara. (69)

Support the KKK. Box 624, Metairie, La. 70004. (71)

Bitch: Happy Birthday on the 9th. I love you almost as much as the old Harley. Keep your knees in the breeze. Your ol' man forever. (69)

B.J.: You are one hell of an ol' man. Happy birthday. I'll love you always. Joan. (70)

Burker: Norwood destroyed everything we had together. Please don't forget what we meant to each other. I love you now and always. Goodbye, Angel Baby. (69)

One of the largest bike shops in the San Fernando Valley is up for grabs. All inventory, equipment, and two buildings are for sale for $35,000. Scarber's Shop, located at 21426 Sherman Way, has been in business for eight years. If you're interested, ask for Bill Reed at Golden Glen Realty. (213) 883-9994. (69)

Daddy: Happy Birthday 3/9/79. Your rug rats love you. Nancy, Linda, J.R. (69)

New. Get your "She Eats Me" T-shirt with hand pointing to your right side. Send size (s,m, l,xl), color (black, white, orange, green), and $7.50 to Greyhound, P.O. Box 1309, South Gate, Calif. 90280. (70)

Downed Texas Aquarian dude seeks correspondence with females, chicks, and ladies to help these hard times. Send a line and ease my mind. All letters answered. George Menefee, P.O. Box B-83988/North, Soledad, Calif. 93960. (69)

Biker paraphernalia. Most items made in U.S.A. Catalog, $2, with $1 refundable on first order. G&H Enterprises, 309 Lawton, Mason, Mich. 48854. (71)

Greg: I love ya. You're something special. Proud to be yours. Love, Darla. (69)

Legalize Marijuana T-shirts. Beautiful leaf design. Send $7. and size to Progressive Enterprises, P.O. Box 5068, Jamestown La. 71045. (70)

Brenda: Miss you and still think about you, and us. Guess I shoulda thought about that before. Love ya forever, Shane (69)

J: One year down, many more to go! Merry Christmas! Love, Babes and Cer. (69)

Happy Birthday, Beep. 1-16-39. Truly your ol' lady and property, Wonder Woman. (69)

Easyriders T-shirt iron-ons: Daytona, Bowling Green, Sturgis, Easyriders Swap Meet. Whether you were there or not, now is your chance to have any one of these four great iron-ons. Each one buck or all four for $3.50. David, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (69)

The Lazy Nickels. We are into the ceremonial aspects of marijuana and magick. For information, send $2 to BGDP, P.O. Box 39436, Los Angeles, Calif. 90039. (74)

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Anyone involved in a recent motorcycle accident contact Greyhound, P.O. Box 1309, South Gate, Calif. 90280. (70)

Wanted: 1934 Flathead 80 service manual. Mike Richardson, Big Woods Rd., Harris, New York 12742. Call 434-3338, days. (69)

Bumper sticker: I'd rather eat worms than ride a Jap motorcycle. Send $1 to Owl Motorcycles, Suite ER, 56 Park Ave., Bayshore, N.Y. 11706. (70)

Hot swinging broads wanting correspondence with cool studs. Pictures, descriptions, $5. Artist, 508-EE South Nevada, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80903. (69)

Rebel (H.D.): Hope you're in the wind, feeling good again. Take care, Pete. (69)

S.G.: Drive your roads a little easier and your goals a little harder. I love you more than you'll ever know. G.D.O.T.W.Y.? Brenda. (69)

Tattooed women's photos: 20, $5. #12 needles (old smaller size) 500, $13. Step-by-step tattooing and removing instructions, $15. 300 different designs, $18. 6 different inks (2 ounces each), $24. Steele, Box 242-EF, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (69)

Frankie Bill: I will obey. With all my love and respect, your ol' lady, Sue. (69)

Urgent: Brother in Chicago needs club to join. Lou, 1940 N. Leavitt, Chicago, Ill. 60647. (69)

To all my bros and sisters and all you lonely ladies. How about dropping a line to a bro? Jerry "Can Opener" Rupe, O.P.P. D-4, 2800 Gravier St., New Orleans, La. 70119. (69)

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Tattoo Design Exchange, Box 242-E, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. Exchange designs with other artists. No money involved. Details for stamped, addressed envelope. (69)

Putt: Happy Birthday. I love ya, baby. Let's ride forever together. Red. (69)

Want to get into pants with young lady. Young BSA rider with down time in a mental institution looking for lady to go into business with making leather pants. Crazy Al Messenger, 2600 Center Street, O.S.H. Ward 50D, Salem, Ore. 97310. (69)

Sandy: Please send pictures, negatives too, asap, please. Delila, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (69)

Biker looking for woman to build a future together. Harley for right lady. Chuck, 1203 N. 15th, Melrose Park, Ill. 60160. (69)

J.T. in Tillamast: Happy birthday, baby (2-28-79). We'll spend the rest of 'em together, too. Love ya always. Your ol' lady from Alabama. (69)

Kurt R.S.: When I begin to feel blue, I'll think of you and remember, I can be everything, but without someone to be everything for, I can be but nothing. Baby, you are my everything—won't ya please come home? My heart, my love. Always, Kathleen. (69)

Choppershopper

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Jim: Happy 31st birthday to the best ol' man in the world. I'm looking forward to ridin' your shovelhead through many more. I hope we're always makin' love together! 69. Love, your ol' lady Katie. (69)

Madman's Book of Formulas: How to make, step-by-step, goodies like knockout drops, explosives, silencers, poisons, letter bombs, and many others. A must in completing your library. Second printing at $9.95. Act now. Trisha Ostrowski, Box 04769, Milwaukee, Wis. 53204. (73)

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Giant black and white photograph, 20"x24", of your ol' lady, scoot, favorite nude, you and the ol' lady gettin' it on—any photograph you want enlarged. You name it—we blow up anything. All you have to do is send us your snapshot, Polaroid, color print, whatever, along with $7 to Big C, 7131 Owensmouth, Rm.66a, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. (75)

Three great stickers: "God Rides A Harley"; "Harley Is Best, Fuck The Rest"; "Born On A Mountain /Raised In A Cave/Biking and Fuckin'/Is All I Crave." Each sticker, $1 to Big C, 7131 Owensmouth, Rm. 66a, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. (72)

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Harley patches our specialty. Motorcycle patches our business. Discounts to clubs. Catalog, $1. Patchworks, 5600 Monroe Concord, West Milton, Ohio 45383. (69)

Free details on becoming a motorcycle mechanic. Box 3244E, Reading, Pa. 19604. (71)

Third Reich photos in Heinrich Hoffman's photo catalog! Hitler's personal photographer sold photos and paintings of all the top Nazi brass. Now you can purchase a top-quality reproduction of his entire catalog. A 9x12 book with 480 pictures of posters, postcards, photos, paintings, and more, of all the leaders of the Third Reich. A collector's item, and so authentic it can be used as a reference book. Perfect reproduction on top-quality paper. Not a cheapo book—this is it! Send $7.95 to Deon & Co., P.O. Box 604E, Burbank, Calif. 91506. (70G)

Nazi Stormer Magazine—magazine of white revolution. Literature, booklist, $2. NSWWP, P.O. Box 1981, San Francisco, Calif. 94101

To my Wizard-Happy Birthday from your everlovin' Brat.

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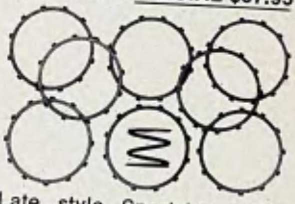

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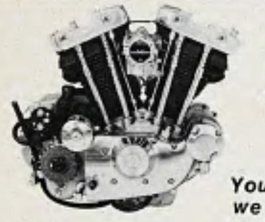

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We are a Factory Authorized Harley-Davidson Motorcycle Dealer.

it'll be worth it, and I'll request a change of venue so I can find a judge who isn't your asshole buddy. Get the point?"

Every pint of blood in the mayor's body had rushed to his face, but he wisely kept his mouth shut and reached for his checkbook.

"Cash only," Ham said. "I've had unfortunate experiences with your family so far and I just don't trust you, dig? So lay out the green."

"I don't have that kind of cash around," Marvin stammered.

"You do have a phone, don't you?" Ham asked. "I'll just call the cops and get them over to arrest Rodney."

Marvin gave up. "Wait a minute and I'll get the money."

"I figured you were lying, you bastard," Ham said. "Now get a move on. I'm tired of fucking with you people."

Marvin was gone for ten minutes, then returned with a handful of cash that he silently handed over. Ham carefully counted it, then pulled two singles from his pocket and threw them at Betty.

He turned to leave, but looked back at Marvin. "If you ever hassle me again," he warned, "I'll kill you." The blood that had been camping in Marvin's cheeks plunged to his toes. As Ham reached the front door he heard a smack, followed by Rodney's piercing scream. The shit was flying in Soqualmish tonight.

Ham ran out to Hardy's pickup and roared down the street. He figured Marvin would be too busy to worry about fucking with him, at least for a while, but he wasn't taking any chances. He found the dirt road Hardy had told him about, full of ruts and winding along a creek that angled away from town. For two hours he followed the road through a farming section and bounced onto the main highway four miles outside the county line.

Hardy and Seadog were waiting under a clump of trees. Ham's bike was gassed and ready to fly. He tried to lay some coin on them, but neither one would touch it.

"It's all yours," Hardy said. "You deserve it."

"Have a ball, brother," Seadog added.

Ham looked at them for a minute, then straddled the Hog and fired it up. "Later!" he yelled over his shoulder, and shot into the night. ■

"Sixty-nine? You gotta be kidding!"

H-D Banner

Give the ol' pad some character. This full-color, 100% nylon banner will brighten any run-down crash pad, bike shop or garage. Or they make fantastic curtains for a cage. It's a big 40" by 30" and trimmed with white nylon fringe for class.

The big, durable banner sells for only **$11.95** plus **$1.50** postage and handling.

Marble Plaques

Here's an item that can't be explained. It's too for out to describe. This fine product is something you have to hold and gaze at to appreciate the detail and the workmanship that goes into it. The simulated marble is almost a half-inch thick and is carefully engraved with every detail in the HD emblem.

The price for this everlasting marble image is **$26.95.** Because of its substantial weight, you'll be asked to pay postage C.O.D.

The beautiful plaques are a solid 12 by 14 inches.

Money Clip

A sterling silver skull fastened securely on a strong, polished nickel clip. It'll hold your bills securely for only **$9.** plus **$.50** postage and handling. If you're into swastikas, we can have the skull replaced with a sterling silver swastika.

Buck Knife

Famous for holding an edge

Model #402, **Akonua,** a classic blade. Brass guard, Buckarta handle and the famous 5-inch Buck Knife blade. **$54.95** plus **2.50** postage and handling, includes beautiful leather sheath and case.

Strong Silver Rings

We've re-introduced the best Harley ring we've come across and strengthened our skull ring with additional silver. Either silver ring goes for **$19.75** and will last as long as you want to punch walls with it—or forever.

Be sure to state your size.

I-R-S-LIMITED

Box 2623, Seal Beach, California 90740

California residents add 6% for The Man

Clean up your act — get an *Easyriders* T-shirt!

Yeah, even your mother will admit she was wrong when she said you were a tramp. Our shirts make you look like a straight citizen. Just look at the shirts above. Now ya gotta admit, that's a good group — a little loose — but a good, wholesome group. Right?

So clean up your act. Order your shirt today. All kinds of colors and sizes available. Not cheapo Taiwan imports — these are all American made. Finest quality. Quality you'd expect from us tramps at *Easyriders.*

Look 'em over and order yours today — and don't forget your ol' lady.

Design

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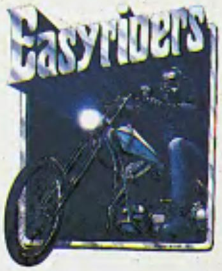

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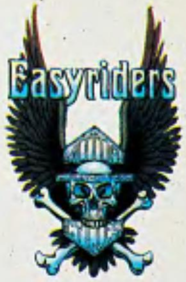

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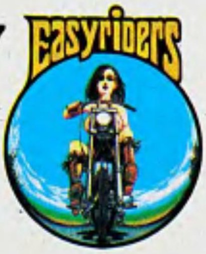

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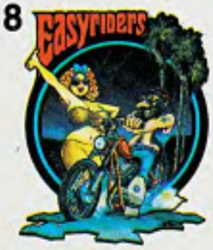

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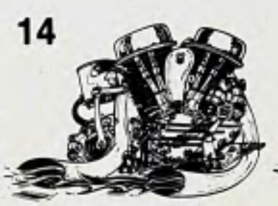

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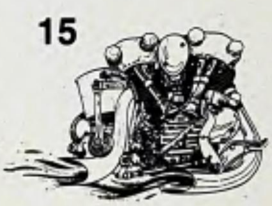

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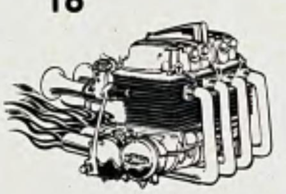

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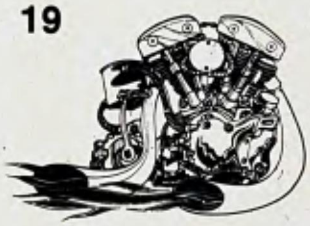

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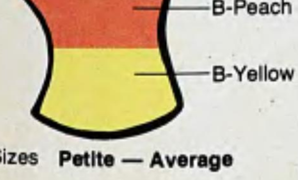
Shirt "A"

Sizes **S-M-L-XL**

Shirt "B"



Sizes **Petite — Average**

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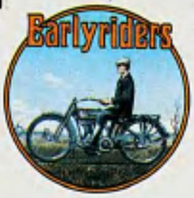

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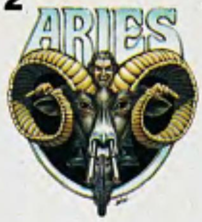


23

If you haven't got one of these T-shirts or Tit-tops, you're just not with it. Pick your own design and color. (But use your head, dip-shit—not black lettering on a black T-shirt.) Each sells for **$5.95**, postpaid in U.S. only. Mix colors and designs to suit yourself—any design on either shirt in any of the colors offered.

Quantity	Design	Size	Type "A" or "B"	Color	$5.95 each
				Sub Total	
				Plus tax (California residents add 6%)	
				Total	

Send your order today to:

***T-SHIRTS*, BOX 711,**
BURBANK, CALIFORNIA 91503

Make all checks and money orders
out to Easyriders

NAME ______

ADDRESS ______

CITY ______

STATE ______ ZIP ______

We pay all postage and handling on all tops. (In U.S. only)

Note: Personal checks take 4-6 weeks to clear.

ADVERTISING

Jammer Wheels

Facing you are the all new, revolutionary Jammer wheels and hubs. There's no need to tell you that there are lots and lots of wheels around. Rather than stack the deck higher with more of the same type, we've come up with this realistic new idea — four different wheel patterns in five different sizes that are all interchangeable and will bolt up to any of our hubs, front or rear. That's because the center design of all our wheels is the same. And, to let you know we're serious about being realistic, check out the price — we know it's revolutionary!

So put your wheel problems to rest and read on about Jammer wheels.

COMPLETE WHEEL WITH HUB
$149.00
•MOST MAKES

ADVERTISEMENT

Wheels

- All wheel sizes and patterns are interchangeable and will bolt up to any hub, front or rear
- Precision two piece steel stamping
- Rolled safety bead
- Rotationally welded under inert gas shield to assure minimum run-out and maximum strength
- Lighter in weight than most welded steel wheels
- No more spoke trueing hassles
- Easily balanced with tape-on weights
- Wheels are triple plated with Jammer's own high quality plating process
- Easy to clean
- Easily installed in minutes
- Simple instructions included

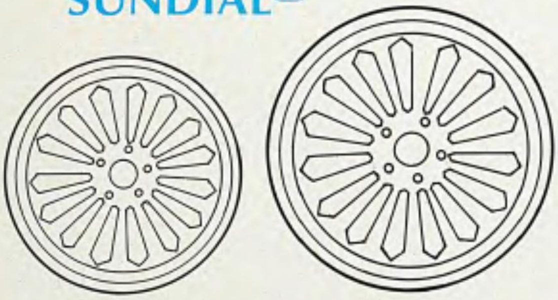
Hubs

- Bolt-up hubs for most popular makes to your stock axles and spacers (special bearings and bolts provided where needed)
- Universal blank also available for other makes and custom brake set-ups (machining required)
- All hubs are made of aircraft quality aluminum
- All hubs are precision machined and polished to a high luster finish

ADVERTISEMENT

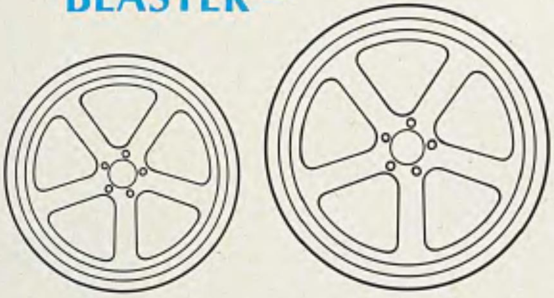
Jammer Wheels

SUNDIAL™



Part #	Description	Price
2011	16" Wide Sundial	79.50
2031	19" Medium Sundial	79.50
2041	19" Narrow Sundial	79.50
2051	21" Narrow Sundial	79.50

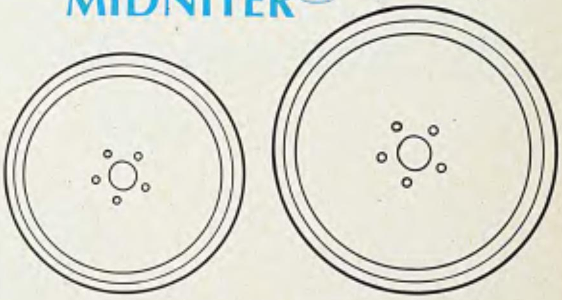
BLASTER™



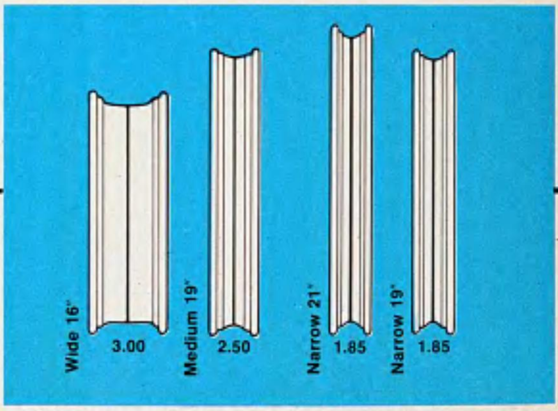
Part #	Description	Price
2012	16" Wide Blaster	79.50
2032	19" Medium Blaster	79.50
2042	19" Narrow Blaster	79.50
2052	21" Narrow Blaster	79.50

Only! $2.25 or
You can now call
toll free
1-800-423-2633 to
order a catalog & get
the name of your
nearest Jammer dealer
(See Order Blank on Page 125)

MIDNITER™



Part #	Description	Price
2014	16" Wide Midniter	79.50
2034	19" Medium Midniter	79.50
2044	19" Narrow Midniter	79.50
2054	21" Narrow Midniter	79.50



All Jammer Wheels Are Designed to be Used Only With Our Jammer Hub Kits

Hub Kits For Jammer Wheels

Part #	Description	Price
2101	**Harley 1941-1966 FL's.** Fits front or rear.	69.50
2102	**Harley 1967-1972 FL.** Fits front or rear. **Harley 1971-1972 FX.** Fits rear only.	69.50
2103	**Harley 1973-1978 FL.** Fits front or rear. **Harley 1973-1978 FX.** Fits rear only.	79.50
2104	**Harley 1974-1977 FX and Sportster.** Fits front only.	69.50
2105	**Harley 1978 FX and Sportster.** Fits front only.	69.50
2106	**Harley 1955-1978 Sportster.** Fits rear only.	69.50
21051	**Spool Hub.** 3" wide, ⅝ bearing.	69.50
21052	Universal **Blank Hub** For other makes and custom brake setups (machining required.)	69.50

Honda and Kawasaki hub kits available soon

ADVERTISEMENT

Jammer Frames

2804 74 Jammer Rigid Frame. Made of mild steel. Frames have clearance for larger strokers and room for all transmissions. It is possible to install electric-start systems with no frame modification. Frame is made for juice brakes with hydraulic tab welded on but can be easily adapted to accept mechanical or disc brakes.
324.95

2801 74 Mechanical Brake Rigid Frame. Same as 2804 above except 2805 kit installed. **339.95**

2802 Sportster Jammer Rigid Frame. You can bolt any year Sportster engine (1957-1976|kick or electric start) into the Sportster frame. The holes are reamed and tapped.
299.95

2803 750 Honda Jammer Rigid Frame: Accepts any year 750 engine. **289.95**

2805 Mechanical Brake Kit. Converts our 2804 frame to mechanical brakes. For use with stock mechanical brakes '37-'57 on 61, 74 & 80. Includes cross-shaft tube and rear backing plate anchor and instructions. Welding required. **19.95**

Rigid

Front rails have 2¼" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.

Velvet Ride

Front rails have 2¼" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.

28027 74 Jammer Velvet Ride Frame (Same as 2804 except with suspension) **399.95**

28025 Sportster Jammer Velvet Ride Frame (Same as 2802 except with suspension) **379.95**

28026 750 Honda Jammer Velvet Ride Frame (Same as 2803 except with suspension) **359.95**

Fat Bob

Front rails have 2¼" stretch.
Rake is 30 degrees.

2807 74 Jammer Hydraulic Brake Rigid Fat Bob Frame. Added stress bar. Clearance for strokers. Provision for speedo set-up. Made with all mountings for fat bob tank.
349.95

2808 74 Jammer Mech. Brake Rigid Fat Bob Frame. Same as 2807 except 2805 mech. brake kit installed. **369.95**

28028 74 Jammer Velvet Ride Fat Bob Frame. Same as 2807 except with suspension. Hyrdaulic brake only.
419.95

PLEASE NOTE: All of the following engines, 1937 and later, will bolt into the 74 Jammer frame (kick or electric start):
74 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead and Shovelhead
61 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead
74 and 80 Flatheads

CYCLE Jammer PRODUCTS

***All Frames will be Shipped with a Manufacturer's Statement of Origin. However, this statement may not be required in your state, and probably is not, unless you are building a bike from the ground up rather than converting an existing registered motorcycle to a custom bike.**

ADVERTISEMENT

Phase 3 Belt Drives & Accessories

74 & Sportster

Super 8

74 Belt Drive Open Primary. This unit is designed with the stroker in mind. It has ample margin of safety for big inch "killer motors". It is an open unit—that is, it is not intended for an enclosed primary cover. Accessories to enhance the appearance and safety of this unit are also shown. Specify year.

143060 '74 Belt Drive Open Primary. 1937-1954. **195.00**

143061 '74 Belt Drive Open Primary. 1955-1978. **195.00**

74 Belt Drive Closed Primary. This unit is designed for a closed installation. It will comfortably fit within all 74 primary covers, aluminum or steel. It too is amply strong to withstand the power of the big inch stroker motor. Specify year.

143062 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary. 1937-1954. **175.00**

143063 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary. 1955-1964. **175.00**

143064 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary. 1965-1978. **175.00**

74 Belt Drive—Electric Start. An electric start application, this unit can be installed in either an open or closed unit. Design concessions permitting the installation, dictated the use of smaller pulleys. Although the gear ratio remains the same as the other units, this unit is not recommended for big inch motors due to higher pulley speeds; it is more than capable of handling 74 horsepower. Specify year.

143065 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary, Electric Start, 1965-1969. **200.00**

143066 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary, Electric Start, 1970-1978. **200.00**

Sportster Belt Drives These units are designed to fit easily within stock primary covers, aluminum or steel. They are capable of delivering high horsepower loads without fear of failure. Three models are available, differing only in clutch pulley configuration, depending on the model/year requirements. Electric-start units are available. Specify year.

143067 Sportster Belt Drive. 1957-1968. **175.00**

143068 Sportster Belt Drive. 1969-1970. **175.00**

143069 Sportster Belt Drive. 1971-1976. **175.00**

143070 Sportster Belt Drive. 1977-1978. **175.00**

143071 Sportster Belt Drive. Electric Start. 1967-1970. **200.00**

143072 Sportster Belt Drive. Electric Start. 1971-1976. **200.00**

143073 Sportster Belt Drive. Electric Start. 1977-1978. **200.00**

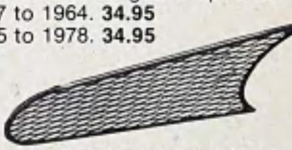
Belts The Super 8 belt weighs only nine ounces, but it will outlast the primary chain for five times. Designed and engineered by Uniroyal. Fiberglass and steel cord reinforced. Specify model when ordering.

143081 74 Belt, closed primary & electric start. 22.00
143082 74 Belt, open primary 22.00
143083 Sportster Belts, all models. 22.00

Belt Shroud

Recommended for all open 74 installations. Heavy steel construction and show chrome. Side guard optional.
143074 Belt Shroud, 1937 to 1964. **34.95**
143075 Belt Shroud, 1965 to 1978. **34.95**

Side Guard



The finishing touch and an added degree of safety is furnished by the show chromed expanded metal side guard. These units are designed to fit all of our shrouds.
143077 Side Guard. 22.50

Dome

Harley polished aluminum 74 clutch domes. For the finished look. Eliminates torn pants cuffs due to the spinning clutch.
143084 74 Clutch Dome. 29.00

Pressure Plate

A precision machined and polished aluminum pressure plate for the 74 Harley. This pressure plate provides the strength, accuracy, heat dissipation, and dimensional features needed for high performance.
143021 Pressure Plate 29.95

Alternator Cover

Replace the protection provided the alternator by the stock aluminum inner primary cover on 1970 and up 74's. Acting as a heat-sink, it helps cool the alternator, and registers the forward end of stamped steel inner primaries. Also recommended on alternator model open installations. Mounting lug for belt shroud is a built-in feature.
143076 Alternator cover. 28.00

Engine Nut

The last word in functional beauty. Available for the Sportster and the 74. Massive yet graceful, the acorn engine nut keeps the front pulley snug. Show chrome.
143078 74 Engine Nut, 1937 to 1954. **9.95**
143079 74 Engine Nut, 1955 to 1978. **9.95**
143080 Sportster Engine Nut, all years. **9.95**

Bearing Support

Longer clutch shafts (1966 and up 74 Harleys) require additional external support. Stock inner primary covers are fitted with a bearing to provide support, but when the cast aluminum primaries are removed for open drive units or steel primaries, the support is absent.

10404 Bearing support 17.95
10405 Bearing 9.95

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page [126]

ADVERTISEMENT

Custom Fat Bob Gas Tank

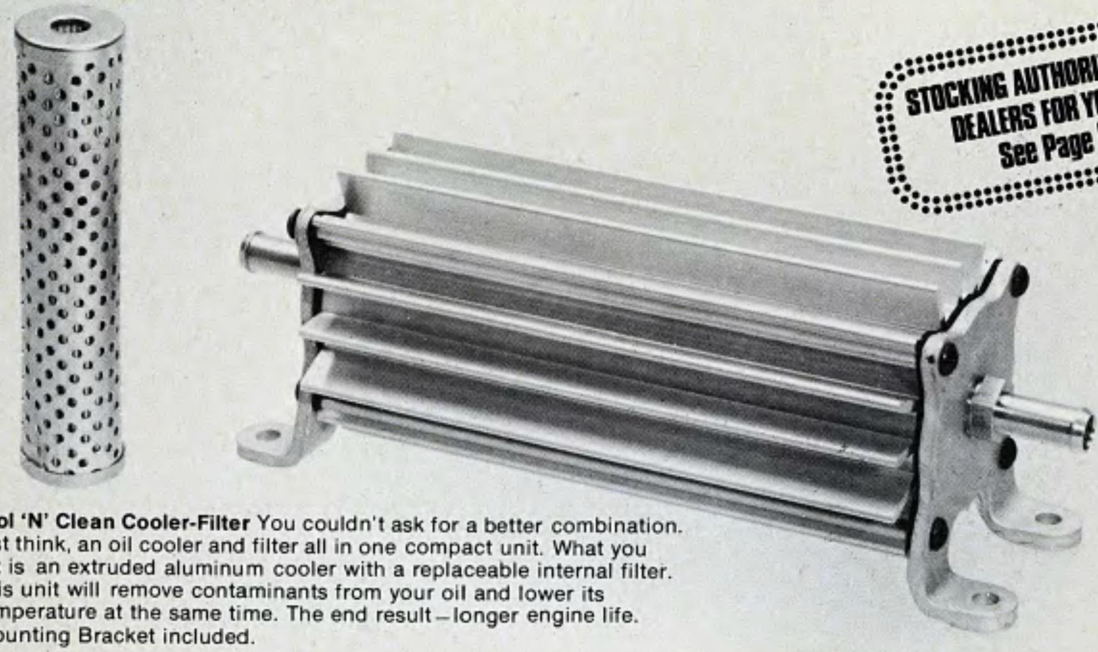
Fat Bob Gas Tank If you're thinkin' Fat Bob, this tank is a winner! A 3.5 gallon beauty designed to set on any Harley, Honda, Kawa, Triumph, etc. Just check out these outstanding features.

- Custom wrap-around chrome dash mount
- Built in coil and regulator mounts under dash plate
- Built in horn button, hi-low beam switches
- Chrome gas caps
- Accepts stock Harley type threaded petcock
- Three position key switch
- Custom oil gauge with fittings and line
- Designed to hold your stock FX or Sportster speedo or tach
- Mounts included to adapt to any stock or custom frame once your stock mounts are removed
- Tanks have a carb. vent tube in left tank and 2-¼" petcock holes at rear of tanks for crossover or separate use.

36033 **199.00**

NEW LOW PRICE

Cool N' Clean Oil Filters



STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page (126)

Cool 'N' Clean Cooler-Filter You couldn't ask for a better combination. Just think, an oil cooler and filter all in one compact unit. What you get is an extruded aluminum cooler with a replaceable internal filter. This unit will remove contaminants from your oil and lower its temperature at the same time. The end result—longer engine life. Mounting Bracket included.

37056 Harley FX. **35.80**
37057 Sportster **35.80**
37058 Honda 750, Triumph Honda GL-1000, Kawasaki 900/1000 **35.80**
37062 Filter Cartridges **2.63**

ADVERTISEMENT

Jammer Seats

The Rigid "Baron"

Universal mounting fits most rigid frame bikes. 31" plate, 12" nose.

115038 Rigid Baron I. 14" Back. **62.95**

A must with the above seats.

11706 Seat Bracket. This bracket is the one most commonly used by custom builders. Chromed. **2.95**

The Rigid "TWO PIECE"

Universal mounting fits most rigid frame bikes.

115036 Rigid "Two Piece" 14" Back
Built-in Sissy Bar, Square tufted
Black **64.95**

115035 Rigid "Two Piece" II
Hump Seat, Square Tufted
Black. **59.95**

Swingarm Seats

Our Super Glide and Sportster Elite seats are the ideal cushion for your swingarm frame. The Super Glide Elites include all brackets to assure mounting like stock. The Sportsters fit easily onto stock mounts and require no brackets for installation. For added durability, all seats have steel base plates and carpeted bottoms.

115031 Sportster Elite II
Black **59.95**

115033 Sportster Elite I 14" Back
(Built-in Sissy Bar) Black **69.95**

115032 Super Glide Elite II
Black **59.95**

115034 Super Glide Elite I 14" Back
(Built-in Sissy Bar) Black **69.95**

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA See Page (126)

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38mm Mikuni Carburetor Kits

Jammer now has Sudco-Mikuni carburetor conversion kits for Harley-Davidson. Complete kits include: 38mm Mikuni Carburetor, high quality cast aluminum manifold adapter with press fit o-ring, rubber flange, necessary clamps, throttle cable, chrome air cleaner and extra jets for fine tuning. These easy bolt on kits are available for Harley-Davidson Sportster 900 and 1000, Shovelhead 1200, Knucklehead 1200 and Panhead 1200.

135021 Shovelhead and Sportster 99.95
135022 Knucklehead and Panhead 99.95

112013 Mikuni Carburetor Parts Manual. Recommended for anyone who has, or is contemplating using a Mikuni. **3.95**

Only! $2.25 or You can now call toll free 1-800-423-2633 to order a catalog & get the name of your nearest Jammer dealer (See Order Blank on Page 125)

Jammer CYCLE PRODUCTS Order Form

For fast service order from:
Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.
801 So. Main St., Burbank, California 91506

(Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.)

Date __________

Name __________ (Please print or type) Address __________

City ______ State ______ Zip ______ Phone ( ) ______ (Give area code number)

*Please Note Shipping Instructions Below.

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price	Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price
						Sub Total	

Plus tax (California residents add 6 %	
Total	
Less 25 % C.O.D. deposit	
Balance Due (F.O.B. California)	
MC/B of A number*	
Signed	Expr. Date

*Credit cards accepted

O/S 1/30/79 ☐ CV MAR ☐ #69 ☐ AP

Before mailing, please read the following:

1. Cancellations: There can be no cancellations after order has been shipped. A 10 % service charge will be made on back-order cancellations that have not allowed 6 weeks for the part or parts to come into stock.
2. Send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks are okay, but they delay things because we have to wait for them to clear your bank—which means you have to allow three weeks.
3. 25 % deposit must accompany C.O.D. orders. No foreign currency.

Complete terms and policy upon request.

Make all checks and money orders payable to Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

***Shipping Time:** Once order has been picked up by the carrier, approximate shipping time is: UPS AIR, 1 to 3 days; UPS GROUND, 1 to 7 days; PARCEL POST, 3 to 14 days; AIR POST, 2 to 7 days; TRUCK LINES, 1 to 2 weeks.

Ship via: (Check method you desire)
☐ Parcel Post ☐ Air Parcel Post ☐ UPS ☐ Air Freight ☐ Truck ☐ Best Way

Orders: shippable to your town will be shipped U.P.S. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet U.P.S. requirements, we will ship via the next best way.

ADVERTISEMENT

Stocking Authorized Jammer Dealers

ALASKA

HOUSE OF HARLEY (907) 272-0423
1204 Chugach Way, Anchorage, AK

ARIZONA

L. & K. CYCLE (602) 425-9850
375 So. Sutherland St., Globe, AZ
PHOENIX CYCLE ACCESSORIES (602) 943-4282
1826 W. Peoria, Phoenix, AZ

CALIFORNIA

BILL'S CUSTOM QUALITY CHOPPERS (408) 372-1416
250 Dela Vina, Monterey, CA
CYCLE SPECIALTIES (209) 524-2955
301 Maze Blvd., Modesto, CA
E.L.'S PACK (213) 588-3788
7924 Seville Ave., Huntington Pk., CA
GALEN OLSON'S M/C PARTS (209) 734-0398
15666 Avenue 296, Visalia, CA
M & M CUSTOM M/C PARTS (714) 658-8955
25798 Columbia St., Hemet, CA
QUALITY CUSTOM (213) 962-1612
15017 E. Ramona, Baldwin Park, CA
STUART'S CHOPPER CENTER (916) 365-6383
4976 S. Parallel Rd., Anderson, CA

COLORADO

CONGER'S HD (303) 542-6032
1905 E. 4th St., Pueblo, CO
D & C ENTERPRISES (303) 245-0812
725 Pitkin, Grand Junction, CO
SAKS 5TH CHOPPERS (303) 761-7285
3880 S. Jason, Englewood, CO
2 WHEELER'S M/C SHOP, INC. (303) 433-0564
1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver, CO

CONNECTICUT

NEW LONDON COUNTY M/C SALES (203) 445-9745
1416 Gold Star Hwy., Groton, CT
RETEP ENTERPRISES (203) 376-0255
RFD #1 Box #214, Voluntown, CT

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CUSTOM BIKE SUPPLY (305) 632-9191
2155 Lake Dr., Cocoa, FL
FLORIDA CYCLE (813) 332-0320
3200 Palm Beach Blvd., Ft. Myers, FL
HOG HEAVEN CYCLE ACCESSORIES (305) 261-5002
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JME CHOPPER SPECIALTIES (219) 845-2369
2832 169th St., Hammond, IN
RIGGIN & CASH CYCLE PARTS (317) 492-3750
N. Division St., Cayuga, IN

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319 N. Pine St., Davenport, IA
LAKELAND SPORTS (712) 332-5630
Box #458, Okoboji, IA

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CUSTOM CYCLE PARTS (316) 342-2934
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P.O. Box 220, Betsy Layne, KY

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HD SALES (402) 564-8733
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KUSTOM KOLORS & CYCLE SUPPLY (701) 746-7546
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14210 NE. 20th St., Bellevue, WA
SKAGIT HD (206) 293-2217
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2102 E. 11th St., Bremerton, WA

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MIKE'S CYCLE (304) 426-6236
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2459 S. Kinnickinnic Ave., Milwaukee, WI
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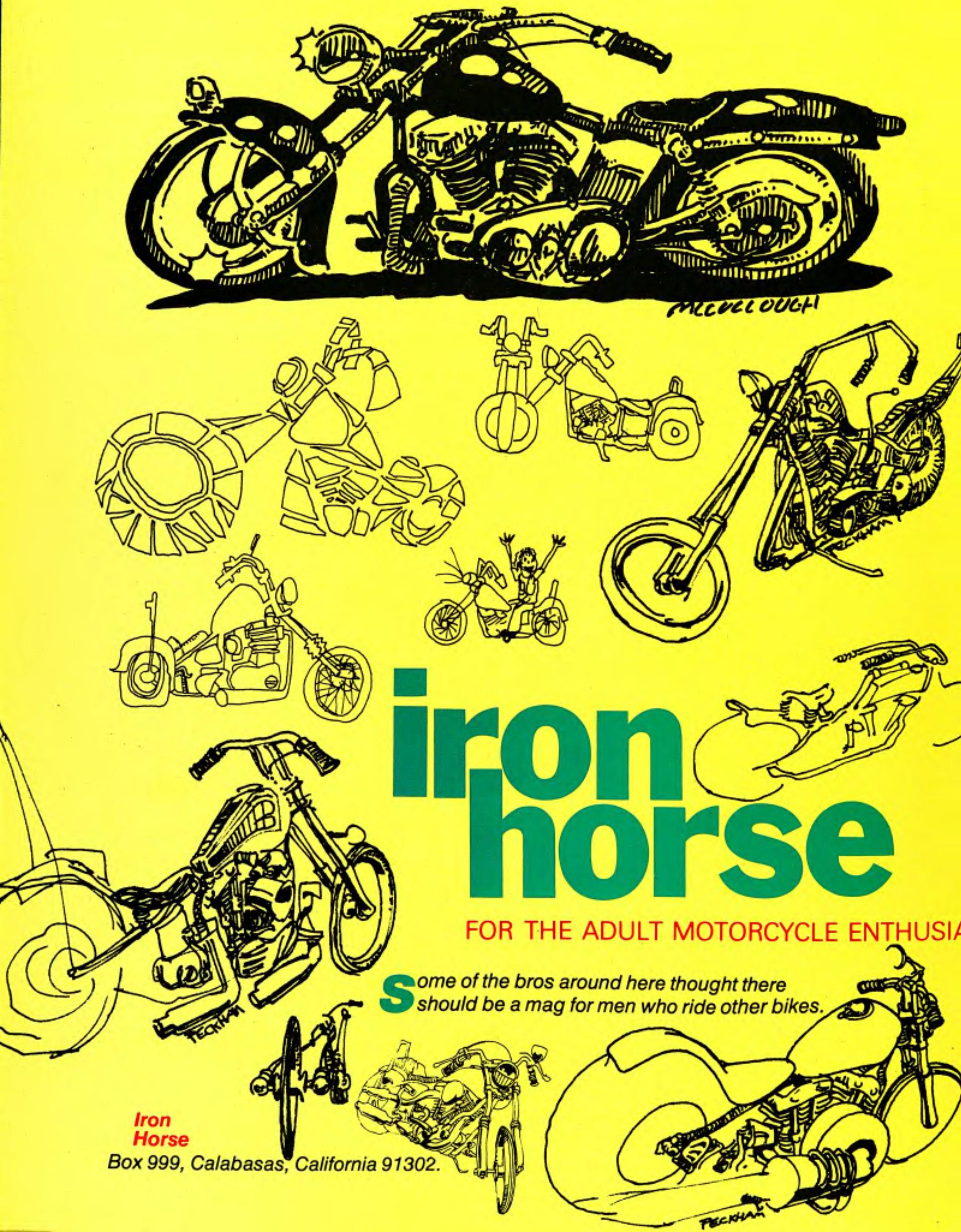
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